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15 CENTS

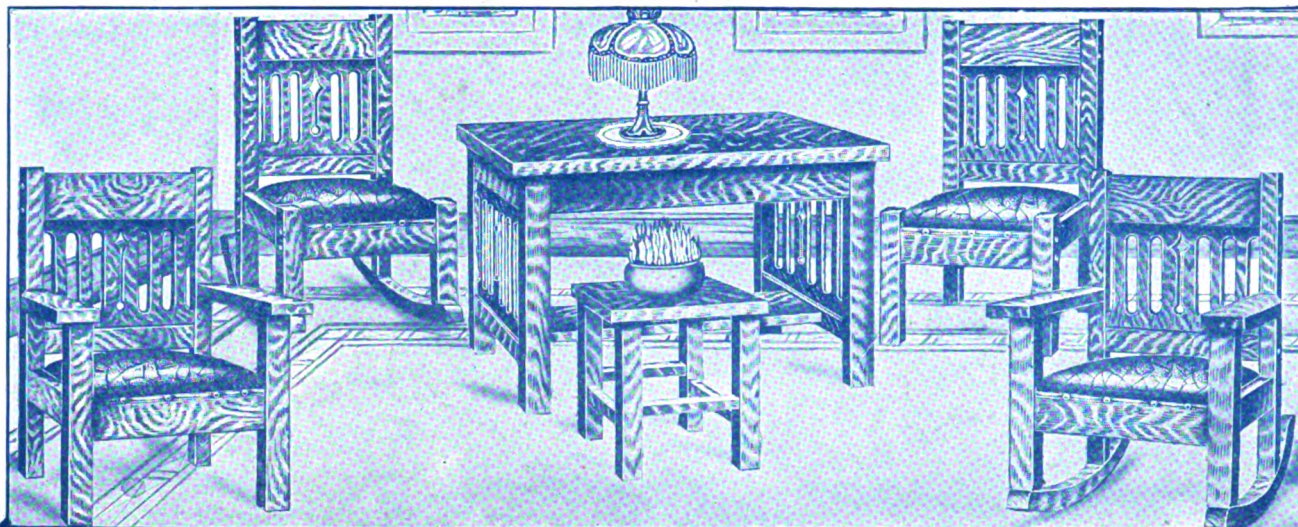
# PICTURE CLASSIC



MARY PICKFORD

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\$1.00 - 16





# 45<sup>c</sup> 6-Piece Library Set

Send only 45c, and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only 45c down, then \$1.35 per month, or, only \$15.90 in all. A positively staggering value, and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at this massive set, clip the coupon below, and order it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is to send the coupon with 45c.

This magnificent library set is just one of the many extraordinary bargains shown in our giant catalog, and bargain list, which we will send you free. You are under no obligation. Send today sure. Either have the library set sent to you to see, or tell us to mail catalog. Read the coupon below!

## 6 Pieces—A Room Full of Furniture

This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull wax, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair, are 36 inches high. Seats, 19½x18 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 32 inches high, seats 16½x16½ inches. All four pieces are luxuriously padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24x34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 18 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with \$1.00, and we will ship the entire set of six pieces, subject to your approval. Sent knocked down. Easy to set up. Shipping weight, about 150 pounds. Money back if you are not pleased. Order by No. B2026A. Send 45c with order; \$1.35 monthly. Price, only \$15.90.



# 45<sup>c</sup> 51-Piece Pure Aluminum Kitchen Set

Shipped for only 45c down. An amazing value. Positively a record-breaking bargain. Each piece is made of heavy gauge pressed sheet aluminum. It is not made of cast as the ordinary aluminum ware is, but of sheet aluminum of a better and heavier gauge than this price ever bought. Absolutely seamless. It will not crack, corrode, chip or peel. Heats quickly—no polish to wear off, just as easy to keep clean as glassware. Cooks and bakes foods more thoroughly than any other kitchenware made. Will last for years. Yours for only 45c down; then \$1 monthly. Price \$9.90. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back.

## Everything in the Kitchen of Pure Aluminum—51 Pieces

One roaster consisting of 10 pieces. Measures 10½ inches wide and 6 inches high. [These 10 pieces have dozens of uses—egg poaching, custard baking, rice and cereal cooking, etc.] One 6 quart preserving kettle; 1 jelly cake pan (2 pieces); 2 pie pans; 2 bread pans; 1 stew pan and cover (2 pieces); 1 lip stewer (2 quarts); one lip stewer (1 quart); 1 cake turner; 1 coffee strainer; one measuring cup; one salt shaker; 4-piece set consisting of salt, pepper and toothpick holder and stand; one combination funnel (6 pieces); 5½-inch nutmeg grater; lemon juice squeezer; biscuit and doughnut cutter; 8½-inch potato masher; 6½-inch paring knife; set of 3 measuring spoons; 6 jelly or pudding moulds; one clothes sprinkler; and one coffee ball. Order direct from this ad. No. B3567A. Send 45c with order, \$1.00 monthly. Total price of 51 pieces, \$9.90.

## Easy Payments

Open an account with us. We trust honest people, no matter where you live. Send for one or more of the bargains on this page or choose from our big catalog.

### 30 Days' Trial

Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

### Free Bargain Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today.

## Send This Coupon

Get one or more of these superb pieces of merchandise for only a small payment down. We will ship any articles listed here if you will send the free trial coupon and first payment. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing offerings. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send coupon.



45<sup>c</sup> Down

## For This Colonial Fireside Rocker

Black or Brown Spanish Delavan leather, Steel Coil Springs on Back and Seat.

Simply a sensational bargain. Act at once if you want it. Quantity is limited. Only those who order first can get this big value.

**COLONIAL FIRESIDE DESIGN.** This rocker is built in unusually broad proportions, giving you ample room to spread, thus affording the fullest measure of back comfort. It is made in rich, plain Colonial fireside design, with very massive upholstered side wings, thickly padded sides, broad comfortable arms. Height of back 26 inches; width of back 23 inches; seat 20x19 inches.

**STEEL COIL SPRING SEAT AND BACK.** Never before has a rocker at this price been offered that contained steel coil springs in both seat and back. The padding is laid in even layers for luxurious thickness. The covering is either in our best grade of black Delavan imitation leather, or in brown imitation Spanish Delavan leather. No matter which upholstery you order we absolutely guarantee that you will be pleased or you don't have to keep the rocker. Order right from this ad. Shipped K. D. from Western Pennsylvania factory. Weight about 75 pounds. No. B3555A. Upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather, \$8.65. No. B3554A. Upholstered in black Delavan imitation leather, \$8.40.

Either style 45c cash with order, 75c monthly.

### Free Trial Coupon

**Straus & Schram**  
Dept. 1553 W. 35th St. Chicago

Enclosed find \$..... Ship special bargains marked X. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the goods I will pay your advertised monthly terms. If not satisfied, I am to return the goods within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

- ☐ 6-Piece Library Set, \$15.90.
- ☐ 51-Piece Aluminum Set, \$9.90.
- ☐ Rocker, Brown Imitation Spanish Leather, \$8.65.
- ☐ Rocker, Black Delavan Imitation Leather, \$8.40.

Name .....

Address .....  
If you only want the Catalog, put X here ☐

**STRAUS & SCHRAM, (Inc.)** Dept. 1553 W. 35th St. Chicago, Ill.



# A \$250,000 Partnership If You "Know How"



## Why America's Advertising Authorities Endorse the Powell System

In spite of the fact that the Powell System of Advertising Instruction is given with the aid of the most complete analysis and exhibit sheets, pamphlets and books in existence, which clearly illustrate the principles of advertising salesmanship, yet the best explanation of its great success in putting ambitious men and women into positions and partnerships is this:

Every Powell student receives from me practically the same kind of personal instruction and help that I would give a deserving assistant in my office who desired to become an expert advertiser.

But with this noteworthy difference: Without the large and doubly effective battery of printed instruction, neither I nor any other advertising expert could by word of mouth alone cover a hundredth part of all the essentials.

The Powell System of elaborate printing and illustrating is wonderfully automatic in giving instruction, but it is my personal assistance month after month in guiding the student's practical ad writing work that counts heaviest. And that is why so many Powell students are able to fill positions as ad writers before they are through with the full course.

In a word, the Powell System is founded and kept "up-to-the-minute" on a new method that is endorsed by the most eminent authorities in America—a method far superior to any class-room efforts. The following extracts from my new Prospectus will make you wish to read the complete endorsements of the recognized, disinterested authorities, who have no financial or other interest in the Powell System, save that of seeing the ambitious take the best instruction.

**INLAND PRINTER, Chicago**—"Not only is the Powell System beneficial to the student, but to the advertising man in 'harness' it is a wonderful help."

**EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, New York**—"No intelligent man or woman can study the lessons without obtaining a clear and practical knowledge of ad writing."

**KEYSTONE TYPE FOUNDRY, Philadelphia**—"If every one having to do with advertising could absorb the valuable instruction which is set down in such inviting, interesting style, the result would be a revolution for good in every branch of business."

Demand for Powell graduates three times greater than in any previous year. In the new 64-page Art Prospectus, now ready for free mailing, America's leading authorities give valuable advice to brainy young men and women about entering the advertising field, where large salaries and partnerships await those who secure expert training.

**CLIMBING** to high salaried positions, and later to partnerships, depends upon specific training. The "all-around man" has miles further to go, and generally doesn't get there at all.

Not long ago a Powell graduate was given a \$250,000 partnership in recognition of his skill. He had climbed from \$125 a month to \$5,000 a year, and declined \$10,000 a year. A postal clerk in central New York became tired of \$25 a week drudgery and became a Powell student. A year later his own agency had clients netting him \$6,000 a year.

These are mere examples of what an ambitious, determined young man or woman can accomplish with my personal help. The Powell System, with over fifteen years of remarkable success to its credit, is today able to do more than ever for those who wish to climb to high positions and incomes.

Why advertising instruction by the true correspondence system is far superior to the inefficient class or lecture plans, is clearly and scientifically demonstrated for the first time. The colleges and benevolent institutions

have given certain preliminary, theoretical advertising information, but practical advertising instruction and skill depend on the exhaustive, expert training as given by the Powell System. In this very connection you will be interested in the findings of such leaders as Inland Printer, leading type founders, Y. M. C. A. directors and heads of the largest national publications, who send me students because they know they will get the best advertising training in the world.

Better send the coupon today.

**GEORGE H. POWELL**

82 Temple Court, New York

## Ad Writers—Wanted



### Real Estate Selling

Development of large residential tracts has won fortunes for the successful operators, while thousands have "gone broke" because they "didn't know how." E. Milton Mosher, Beverly, Mass., is one who learned how. A part of his letter of June 24, 1916, reads:

"The Powell System was the keynote coupling the foundation on which I succeeded. I have used the knowledge in creating my career as a specialist operating high-grade real estate subdivisions—passed the million-dollar mark."

### Gov. Capper's Publications Have Several Powell Graduates

In the new 64-page Powell Art Prospectus you will read the testimony of one of Gov. Capper's managers—a Powell graduate—and how he enrolled for my scientific course of training through the advice of another Capper manager and Powell graduate. Fairly changes old notions about the possibilities of the right kind of correspondence instruction in advertising.

And now comes another Capper man—L. R. Booth, whose portrait adjoins. He recently wrote an inquirer, a part of which was: "The thing I liked most about the Powell System is that it gets right down to business, cutting out everything extraneous."

This is one secret as to the great success of Powell graduates. They "know how" by practical experience.



### A General Manager Who Began as Powell Student on Advice of a Prominent Newspaper Man.

Mr. James A. Harvey, General Manager of the *Star*, Terre Haute, Ind., says:

"The advertising field is one of the best for any young man. Since completing the Powell System my rapid advancement and salary have been all that any one could expect. I have been for the past five years manager of all departments of the *Terre Haute Star*, with a salary equal in one day to what I previously received in a week."

Ambitious investigators will read with interest, on page 60, of the new Powell Art Prospectus, the full story about Mr. Harvey's enrollment and the opinion of the prominent newspaper manager who recommended the Powell System.

**GEORGE H. POWELL**  
82 Temple Court  
New York

I want to learn all about the Powell System and the big rewards of advertising. Please mail me free copy of your Prospectus.

Name.....

Address.....



# Nuxated Iron to Make New Age of Beautiful Women and Vigorous Iron Men

Say Physicians—Quickly Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Most Astonishing Youthful Power Into the Veins of Men—It Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous, "Run-Down" Folks 200 Per Cent. in Two Weeks' Time.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY WHICH PROMISES TO MARK A NEW ERA IN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Since the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron, or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm. It is conservatively estimated that over three million persons annually are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen. So much so that doctors predict that we shall soon have a new age of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and vigorous iron men.

Dr. King, a New York physician and author, when interviewed on the subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. Sauer, a physician who has studied widely both in this country and abroad, said: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver, heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was careworn and nearly all in. Now at fifty, after taking nuxated iron, a



miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months

without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the fray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, another New York physician, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly

to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.



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The girl on the cover needs no introduction. Probably no person on earth is better known everywhere than Mary Pickford. The painting is by Leo Sielke, Jr., and it is a wonderful likeness. The costume is that worn by "Little Mary" in "The Pride of the Clan."

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO. wants a representative for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC in every city and town in the United States to build up a permanent subscription business.

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Liberal commissions, large bonuses and our co-operation make this an unusual opportunity for one desiring to build up a steady income and permanent business.

Write for particulars.

**M. P. PUBLISHING CO.**

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



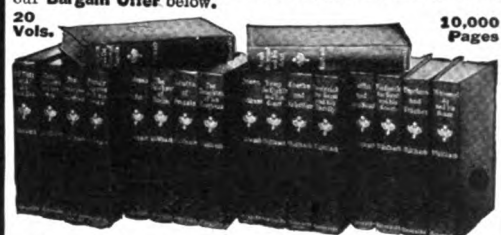
**Napoleon's** marriage to Louise of Austria marks his final effort to establish a dynasty. This event following the tragic divorce of Josephine is only one of the thousands of events of tragic interest contained in the famous Library of

## Historical Romances

**You Should Have** these fascinating volumes because they will bring you a wealth of charming hours. Read the delightful pages that tell of rare, old, fragrant love stories of "fair women and brave men" of Long Ago; of the stirring battles of Frederick the Great; of the "love that lies in woman's eyes," whether in the marbled courts of Queen Hortense and Empress Josephine or in the liberty-loving huts of Andreas Hofer and his Tyrolean fighters.

**Read How Destiny** led Napoleon, the poor Corsican boy, to the head of an Empire; how he conquered and lost alike in love and war; how an emperor could love, and how he could break a woman's heart—all this you'll find in these enchanting pages.

**Send No Money** We do not want your money until you have seen this beautiful set of books and have decided to buy. Just sign and mail the attached coupon below and we will ship this beautiful set for inspection. You can then decide if you wish to buy. Read our **Bargain Offer** below.



## Wonderful Bargain

Just sign and mail attached coupon and we will ship you the complete set of this beautiful Edition for ten days' examination in your own home. You can return the set at our expense if it fails to give you entire satisfaction. If you are satisfied, send us \$1.00 as first payment and pay the balance at the rate of \$2.00 per month for only twelve months until our special price of \$25.00 is paid. We ship direct from factory to consumer and guarantee satisfaction in every way. Mail the coupon for inspection of complete set.

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## INSPECTION COUPON

THE RIVERSIDE PUBLISHING CO.,  
Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.

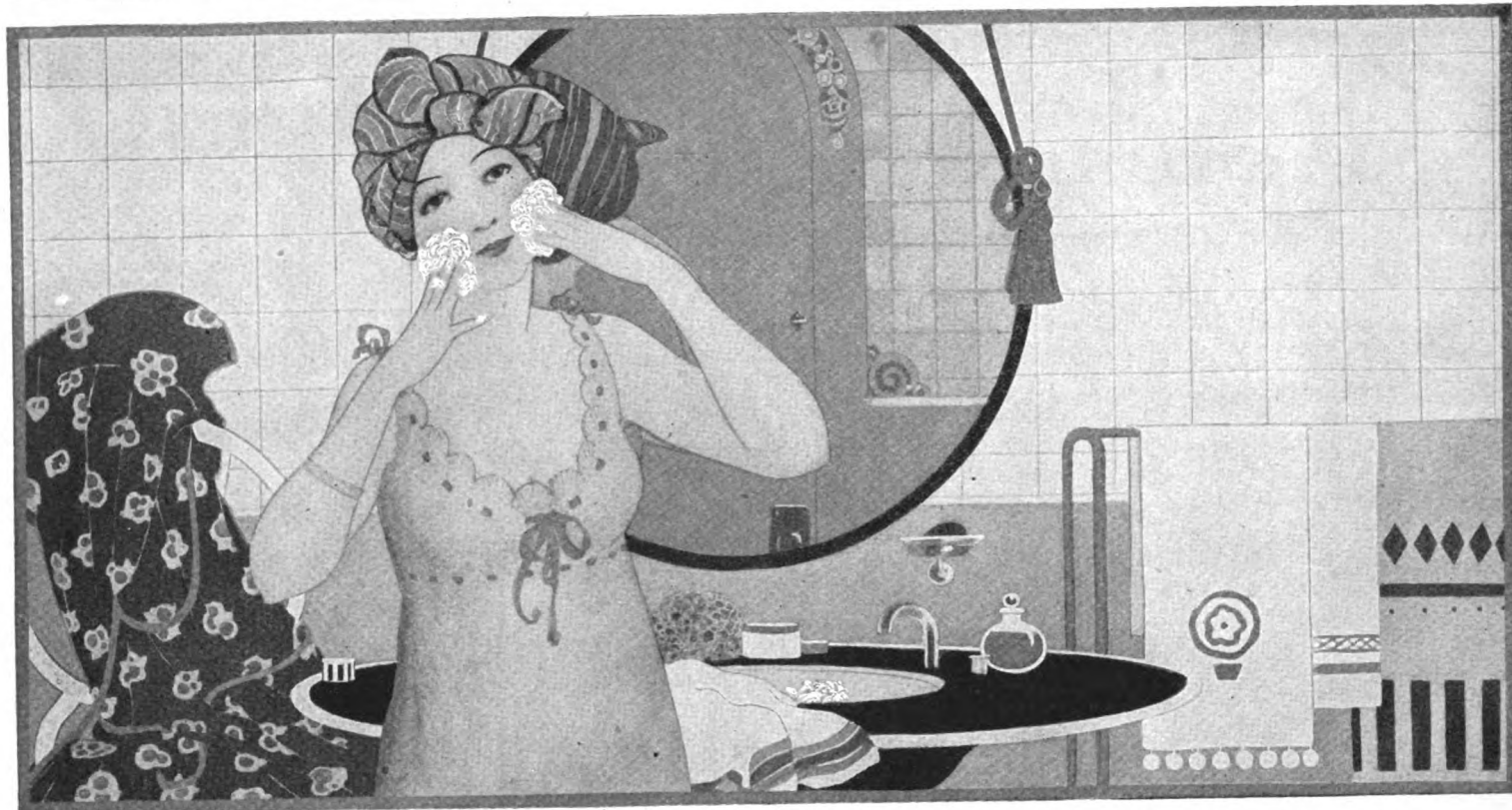
Please ship me for examination and approval one set The Library of Historical Romances, twenty volumes. Silk cloth binding. If books are satisfactory, I will send you \$1.00 after ten days' examination and \$2.00 a month thereafter for twelve months. If the set does not meet my entire approval I will notify you within ten days and hold subject to your order and return at your expense as offered Motion Picture Classic readers.

Name .....  
Address .....

This magazine comes out on the 15th of every month. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. Both are on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world.

(Five)





# Spend five minutes this way tonight

Follow faithfully each step of the famous skin treatment described below & you can begin to give your skin the charm you have longed for

Never for an instant think that you must go through life with an unattractive complexion because it happens to be that way now. There's no girl on earth who can't have a prettier skin by trying!

Do you know that your skin changes every day in spite of you? That as *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms to take its place? And that your complexion will be just what you help this *new* skin to be as fast as it forms?

## This is your opportunity

By the proper external treatment you can make this new skin just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give this new skin proper care as it forms every day you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin the charm you have longed for? Then spend five minutes tonight on the famous skin treatment described below.

## Make it a daily habit

Use this treatment once a day—either night or morning. Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is softened and damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it



*Substitute a dash of ice water for the ice rub if your skin is sensitive.*

in water and go over your face with the *cake itself* just as a man does with a shaving stick. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly but gently into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* before drying.

If your skin is thin or rather sensitive, substitute a dash of *ice water* for the application of the ice itself.

The first time you use this treatment you will realize the change it is going to make in your skin! Every day it frees your skin of the tiny, old dead particles. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to

use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently* and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's will bring.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of the famous skin treatment given here. Tear out the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and begin at once to make your skin what you would love to have it.

## Send now for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this Woodbury skin treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 903 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 903 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.



For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.



# GALLERY of PHOTOPLAYERS



OLLIE KIRKBY (Kalem)





ENID BENNETT  
(Ince)





DOROTHY KELLY  
(Vitagraph)





MAE MURRAY  
(Lasky)





Photo by Witsel

GRACE CUNARD (Universal)

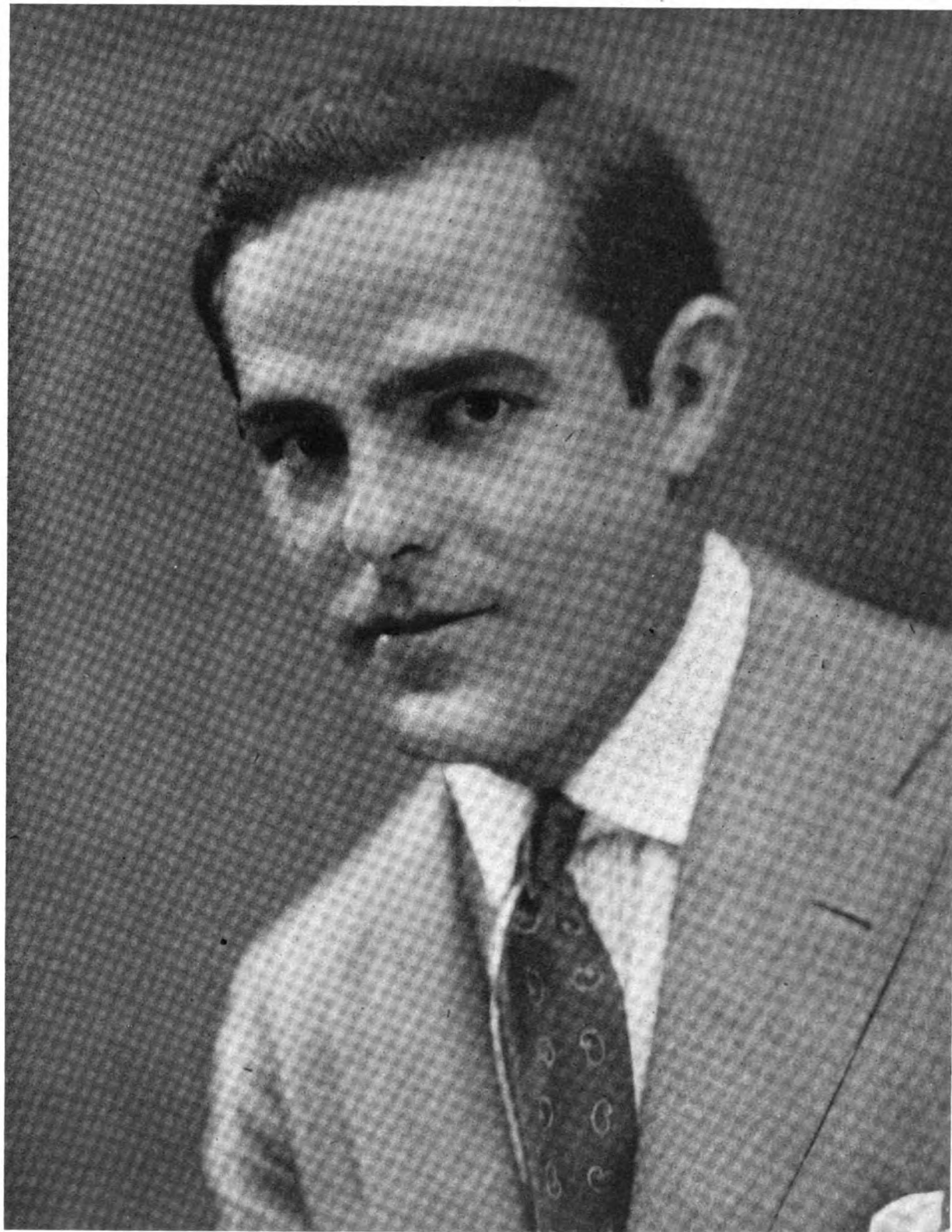




Photo by Witzel

BABY VIRGINIA CORBIN  
(Universal)





ANTONIO MORENO  
(Vitagraph)





ROBERT WARWICK



MIRIAM BATTISTA



MILDRED  
PLATZ



MILDRED  
PLATZ  
(VITAGRAPH)



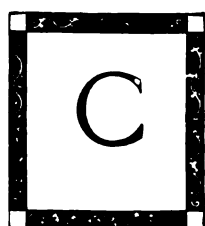
KATHERINE LEE

KATHERINE LEE AND JANE LEE

ETHELMARY OAKLAND

# Children of the Screen

By LILLIAN MAY



CHILDREN are becoming more and more important in Motion Pictures. For many of the plays produced there would be no happy solution of a problem, no contrast or heart interest,

were it not for the soft, appealing look of innocent eyes, or the trustful touch of baby-fingers. Such scenes are oftenest found in themes which deal with the darker side of life, from which we instinctively shield those of tender years.

If you have been in the habit of being

thrilled by the realism of childish pantomime, as the curly-headed tot pleads with the erring father or mother, and then shudder at the thought of the influence, don't do it any more. What appears to be premature worldly wisdom is merely skill on the part of the director and a demonstration of children's love of and ability to imitate their elders.

To them it is all a wonderful game and is ever so much better than getting up games at home, where the furniture is sure to get scratched, or some old vase comes tumbling down when one is not looking at it. In the big studio everything is brought out on purpose to be

played with, and they have sensible ornaments that don't break when they fall. If there is a big doll in the picture, the little girl can have it for her very own afterwards, and no one laughs when she speaks of fairies or Santa Claus, because that is one of the games, too. Everybody knows all about them, and they dress up and pretend the whole story just the way it really is.

And a little boy doesn't have to be as quiet as a mouse; he can make a noise if he wants to, but when he isn't working he is busy watching the carpenters do things in almost no time and trying to understand all about the wonderful lights



MARY SUNSHINE

and the camera that works like a hand-organ.

And all the time the big game is going on, which is very serious and important, as all games ought to be. Everybody is having their picture taken, showing how they do it, so that all the people who couldn't be there can see. Sometimes they have to pretend they are mad at each other and cry, but it all ends up nicely,

emitting real blood-curdling yells. "We are playing wild Indian," one of them confided. "Sometimes we play circus with the cat—Gasoline—and Bob, that's the dog, and there are the dearest little, white mice out in the garage, and we are performers. Then mother calls, and we know the director wants us, and we scamper. Work is as much fun as play, tho," said

B o b b y  
Connelly,  
his eyes



VIRGINIA CORBIN

and everybody is happy but the villain, and he doesn't care.

The make-believe game goes on when they are not working, too, for the chil-

dren of the screen are just like other kiddies. In the big Vitagraph studio, one day, three merry children were brandishing make-believe tomahawks and

a-glint with mischief. Perhaps there are no better known or more dearly loved children of the screen than Bobby and Helen Connelly, of the "Sonny Jim" series. Bobby is a manly, lovable, curly-headed little chap, and is utterly unspoiled. He adores his sister, and allows no one else to wait

(Sixteen)



upon her when she is with him. He doesn't like to talk about his work, and is almost ashamed of the fact that he sheds real, salty, briny tears in the pictures. Helen can cry, too, but laughing is much more in her line, for she is a real sunny little lady.

Helen and Bobby's playmate in the "wild Indian" game was little Mildred Platz. Dainty, wistfully appealing, she is winning the love of the Motion Picture public, and in a rôle with Bobby and Helen the youthful trio are adorable.

It wouldn't have been much fun for Katherine and Jane Lee to be marooned in New Jersey during the infantile paralysis plague, last summer, if they had not been able to make play of it. A big policeman said it must be either

MADGE EVANS

would pretend it was a haunted castle, and we would go creeping about, making believe we were afraid of ghosts."

The make-believe was real, too, for these children have a wise mother, who has made them wonderful specimens of normal, healthy, intelligent children. She has brought them up to be absolutely devoid of fear, because she believes that to people who have no fear in their make-up anything in life is possible. They were taught to go to bed in the dark and to believe the goblins and like characters pictured in books are the friends of children—that nothing can hurt them. Consequently, in their Motion Picture work, the two little girls never object to anything the director tells them to do.

In "The Daughter of the Gods"



HELEN CONNELLY

BOBBY CONNELLY

New York or New Jersey—no going back or forth. Their work was at the Fox studio at Fort Lee, so Mrs. Lee said, "We'll just make believe we like it, and we'll stay right here." So the walls between two dressing-rooms were ripped out, and they did light housekeeping in a Motion Picture plant. "It was fun," said the children. "All

lay there was noise, and so many people, and everybody busy, but at night it was so still and no one there but us, so we

these two children, of six and four years, played prominent parts. If there was a situation with the slightest element of risk, Mr. Brenon, the director, would scribble a note and pass it to Mrs. Lee, so she could keep near the children.

In one scene they were unexpectedly washed down from a huge rock and



sucked into the surf by a comber. When they were brought up from the waves, instead of a whimpering, frightened pair of kiddies, they were both laughing at the joke the ocean had played on them.

The two sunny-hearted children are great favorites at the Fort Lee studio, and every one was greatly pained when little Jane was slightly bitten—probably in a spirit of play—by Theda Bara's big Russian wolf-hound. But Jane did not mind it very much. "Czar Nicholas III (the dog) thought my nose was a frankfurter," she told her mother.

Then Einar Linden, the Dane, who played Paris in "Romeo and Juliet," said, "And Jane had such a leetle nose, too." Only, of course, it sounded much nicer in Linden's rich, Scandinavian dialect.

There's another winsome little lady at the Fox studio who likes make-believe games, and sweetmeats, and everything that other children like, and she went a whole year with a make-believe name, just because Mama and Papa Reichert couldn't think of a name nice enough for their lovely baby, so they delayed the christening and debated the subject.

Meanwhile they called her Kittens, because she cuddled up and played just as kittens do. But little girls can't go thru life without a name or christening, and the church was showing an interest in what seemed to be a case of parental oversight or neglect. So into the church came Papa and Mama Reichert, still debating upon a name, and, at the last minute, decided to christen her by the name they liked best. So Kittens it is—not a pet name or a make-believe name, but an honest-to-goodness name for all time.

Kittens is only six and a half years old, but her remarkable beauty and her real talent for acting have made her an actual Motion Picture star, as any one knows who has seen her in "A Soldier's Oath," "Sins of Men," or any of a half-dozen other pictures.

Besides being a player of winsomeness and charm, Kittens possesses an unusual type of knowledge that a child would not be expected to have. She can make up perfectly and requires no assistance from grown-ups. Moreover, during scenes in which she does not appear, she stands close to the director, and, with one eye aslant, studies the make-up of some new player, and, if necessary, tips him or her off to some bit of inexperienced make-up that might get in the picture and necessitate a retake later on.

Mama Reichert accompanies the little lady to the studio and attends properly to her guardianship and education, for Miss Kittens goes to the studio with her school-bag just as any other little girl goes to the second grade of the public schools. She gets her lessons between scenes, with intervals of play, but she knows of nothing so interesting as acting with William Farnum, Dorothy Bernard, or Theda Bara, and she has acted with all of them.

Once upon a time—and not long ago, either—a tiny tot with brown eyes and long, golden curls lived in the Middle West. She was so unusually bright and pretty that every one, even strangers on the street, remarked about it and told her mother she ought to train the child for the stage. So to New York they came, and it was not long before Ethelmary Oakland, "The Thanouser Baby," was playing real parts.

Ethelmary came into the movies with experience gained on the stage, having been in several plays and a little leading lady in "The Littlest Rebel." She is now one of the charming children who inhabit Screenland and a real example of what make-believe can do. She is only seven years old, but she has fallen from a high cliff into the ocean below; she has slipped from a bannister down a whole flight of stairs; she has been kidnapped and lost innumerable times; in fact, everything has happened to her that could possibly happen to a little girl. But it was all a game of make-believe; she did it for the movies, and had a good time doing it.

Ethelmary expects to be a regular leading lady before she is sixteen, but meanwhile she is just like any happy, well-cared-for little girl—she likes her work, but she likes to play just as well.

There's another inhabitant of Make-believe Land who came out of the West—a very small but most important (to the picture world) person, too. In "Gloriana," in which she is starred, she plays the part of a winsome miss of five who has faced the footlights almost from the day of her birth.

"I didn't have to make believe hardly at all in that picture," said little Zoe Du Rae Bech, "for that's just what I've done. I can't remember when I was in my first picture in Chicago; I was a year old. Then I went to Los Angeles. Mother and I have been across the continent three times this year, and I carried my Teddy-bear and my doll, 'Golden Locks,' with me. I just love to swim, and I have been in the Atlantic Ocean, in the Pacific Ocean, and in Lake Michigan this year. The most fun I ever had in pictures was learning to ride a saddle-horse. I can ride bareback now and gallop like anything."

Zoe is a most fascinating little body, plump and pleasing in person and utterly unspoiled, tho she has attracted much attention both by her screen work and on the part of artists and sculptors, on account of her beautifully formed body. Many have pronounced it perfect, and the little one's mother has had many offers to have Zoe pose as a model, but Mrs. Bech is satisfied to have her continue her work in the movies.

"School?" said little Zoe—"not yet. But I'm going to have a private teacher, so I can keep on with my work here. I've acted in thirty-five plays," she lisped proudly, "and I'm going to be a real leading lady when I grow up."

And now we come to Helen Marie Osborn—a perfectly good name for a

grown-up leading lady; but just now "Little Mary Sunshine" suits her much better. She doesn't have to make believe, either, for she is sunshine. She is radiant joy personified, and the spirit of happy childhood pervades every movement. In "Hearts and Shadows" she needed only to be her own unspoiled little self, with her winning personality and engaging grace of movement. Fame came to her overnight, and the whole world took her to its collective heart. She earns the salary of a bank president, but it makes very little difference to her; she is just a happy, golden-haired, five-year-old baby—too young even to go to school or be bothered about lessons.

Not every little girl can see her own picture in the subway and elevated trains, and such funny pictures, too—some with her face all stuck up with jam, or with nothing on but a little suit of underwear. There are lovely posters, and magazine covers, too, for the expressive, sensitive face of little Madge Evans caught the fancy of artists and illustrators when she was only a baby, so it is no wonder that the Motion Picture world has adopted her for its very own.

She is such an airy, fairy little sprite of femininity she hardly seems real at all. But if you could see her sitting on the floor in her parents' home in uptown New York, surrounded by dolls, tea-sets, and all kinds of toys, you would realize that she was a real live little girl. She is almost sure to ask you to sit down and play with her, too, and she is such a natural-born little actress she can talk in quite grown-up fashion.

She can't remember when she began her stage career, but her mother tells her that she was "carried in a basket" in "Shore Acres," so she knows it is true. That was in England, tho Madge was born in New York six years ago.

In the pictures she doesn't have to make believe hardly at all—she is just her natural, unaffected little self. "I played in 'Seven Sisters' with Marguerite Clark," she said, "and I was the littlest sister of all. And I was in 'Zaza' and other pictures. Then the World Film Company gave me a contract."

"What was that for?" she was asked.

"Why, so I wouldn't work for any one else, of course!"

"I like the pictures, but when I am not busy I get a great big piece of rye bread and butter and go outdoors and play. I just love outdoors!"

Little Virginia Corbin is only three and a half years old, but she is "making believe" she is Cupid in "The Regeneration of John Gray."

More of the good, wholesome plays are being produced every year—the kind that are "good" for children to see, so they must have a wholesome influence on those who take part in their production. And while some children of the stage may become artificial and knowing beyond their years, this is not the case with children of the studios—stages with real home surroundings.



# Mary Pickford Plus "Silent Money Talk"

By EDNA WRIGHT



ONEY talks in many instances, particularly when the owner is extremely wealthy, so one is not surprised often to read of the philanthropic work of John D.

Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and others equally as well off in worldly goods. Characters such as the foregoing have made a name for themselves, so much of a one that their charity will long be remembered by future generations. While I would not condemn such worthy work by word or thought, there are many other persons of distinction deserving mention, who are continually opening their purses; yet in such cases the language of the money is known to but few, as it is "silent." Happening to know one, as charitable a little person as could be found, and who is beloved by the entire world, it occurred to me that others less fortunate in intimate friendship than myself might be interested in learning just what kind of language "silent money talk" is. The petite

(Nineteen)

mademoiselle to whom I refer is none other than the most popular of all screen favorites, Mary Pickford.

Having kept to the smallest degree the familiar maxim, "Charity begins at home," Mary has strewn many a sad path with her small but continual little touches, leaving roses where once there were thorns. Only a word or two is necessary concerning her home life, as that field has been well covered by various writers from time to time. When the little Gladys Smith, for so she was called at the time of her stage debut, commenced her career as a professional entertainer, she was guided by the best of instructors—her mother. Sitting up late at night, sewing by a dim light, Mrs. Pickford made and designed all the costumes worn by the child actress. Every part was taught by her, and, never weary, laboring with untiring energy, she coached the girl who was later to become so famous. Thus she persevered on thru the days when Gladys Smith joined the Biograph Company, and became Mary Pickford, following her closely, assisting and directing at all times. After attaining

the position of the highest-salaried star in filmdom, Mary did not forget the one to whom she owes an endless debt, and "Mother" is the most precious in the household of Mary Pickford. This small, dark-haired woman, who still retains the energy so characteristic of her, is never permitted to long for a thing, and her desires are the first looked after, all because Mary believes in "Charity begins at home." One may think this not strange, and only a duty, yet from personal knowledge I might cite many instances where film favorites possessing fortunes have forgotten their mothers, who starved and struggled, assisting them to the heights they have now mounted to. So on thru the family does Mary allow her thoughtfulness to wander, and almost every branch can quote the unselfish help she has given them. But it is after attending to those most dear to her that Miss Pickford permits her money to do "silent talking."

One seldom reads or hears of Mary Pickford donating vast sums, such as \$25,000, or even \$10,000, as it is not thru these enormous amounts, which





MARY PICKFORD IN "THE FOUNDLING"

invariably attract public attention, that she has become so well loved. Unlike many, she does not think large checks always best, so, the sums equivalent are distributed by her, few know of it. Only recently she presented a check for \$2,000 to the Home for Aged Actors and Actresses, which is probably one of the few times she has donated such a sum at a single instance. However, it is in the following seemingly small yet in reality

large charity work that Mary's "silent money" speaks loudest.

In a simple little dress or suit she jumps into her machine, and managing to steal an hour or so from her pressing studio work, she motors into the slums of New York. Here, having become to these poor unfortunate people an angel on earth, she finds eager and expectant faces awaiting her. Forgetting the world to which she belongs, and casting aside her position in life, she conforms herself to the wishes of the slum people. A dirty child means but little to her spot-

less attire, so, in consequence, it must suffer, while the tiny urchin, perched happily on her lap, munches the fruit or cake mysteriously concealed in the "angel's" car. Surrounded by the smiling tots, she hears their stories, some pathetic, others interesting, and when these stories are finally investigated she awards to the worthy ones the comforts of life. Perhaps it is fuel or food, maybe money for a studious boy's education, or yet again clothes; but, whatever the need, it is sure to be met to the satisfaction of all. Loving their golden-haired bene-



WHO CAN BLAME LITTLE MARY IF SHE, TOO, SOMETIMES ADMIRES WHAT HER MIRROR REVEALS?

(Twenty)





MARY PICKFORD IN HER DRESSING-ROOM MAKING UP

factress with hearts overflowing, they show their gratitude as best they can, and many are the gifts devised by their own hands that find their way to Mary. She cherishes them among her most valuable treasures, for, possessing that sterling quality seldom found these days, she prizes the "thought" more than the article itself.

Numerous "newsies" are proud of the fact that they can count "Little Mary" as one of their friends, and frequently when buying a paper a large bill is given with no change asked for. This form of "silent money talk" is, however, thoroly searched into by her lawyer, so that the money is always well placed, and it is in this way that another form of charity is carried on. They wait for her when catching a glimpse of her well-known car, and crowd around, almost mobbing in their eagerness, for to them she is not Mary Pickford, but "de pretty little lady."

(Twenty-one)

One bleak December day, coming out to her waiting limousine from the modiste, she found a tiny tot of about eight, a ragged fellow, blue with cold and hunger. His poor thin chest was cruelly exposed to the bleating, piercing New York wind, while altogether he presented a most pathetic picture. Heeding not that she had on a costly suit, she handed me her muff, and in a moment was down on her knees in the snow, pinning, with a pin begged from the chauffeur, the thin, threadbare jacket tightly over the chest so blue. Her purse, containing a tidy little sum in change, she next emptied into the yet bluer hand; then, immediately making note of the lad's address, we left. Why the latter? Because in due time warm woollens, mittens, a nice jacket, money, etc., found their way to the meager place the lad called home. Tears came to my eyes as I grieved that to many this beautiful character is a closed book.

New York is not the only place that has felt the kindly hand of "Everybody's Favorite," as Los Angeles, where she spends the majority of her winters, is frequently the haven for her charity. Orphan asylums have learnt to expect her assistance, and past experiences give reason for knowing that they will *not* expect in vain. Aside from money presented to the heads, repeatedly the children are given outings in machines, when on such occasions they are taken into the country or to the seaside, and are permitted to enjoy to their hearts' content all the goodies so kindly prepared by Miss Pickford.

Then, too, as in New York, there are many poor families who can relate happy reliefs in stressful times, when they have been tided safely over life's rough sea to safe harbors.

But Mary Pickford's "silent money talk" does not cease to talk in these cities alone, for not content with having brought so much comfort and joy to humanity here, she daily sends money, etc., to other towns less prominent. It is thru the hundreds of letters which swamp her mails at each delivery that her attention is called to suffering ones in different lands. While many are but requests for photographs and replies, there are among them untold pleadings for assistance in the many problems of living. True, every case is first probed; but when her lawyer gives the final word, with that sweet nature so salient at all times, the assistance is given. Sums equal to the salaries of many a big business man are given away yearly by this unselfish little lady.

Quoting from the greatest of all books, "Freely ye have received, freely shall ye give" is one of Miss Pickford's reasons for her ceaseless giving, but to those associated with her the reason is only too evident. It is because, unspoiled by fame, success and wealth, this mere child-woman has not fallen to the rank of a snob, for this she is not. That sweet naturalness which since a baby has shaped her course along the road of success, which has aided her in piloting around the rocks of problems, this it is which still dominates her character in the form of "Doing unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

Space does not permit me to describe further how this "talk" goes on, but go on it does; so I will merely say in conclusion, that now when you read of the great donations of the world's financiers and do not see a large check from Mary Pickford, stop just long enough to realize that somewhere, at that very instant, numerous ones are enjoying the "silent talk" of Mary Pickford's open purse.





IN spite of the fact that a number of people go to the movies for the lessons, the education and morals that one may acquire with diligence and faithful study of the flicker-

ing shadows that come and go, there are a great majority—usually feminine in sex, and ranging in age from sixteen to sixty—who go for love of the play or, more often, for love of the players.

Show these patrons a picture in which there is no pretty "love-scene" or love-interest, and you show them a picture that they don't like.



DARWIN  
KARR AND  
NELL CRAIG

(Were she not afraid to do so, the writer could tell you on what side of this question *she* stands!) In truth, love is the greatest subject in the world—the one language spoken by all the world. Why, then, should we not take an interest in its pictured history on the screen?

This is one of the biggest reasons why directors go mad and grow gray in search of pretty locations—settings for love-scenes. The prettiest love-scene in the world would fail to register, unless acted in a pretty location. Thus millionaires' homes, gardens and lawns are utilized—public parks, bits of flowered loveliness here and there. When the hero holds My Lady's hand, looks deep into her lovely eyes, and murmurs, "I love you," he must have a pretty setting for the act. Not for his own sake, probably, since the setting, as a usual thing, doesn't amount to very much in his eyes. He may be thinking of the toys promised the baby; he may be remembering the bill for his

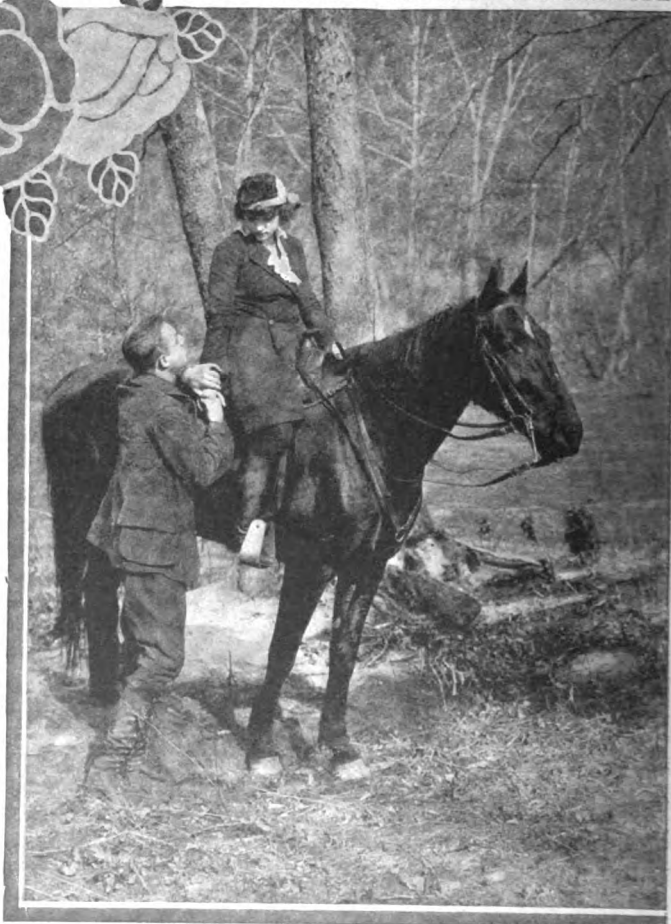
wife's last gown; he may even be worrying about the high cost of beefsteaks. But he mustn't show it, and the setting must be beautiful, because the public demands it.

In "The Woman in the Case" (Famous Players), which starred Pauline Frederick, one of the prettiest parts of the entire play was the love-scene between the bride and her husband of half an hour. Alan Hale happens to be the lucky lover here, but, with true feminine contrariness, our interest centers not on the bridegroom, but on the bride, as it has been "henceforth, now and forever," and all that sort of thing. Who ever saw a group of wedding-guests pay any heed to the poor, scared bridegroom, be he a veritable Adonis? It's the bride, radiant in white satin, orange-blossoms, "pearl lavalliere, the gift of the groom," and a trailing, lace veil, and all the lovely, fragile bits of finery on which the heart of the bride centers. And Pauline

## Screen Loves &



CONSTANCE CRAWLEY AND ARTHUR MAUDE



ALICE BRADY AND JACK SHERRILL

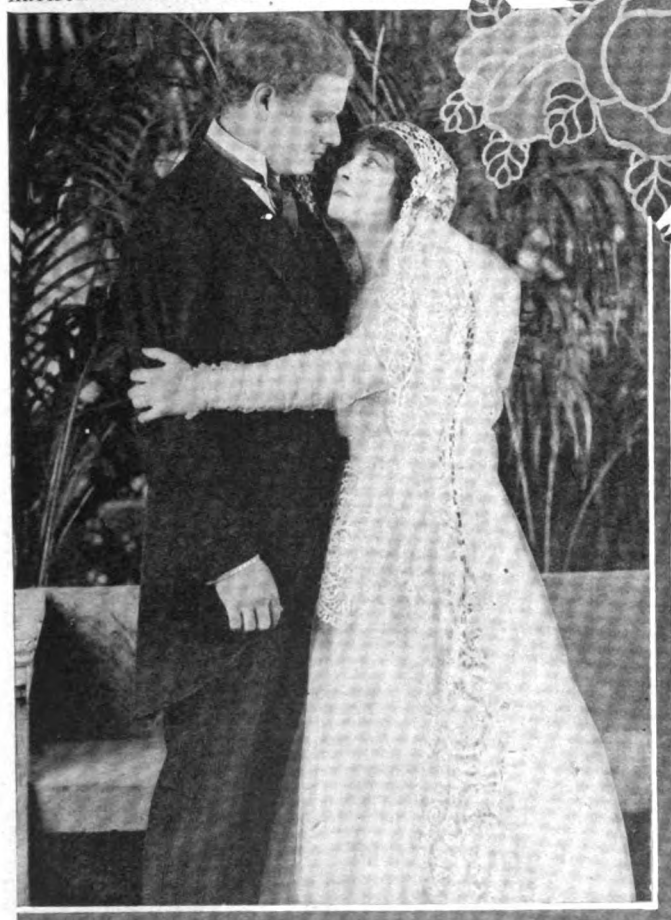
Frederick is a bride very much worth watching.

"Then I'll Come Back to You" was love-interest from beginning to end. And it is a significant fact that it was the most popular picture of the spring. Jack

(Twenty-two)



ARTHUR ALBERTSON AND MARY KENNEDY



ALAN HALE AND PAULINE FREDERICK

Sherrill, as the lover, and Alice Brady, as the girl who claimed his thoughts, did the best work of their career in this. There were so many pretty love-scenes thruout this that it is hard to choose among them. One of the prettiest was

(Twenty-three)

when Barbara (Alice Brady), with a party of friends, visits the camp where Steve (Jack Sherrill) is at work with his crew, and, being given a moment alone, Steve reminds Barbara of his promise, given in childhood, to make himself worthy—"Then I'll come back to you"—which gives the play its name. Another beautiful part of this was the wonderful scenery—springtime in the woods, with bubbling brooks, flowers lifting shy, sweet faces to the springtime sun, birds singing—the spirit of love was a fitting habitation for such a scene.

Crane Wilbur is an ideal "screen lover," and his reputation was by no means lowered by his work opposite Gypsy Abbott in "Vengeance Is Mine."

The hero is a man who has been elected Governor of the State. He proposes for the girl's hand, receives her father's permission, and turns towards her, to find that, frightened and shy, she has fled. He pursues, and finally captures her,

perched on a long, garden bench, hands thrust deep in pockets, aloof with a half-smile of childish, wistful questioning—the whole a combination that was charming to the audience, in reality, as it was to the hero, "screenically."

In Essanay's "Fool's Gold," not a little of the success of the play was due to the natural, consistent acting of Nell Craig and Darwin Karr, as the young husband and wife. Miss Craig is a beautiful girl; Mr. Karr is a very good-looking young man; they were playing a newly married couple; the combination was ideal. (No, you needn't watch for an announcement of their engagement in real life, for

screen-players get accustomed to such scenes and can play them



EARLE FOXE  
AND  
TSURU AOKI

easily, without falling instantly in love with their opposites. Mr. Karr and Miss Craig are quite accustomed to making love to each other on the screen, and they can do it realistically enough without making it *real*!

New players find it somewhat difficult to play love-scenes convincingly and not to show their very evident embarrassment. So it was with Mary Kennedy. I remember, when Mary was playing Peggy in "An Innocent Sinner" for Kalem, she had a love-scene with Robert Walker, who had been married only a short time to Cora Linton, an Edison actress. In the rehearsals of the scene, they merely held hands, smiled at each other, and faked a bit of "business." Mr. Walker, an ideal screen lover, knew that it was one of Mary's first parts, so he didn't want to embarrass her needlessly. (Mrs. Walker was present, which added to Mary's embarrassment and Mrs. Walker's amusement, since she herself had played hundreds of love-scenes and



understood thoroly.) When the camera started, Mr. Walker held Mary's hands, and, suddenly, at a signal from the director, caught her in his arms and kist her. Startled, scarlet with embarrassment, Mary stared once at Mr. Walker, then fled, precipitantly, to her dressing-room and locked the door!

But Mary has outgrown that, with her rapidly increasing experience, both on the stage and in pictures. She plays love-scenes now with aplomb and quiet certainty. She didn't blush once when this scene was taken, with Arthur Albertson, who played juvenile lead to her

fear or morals. The love-scene of a vampire! Tempest and lightning! Black-paneled furniture and weird, creepy frocks! That's Valeska Suratt—bizarre, dramatic and devilish—in a play most appropriately titled "The Broadway Peacock." (Miss Suratt acknowledges indebtedness for her queer frocks and bizarre, striking work to his Satanic Majesty of Inferno!)

Any one who has read "Lord Loveland Discovers America"—the sprightly, amusing adventures of a charming tho somewhat stupid young English lord,



GYPSY ABBOTT AND CRANE WILBUR

ingénue for Kalem in Jacksonville. Nor does Arthur fear love-scenes. His recent success as Bruce Argyle in "The Argyle Case" is sufficient proof of that. The scene given here, Arthur freely admits, is one of the prettiest as well as one of the most interesting for which he has posed. A pretty girl in a chiffon frock and dark-blue, rose-trimmed bonnet, her arms full of roses; a good-looking young man in summer flannels, with a background of a wonderful, old Southern garden blossoming with honeysuckle, smilax and roses—Robert W. Chambers even could demand no more propitious beginning for his best-selling romance!

From the clear-eyed, fearless innocence of love's young dream, as represented by the scene above, we turn to the sultry, thunderous luring of a woman without

proverbially penniless, in *America* (written by the Williamsons and picturized by American)—will instantly place the scene shown here. Nothing more exquisite in the way of backgrounds could be desired. Constance Crawley, as the tall lady in white, and Arthur Maude, as the gentleman who does her honor, complete the foreground. The background is one of magnificent beauty, furnished by the kindness of a wealthy resident of one of Santa Barbara's most beautiful suburbs.

When an American falls in love with a

Japanese girl there's going to be trouble for one of them. Either the girl is going to be brutally hurt, or the man will be ostracized by his countrymen—and by hers. In the case of the love-affair between Earle Foxe and Tsuru Aoki (for picture purposes) it was the girl who was hurt. A smooth, good-looking young cad of an American falls in love (supposedly) with a little Japanese schoolgirl. In reality, he wants the money that will come to her on her marriage. But thru the protecting, self-sacrificing love of Sakota (Sessue Hayakawa), a man of her own country, her guardian, and a successful business-man, the little, flower-like maid is saved from the toils of the unscrupulous American, who finally marries his former mistress, an American widow. And the little maid of Nippon marries the man of her own land. How all this is brought about—how happiness is gained by each of the four in Fate's queer tangle—makes "Alien Souls" one of the most interesting plays that has come from the Lasky studio in a long while.

Then we have the other side of Love's mirror, in which we find a pretty little American girl in love with a nice young American youth. This is as it should be. "For East is East and West is West, and never the twain *should* meet"—not with matrimonial inclinations, or "intentions," anyway.

A pretty little country-girl in a gingham frock, hair falling below her waist in riotous profusion—a nice-looking country-boy in love with her—oh, dream of bucolic bliss! The two principals of this scene are Ann Pennington, the little dancer, who slipped out of the stage-door of The Follies, one night when Mr. Ziegfeld wasn't watching, and became a star for Famous Players overnight, and William Courtleigh, Jr., who, so far, has wooed—and won—via Famous Players films, Marguerite Clarke, Mary Pickford, Valentine Grant, and several other stars. (Lucky young dog!)

So it is pretty sure that the most popular pictures are those in which there is plenty of love-interest, backed up by an attractive pair of young lovers and beautiful locations. And producers are recognizing the fact—for women and children make up the greater portion of the American movie patrons—and the women and children want pretty locations and barrels of heart-interest!

But in mentioning all these screen lovers, we mustn't forget some one to whom an enormous amount of credit is due, always, for the most charming scenes; he is the director. It is he who tears his hair madly, and spends hours trying to find the proper location or work out the scene in a novel, yet satisfying, way. And he, too, must put Love in the Love-scene! So, when mentioning screen lovers, never forget the hard-worked, never-mentioned director—the man behind the camera!

(Twenty-four)

# The Girl Who Wouldn't Grow Up



Marguerite Clark Is Said to Be Thirty-two  
Years Old, Yet on the Screen She  
Looks to Be Only Twelve

(Twenty-five)



Mr. Bushman in receiving his guests and making everything pleasant for us. They came forward, greeted us all with sweet graciousness, and then we saw Old Agnes. We learnt later that this old woman, an ideal type of the once famous Southern darky—the negro mammy—is a fixture at Bushmanor, and that Mr. Bushman is very fond of her. Her duties are simple, for she is old and incapable of heavy work. She meets the coming guest, makes him feel so thoroly at home, and so welcome, that it is a positive joy to see her, standing at the foot of the broad, graceful staircase, curtsying and smiling widely, with her "Evenin', mars-ter; evenin', missus! It's powahful cold outside—yo'-all better come right up-stairs and have a cup o' tea befo' dinnah am seh'ved!"

We were shown to our rooms by negro maids, who were so patently delighted at the prospect of "comp'ny" (there's nothing a Southern darky loves so much as lots of company all the time), and there made ready for dinner. When we came down to the hall—which, by the way, is great, if not *the* biggest hall in Maryland—we found Mr. Bushman standing before a huge, old-fashioned fireplace in which whole logs blazed merrily. There were, everywhere, huge, comfortable-looking chairs that just begged one to rest and relax; huge bearskin rugs—everything gave an air of bigness and space.

"I am fond of big chairs, big rooms, big balls; in fact, I am partial to everything that is big," said my host, in answer to some such thought that I had expressed. And it seemed to me that this sentence is as good an expression of the man as one could need.

Dinner was served by a sternly dignified butler of incredible years and two young footmen, their ebony faces gleaming in the soft radiance of the many candles which lighted the room. I think I shall always remember that dinner. There was such an atmosphere of old-fashioned dignity, of Southern hospitality, famed the world over. Then, too, there was the fact that it was the first

dear little grandmother, just the sort of grandmother everybody adores and whom one instinctively wants to protect and guard; there was Miss Bayne, looking about sixteen, dressed in simple, girlish white, with not a jewel to detract from the effect of simplicity, a cluster of deep rose-pink japonicas her only adornment; there was Miss Dunbar, whom everybody at the table loved. Then there was Mr. Bushman, at the head of the table—not a successful actor, the hero-idol of a world of movie-mad girls—but a Southern gentleman, the ideal, hospitable host, low-voiced and courteous, yet with a keen wit; there were several other men—"just plain business men" they styled themselves, altho

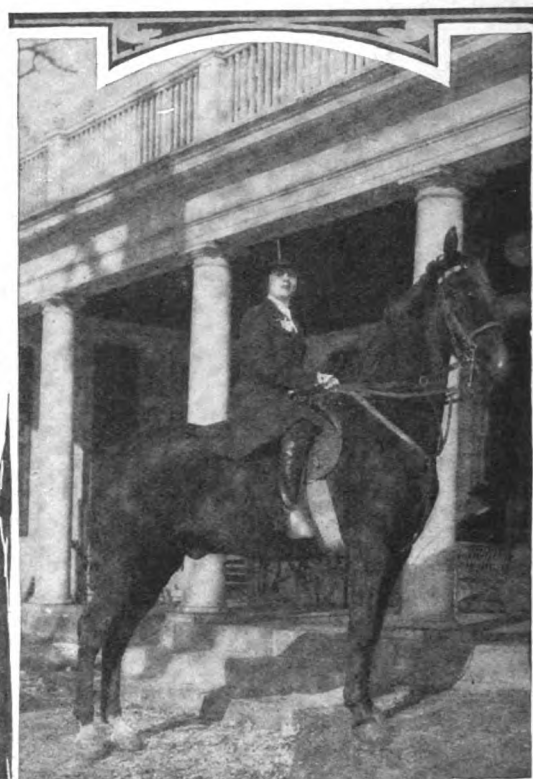
two of them were Princeton men, seniors, and the others were from Baltimore.

The evening we spent

MR. BUSHMAN AND TWO OF HIS DOGS



MISS BAYNE, ON DANDY-BOY, READY FOR A GALLOP



THE HOUSE-PARTY, READY FOR A MORNING'S SPORT



ANOTHER VIEW OF BUSHMANOR

meal under the roof of an actor whose work I have always keenly admired. I looked around the table, at the faces touched softly by the rose-shaded lights. There was Mrs. Bayne, stately and gracious in her frock of dull blue satin; the

in dancing to the music of an excellent vocalion, and we found the huge hall ideal for more than one purpose. There were cozy nooks on the stairs; the conservatory called to more than one sentimental couple; and, altogether, we had a very enjoyable evening. Old Agnes served hot chocolate and dainty, thin little sandwiches just before bedtime. Another pretty custom at Bushmanor is the lighting of bedroom

candles—the guests are given candles in old-fashioned, silver candlesticks—to light their way to their rooms. This, in spite of electricity and "all modern conveniences." It is merely another expression of Mr. Bushman's desire to keep alive all the pretty, old-fashioned traditions of the Old South. This home, Bushmanor, is the realization of a boyhood dream. When, as a lad of twelve or fourteen years, Frank Bushman, or

(Thirty-four)

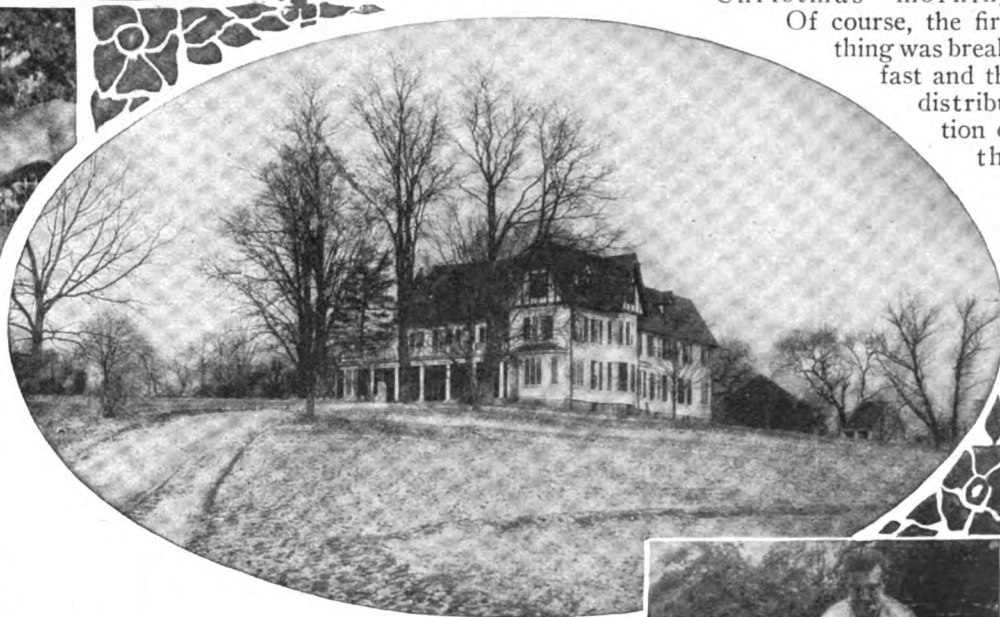


"Bush" as his comrades knew him, used to go hunting and fishing and swimming thru the valley, he promised himself that, some day, he would own as beautiful a home as any that stood then in the valley, and that he would keep alive the old traditions. And his dreams have materialized in Bushmanor.

We were awakened next morning by the many sounds of life that one expects in the country. There were the barking of dogs, the important cackle of chickens, a big "gobble-gobble" that I feared would be silent the day before Christmas, the neighing of horses, the lowing of cows—oh, just dozens of sounds that make you feel alive and keen for the day's work. I opened one eye, and peeped out from under the soft, fleecy covers, dreading to leave my warm nest for the cold room. And there, kneeling before the fireplace, busily fanning the leaping blaze, was Jenny, my little darky maid.

We started the day by a wonderful gallop that brought the color to one's cheeks and developed a huge appetite for the breakfast that awaited us when we again dismounted at the doorway. Old Agnes stood just inside the doorway, waiting for the eager good-mornings that

(Thirty-five)



SCENES IN AND ABOUT BUSHMANOR

began the day right for her. Then came breakfast—and what a breakfast it was!—waffles, golden honey, eggs that looked like jewels of white and yellow, golden-brown coffee with an aroma worthy of the gods of 'Lympus—truly it was a breakfast to be remembered. After it was over, came the business of the day—the tree.

We piled into a sleigh, and, to the merry jingling of bells on the frosty morning air, started off, in high good spirits, to find our Christmas tree. For no mere "boughten" tree was going to grace that huge hall for the Savior's birthday. Off to the pinewoods we went, and there, with all of us helping to choose, a tree was finally selected. Miss Bayne,

with a droll assumption of extreme strength and skill, struck the first blow with the sharp axe, after which two grinning darkies finished the task she had so bravely begun (?). And we were all ready to go home. The day before Christmas Eve we spent in Baltimore, making a gay round of the shops, trying to dodge each other, pretending to be blandly unconscious of the queer, knobby packages that made their appearance thruout our own party, as well as every other party we met in the store. And that evening we decorated, with gay good-humor, the entire house with holly and mistletoe from the woods, hanging gay bells, bright, glossy wreaths of holly and smilax all over the place. The tree was set up in the hall, and everybody helped to dress it. It was very bad form for one to recognize one's own name on a package that was being hung—we pretended to be as innocent and trusting as kiddies with their eternal dream of Santa Claus.

Late in the evening we visited the servants' quarters, "playing Santy" to the little pickaninnies, and it was well past midnight when finally we sought our own rooms for a nap before Christmas morning.

Of course, the first thing was breakfast and the distribution of the

gifts. Then there was a lovely

long ride on the finest blue-blooded horses, over miles of snowy, hard-packed roads. Then, in the afternoon, forgetting that we were not the children we felt, and a number of bob-sleds having made a mysterious appearance, we donned our warmest clothes, and shortest skirts, and went sledding up and down the long, glassy hill that leads to Bushmanor. There were a snowball battle and sundry other childish pleasures. Then, before it was time to dress for dinner, we went to

(Continued on page 66)





# Maid in America

by Pearl Gaddis



ALICE  
HOLLISTER

of green would be equally pretty carried out in this design. It is severely plain, with not one bit of trimming. Wide, businesslike pockets add to its attractive mannishness. With it are worn black patent-leather boots, with soft white kid tops. To soften the effect of severity—trust a woman for that!—a wide, white ermine scarf, finished with a band of tails, and a tiny, close-fitting white toque are worn with the suit. For the girl who wants a

Then there must be a dress for morning, or informal affairs. Peggy Hyland is the model this time, and the dress is of blue taffeta. The skirt is gathered into a wide belt, and is corded at the bottom to make it stand out effectively. Immense pockets, button-trimmed, form the only ornamentation. The waist is made in a semi-suspender effect, with a flesh-colored net



RUTH ROLAND

under-waist  
trimmed with  
narrow, blue  
velvet ribbons.

**J**UST about the time this reaches print (if it does), Miss Maid in America will be wrinkling her pretty brows and puzzling her brains as to her new wardrobe. What shall she buy? Will this style be good thruout spring? A great many American maids buy most of their wardrobes after the holidays; and when you consider how many of them receive handsome checks from Dad, or Friend Husband, for Christmas presents, we are not long in discovering the why of this fact.

Since the war forbids any new foreign designs, Miss America turns to her own shores in desperation. And here she finds her greatest inspiration in the frocks and suits of Miss Movie Maid, a girl whose salary is almost governed by her taste and distinction in dress.

And so we give here some beautiful made-in-America designs for the delectation of Miss Maid in America.

First of all, in any well-designed wardrobe, must come the coat-suit. Ruth Roland offers a charming solution of the problem for the tailor-made girl, who wants dark colors and straight, simple lines. This suit of Miss Roland's (pictured on page 38, the last of the group) is composed of black broadcloth—altho brown, blue, or one of the new shades

suit for special wear, Alice Hollister offers this suit of fine, white broadcloth, made in the ever popular Norfolk effect, the wide belt trimmed with large, white buttons. Big pockets at each side are practical as well as attractive. Self-covered buttons form the only trimming; and low, white kid slippers, a small, white velvet hat guiltless of unnecessary ornamentation, and a soft, white fox neck-piece and white gloves make up a charming spring outfit for even the most finicky young miss.

Next in importance to the coat-suit is the afternoon frock that must be dressy enough for the matinée, yet not too dressy for simpler occasions. Edna Mayo offers a dress of seal-brown velvet, with its front panel embroidered in gold threads. The white Georgette crêpe collar extends to the belt in front, softening the effect mightily. Sleeves of brown Georgette crêpe are finished at the wrist with a narrow cuff of white. The hat is of brown velvet to match, with a wee gold cord around the base of the crown. Two small, brown plumes add to the effect, and high, chocolate-brown boots finish off the costume.

Then comes the indispensable long coat. While the one Anita Stewart displays to such advantage may be a trifle more expensive than you want, still the style is very good and could be copied less expensively. It is of chocolate-brown velvet, with wide bands of fur at hem, collar and cuffs. The collar fastens high around the throat—always an advantage if you live "where cold winds blow." The tiny hat is of brown, as is the absurd little veil that is so becoming to the fair Anita. Brown boots, and a pillow-muff of fur to match that on the coat, finish the outfit.

An evening frock? Oui, ma'mselle! Here comes Mabel Normand, always exquisitely gowned, in a perfect love of a frock, composed of palest pink chiffon. The skirt has five wide tucks, and is wired at the hips and corded at the waist. The skirt is quite long, you'll notice—

(Thirty-six)



ANNA NILSSON

another foretaste of the newest fashions. The waist is a mere pretense of pink chiffon, pale gold lace and fine, white Georgette crêpe. A wide, black velvet belt adds contrast. The sleeves are elbow-length, soft and clingy, finished with a tiny frill of chiffon. Palest pink kid slippers and pale gold stockings are worn with it. The broad-brimmed evening hat is of pale gold satin, trimmed with pink roses, and a black velvet crown. Altogether a most satisfying confection, isn't it? And if anything were needed to add to the confectionery effect, there's Mabel—brown-eyed, black-curved, dimpled, and generally lovely—to add it. What a pity all of us can't add such a finish to our costumes, *n'est ce pas?*

An evening frock calls for an evening wrap, of course. So "Anna Nilsson presents," for your admiration, a coat on almost, daringly simple lines, of pale gold taffeta lined with rosebud satin. The wide ostrich-bands that form a collar are of the same shade of pale gold. When worn, as this one was, with a black and silver evening frock, the effect was exquisite.

(Thirty-seven)

The one drawback to a wrap like this is that it should be worn by a blonde—a girl with pale gold hair and rose-red lips; a girl with rain-drenched, violet eyes and flower-smooth skin; in short, by a girl like Anna Nilsson.

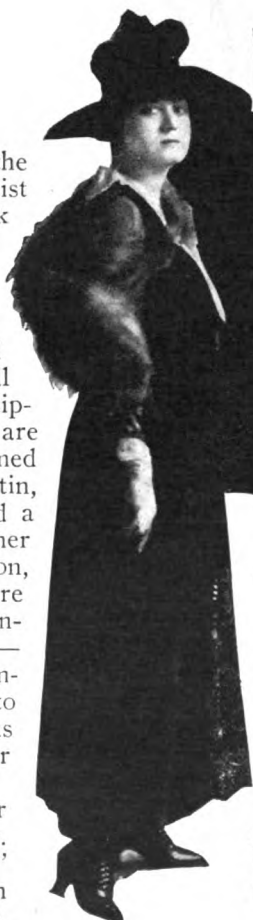
But if you prefer something a bit more striking—or shall we say elaborate?—here's Ruth Roland's pet wrap, a black, spangled evening-cloak, trimmed with black silk net ruffles and narrow, black ribbon. Ruth's somewhat unusual head-dress, by the way, is composed of a wreath of small roses in rainbow colors of pink, yellow, red and turquoise shades.

Or perhaps you'd like something different? Then here's Marguerite Clark offering you an exquisite wrap of pale pink, flowered satin, made loosely so as not to crush the dainty gown beneath. The high collar that buttons around the chin is of white velvet, as are the deep cuffs and the big, ball buttons. The greatest charm of this wrap is in its simplicity of line—or is it in the charm of

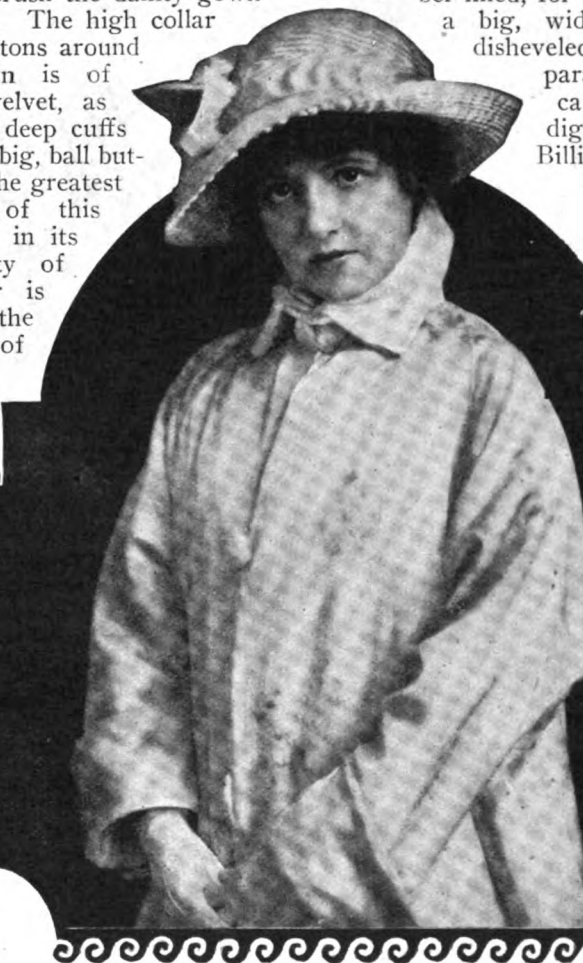
fine, plaited to a narrow satin band under the arms. This slip is very long, with a graceful little train. Over it a cape-like jacket of soft, cobwebby lace is drawn, fastening over the shoulders with sprays of hand-made flowers. With it is worn a smart little Japanese cap of rose and cream. Soft, flower-trimmed satin "mules" complete the negligée costume for the "big scene."

A more practical negligée, for everyday wear, is one designed by Valentine Grant. Miss Grant, as almost every one knows, is quite a traveler, and perhaps that's why this "Pullman robe" idea appealed so strongly to her fancy. The material is soft but rather heavy dark blue silk. It is made very much in the style of the once famous and still admired "colleen-cape," with huge pockets, rubber-lined, for one's toilet articles. It has a big, wide hood, that slips over disheveled hair and allows one to parade the aisles of sleeping-cars and steamships in quiet dignity.

Billie Burke's latest film whimsy is a bed-coatee, which was



EDNA MAYO



MARGUERITE CLARK



ANITA STEWART

the one who wears it? The hat is of pale pink taffeta, with a huge bow at one side. A wrap and hat like this should be worn by the *jeune fille*—the Marguerite Clark type; its girlish simplicity would be out of place and lack charm otherwise.

Then there's a regular "duck" of a negligée, invented and demonstrated by May Allison. It's altogether too lovely and fragile for general use, but one likes to hear of those things, anyway. First, a slip of rose-colored crêpe de chine, very soft and

designed by Lady Duff-Gordon. The material is baby-blue crinkled satin, and the little coatee is very short, with only two seams—under the arms—which means that it is made in "kimona style." The armholes are outlined with puffy white marabou fur, and the same dainty stuff borders the entire jacket. Just as you imagine that you have finished the inspection of the delectable garment, your eye falls upon what looks like a misplaced puff of fur—and lo! you discover that this is a brave attempt at a pocket! Such deceit! Miss Burke says these are indispensable if one likes one's breakfast served in bed. Do you, girls?





PEGGY HYLAND

she wears pink satin slippers with pom-poms of marabou. Her cap deserves one whole paragraph by itself—such a quaint whimsy of lace and chiffon and tiny, hand-made satin flowers it is.

There are many, many more lovely frocks that deserve mention, but when one's brain is in a whirl from them all—when you close your eyes and see before you a mad flurry of colors and styles, on quaint conceits and whimsies—then it's time to stop.

So here they are, Miss America—the

ideal wardrobe, made in America, and worn by your favorite movie players. Here's hoping you'll get some suggestions from them that will help you in selecting your own pretty frocks.

And now for a bit of news. Since Moving Pictures are becoming more and more widely relied upon for the newest fashions, and since we are trying to help our readers in every possible way, the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC has decided to publish each month a story on Fashions, illustrated by the movie-maids. We will not only show you these frocks,

For a long, long time the press-agents of the companies have been telling you all about Miss Film's



RUTH ROLAND

five-thousand-dollar gown and her fifty-thousand-dollar wrap, but we mustn't mind such ravings.

It will be my most delightful task—as they say in the Kingdom of Slender Swords, Coolie-boys, and Madame Butterflies—to tell you how you can copy your favorite's lovely frock for about one-tenth of the cost. We will show you that some of the players design and build their own frocks at prices that are within the reach of almost any girl. If you like to be smartly dressed at a minimum expense, you'll like our new series of fashion stories.



MABEL NORMAND

but we will describe the materials used, and how you can copy the design—sometimes in a much less expensive frock.



## THE SONS OF THE QUEEN

(Apologies to Kipling—lots of 'em)

By MABEL BROWN SHERARD

Have you heard of the despot, Queen Movie,  
With a shiny gold crown on her head?  
She has reels on the foam—she has millions  
at home,  
And she squeezes us folks to be fed.  
(Ow it costs for the Queen to be fed!)  
There's her nick on the heart of poor Broadway,  
There's her mark on the whole western  
shores—  
And her slavies you'll find with a ticket in  
mind  
To get 'em inside of her doors.  
(Poor beggars—they're glorious doors!)  
Then here's to the despot, Queen Movie,  
And here's to her soul and her fun,  
The men and the horses that make up her  
forces—  
And Missis Film-Cinema's Son.  
(He's legion—this fair lady's Son!)

Walk wide of the Queen we dub Movie,  
For half of creation she owns:  
We have bought her the same, with our "mon"  
we thought tame,  
And we've salted it down with our "bones."  
(Poor beggars—we'll all need those  
"bones"!)  
Hands off of the gold of the Lady,  
Hands off of her profit—her shop,  
For the Censor comes down and the scornful  
must frown  
When the queen—Lady Movie—says "Stop!"  
(Poor beggars—we pay for that "Stop!")  
Then here's to the Lodge of the Lady,  
From the Pole to the Tropic it runs—  
The Lodge that we make, when we our ten-  
cent seat take—  
We'll fight for that seat—if it's guns!  
(Poor beggars—we know lots about  
guns!)

We have heard of the despot, Queen Movie,  
It's safest to let her alone;  
For her slaves we all stand by the sea and  
the land,  
Wherever her posters are shown.  
(Poor beggars—and dont we get blown!)  
Take hold of the wings of the morning,  
And flop round the earth till you're dead;  
But you dont get away from the tune that  
they play,  
And they'll herd them all up in your head.  
(Poor beggars—there's space in that  
head!)  
Then here's to the Sons o' Queen Movie,  
Wherever, however they roam.  
Here's all they require or ever desire—  
A speedy return to their home.  
(Poor beggars—the Screen is their  
home!)

(Thirty-eight)

# The Black Wolf

(Lasky)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay  
of MARGARET TURNBULL

with a cleft in  
it, and eyes clear  
and bold and tender  
like those of a young  
knight in some old tale.

What he saw his bewil-  
dered lips told her in halting words.

"Are you—real, or did I dream you?"  
He put out one great hand touching hers.  
"No, I could never have dreamed you,  
for I did not know how beautiful a  
woman could  
be—"

Two hours  
ago Isabella  
had listened  
to another  
man's  
words of  
admira-  
tion

**I**n the low door-  
way of the char-  
coal burner's hut  
a man sat watching  
the crimson flames of  
evening kindle in the  
western sky. The red  
light lay on his lean face, gentling  
it like a caress. The fierce deeds

of the daytime, the ruthlessness and law-  
lessness that had won him the name of  
Black Wolf of the Pyrenees, were laid  
by like a suit of armor, and in the sunset  
the outlaw's child-soul groped after God.

His thoughts were far from the hot  
doings of that noontide, when he and  
his lusty pack had fallen upon the Duke's  
men and won their fellow forester, Juan,  
the tavern-keeper, from the clutches of  
justice. Cracked crowns, filched purses,  
the heavy price upon his own black pate  
had slid from his mind. In wistful mem-  
ory he was a little lad again, far back  
along the path of years, tired with play,  
watching the wonder of the fairy fires  
in the western sky, beside his mother's  
knee.

"One little hour the blessed dead may  
open the casements of Heaven, and look  
down on their loved ones, Luis"—was  
it the echo of her voice in the ears of  
his soul? "The light of the sunset is  
that of God's Throne streaming thru the  
opening. If you look closely, little son,  
you will see the bright shadows of wings,  
the wings of those who watch and wait  
for some one they have loved on earth  
to come to them—"

The man smiled vaguely. He moved  
his head with the gesture of a child toss-  
ing back long curls and put forth a hand  
that seemed to stroke a velvet gown.  
Strange memories for the son of a

charcoal burner, born  
and reared in a rude forest hut! Yet  
always it had been so—castles, and  
lordly parks, and tall, tapestried rooms  
gleaming thru his dreams.

The figure that came toward him now  
among the cistus shrubs was so much like  
those sweet, phantom beings who peo-  
pled his visions that the man watched  
her with the same vague smile, not stir-  
ring till she paused uncertainly and  
spoke in a voice that haled him from  
his dream.

"Can you tell me where I am?" she  
asked, looking about at the tall, forest  
aisles with the gray ranks of shadows  
moving noiselessly by. "I think I must  
have lost my way, and it is getting  
late—"

She shivered, and caught her red,  
satiny lower lip between small, white  
teeth to check its quivering. Doña  
Isabella was frightened as never in her  
short, sheltered life she had been fright-  
ened before—frightened of the forest  
and the swooping night and this great  
black-maned creature with his strange,  
coarse clothing and hairy hands. She  
was almost sorry now that she had run  
away from the Duke's love-making so  
impetuously somewhere back there in  
the forest two hours ago. After all, he  
would only have kist her, while this  
man—

The last rays of the sun lingered on  
the clearing, staining the flowers about  
the hut in unearthly colors, purple and  
scarlet and pure gold, like the blos-  
soms of Paradise. The girl gath-  
ered her courage and looked up into  
the face of the Black Wolf of the  
Pyrenees. She saw wild, strong,  
dark curls shadowing a broad fore-  
head, a straight nose, a firm chin



and had shuddered from his touch as from a soiling thing, but now she let her slim fingers rest in the great palm of this forest stranger, and her eyes rest in his eyes as naturally as the rose lies in the strong embrace of the wind. Sometimes love comes this way as bravely and swiftly as birth or death, or any other elemental thing, and when it does the two whom it touches are blessed beyond the rest—the tardy ones, the aggrieved lovers of the world.

Presently, without moving, the girl spoke. "Will you take me home?" she said. "It is so dark in the forest. I am afraid—alone."

She drew her hand from his quietly, tho a great, blinding blush swept her face with its flood-tide. Luis drew a deep breath, as a man just awakening. He looked at her and his face twisted in a spasm of pain.

"How do you know I will not rob you?" he cried harshly. "I had forgotten, for a moment—who and what I am. God! the lowest of the low—why did You give me the dreams and desires of a man and the life of a wild beast—"

He broke off, knotting his great, hairy hands. Without glancing at her, he bowed low.

"Where shall I take you, señorita?"

She saw the mighty muscles of his chest swell with her reply.

"To the castle of Count Ramirez," she said clearly. "I am his daughter, Doña Isabella."

They went in silence thru the woods, along paths she could not have followed in the broad light of day. The moon rose and sent clear tentacles of silver thru the flexes, touching the girl's hair to flame. And in the hearts of both Love worked his way.

Within the gateway of the castle the man stopped with a cruel gesture of self-loathing toward his peasant clothes.

"Your noble father would set the dogs upon me if one of his servants should see me here," he said fiercely. "Lady, you had best finish your journey alone."

Isabella did not move. In her eyes a great dread stirred, and her hands went to her breast as tho another dread stirred there.

"You are—going?" she whispered. "I shall never see you again?"

His arms dropped at his sides loosely in a forlorn gesture of hopelessness.

"It is not likely," he said. "You are a lady, I am a serf. God Himself cannot raise me to you."

Doña Isabella moved nearer, as if her soul swayed to him. "You are strong and brave and clean like a true-fashioned sword," she said, her eyes like stars. "There is a man my father would have me marry. He is a visitor beneath this roof now, and this afternoon I fled from his lecherous look and greedy lips, that he is always moistening with his thick tongue. He is a great man, the most powerful man in this part of Spain—Don Philip, the reigning Duke; he has birth and breeding and wealth, but his soul is

corroded and rotten in him like a rusty sword-blade in a golden sheath."

A little silence hovered over the lawn, and in it she heard his breath quicken, saw him fold his arms fiercely as tho to keep them from going about her.

"The day of miracles is past," he said.

"But Love is a miracle itself," Doña Isabella answered bravely. "Oh, I do not know what has come to me—it is all so sudden and so strange! But I do know that if I never saw you again I would pray to die."

Then the Black Wolf forgot his humble birth; forgot the price that same Duke Philip had posted upon his outlaw head; forgot all but her lips, soft, tremulous, woman-sweet, and took her into his arms, that had never clasped another woman before her.

Hours—or were they moments?—passed over the garden, before Isabella broke from his clasp with a strangled cry. Her eyes, wide with terror, stared past him toward the hedge of hibiscus before the arcades of the castle.

"Hark!" She tried to smile. "I thought I heard voices. You must go"—she laid her cheek one instant in a gracious gesture on his great hand—"but come tomorrow night when the moon is an hour high and I will be waiting."

She watched the tall, lithe-muscled figure stride away, then, turning, fled like a slim, white moonbeam thru the halls and corridors to her maiden chamber, almost swooning with her new-born joy and the new-born fear that is the shadow of Love. For she had seen a face glooming upon them from the hedge, the face of Don Philip twisted with thwarted passion and jealousy.

The next day she pleaded a headache and kept to her room, until the slow, lagging hours rewarded her eagerness with the coming of the moon. The night spoke with a hundred tiny voices as she sped to her tryst, and the roses caught at her flying skirts with their thorn-fingers as tho warning her not to go. But her lover was awaiting her, and in his arms she forgot all fear. One merciful moment was given them, and then a hoarse uproar rose from castle gate and wall, a clamor of a dozen triumphant voices.

"The Black Wolf! The Black Wolf!"

Isabella felt the arms about her grow rigid—fall. White as the white of the roses, she searched his face.

"You?" she gasped. "Do they mean you?"

There was no fear on his face, tho his jaws were set like steel under the dark skin.

"I am the Black Wolf—outlaw and renegade," he said steadily; "there is a price on my head. Do not grieve, dear Lady of my Dream—it is better for you this way; and for me"—a smile touched his grim lips, sadder to her than any tears—"if I had had the choice of these two nights and a long lifetime without you, I should have chosen this way."

From every direction figures were

hurrying toward them. There was no escape. With sudden decision she turned to him.

"Quick!" she cried. "Take me in your arms!"

The man shook his head. "Forgive me, sweetheart," he whispered; "they must find a thief, not a lover"—and he snatched the necklace of pearls from her neck and turned as if to flee. Isabella covered her face with her hands as the pursuers closed in on him with the sound of cruel blows.

"Fairly caught!" she heard him cry as they dragged him away—"I came on the lady strolling in the garden and staked my life on her pearls. Take me to your Duke and let him do as he will!"

She read his warning to her in the braggadocio words—that she was to say nothing of their love, and so save her good name; and even in the singing darkness of her world a voice in her soul seemed to ring out in gladness, "Here is a man—a man!"

Thereafter time was a blur of sick dawns and stifling darks to Isabella. She lay on her white bed with half-closed eyes, the coverlet hardly stirring to her faint breath, noting nothing that passed, until one day the whisper of two maids in the chamber called her back to life again. For this is what they said:

"Today the Duke is to try the Black Wolf in our Count's great hall. They say he will swing high by moonrise."

Isabella's soul struggled blindly thru the mists of memory. And suddenly she rose on her pillows and stretched out her frail, white arms.

"Luis!" she cried. "Thank God I remember! Oh, thank God!"

To Don Philip, the reigning Duke, obese, slightly bald, forever wetting his lips with his thick tongue, came, an hour later, a little figure that brought him to his feet with a low bow.

"Señorita! A thousand welcomes!" he purred. "The sun has not shone this fortnight past. I trust you are quite recovered from the fright the thief gave you that night in the garden?"

"Quite recovered," said Isabella. Her ears read the sneer beneath the Duke's words, and she knew that he at least understood the truth of that evening's happenings, but was determined to ignore it for his own purposes. She raised her eyes to meet his cynical glance squarely. "Duke Philip," she said calmly, "the man who was in the garden with me was no thief, as you well know. Surely you are not going to try him for a crime which you have confessed yourself guilty of—of which you are an artist—the crime of loving me!"

The Duke's fat face purpled. Doña Isabella," he said sharply, "the fellow is an outlaw who has been under the ban of death ever since two of his ruffians stole my signet ring from me in the Monserrat road a year ago! An ignorant boor, son of an idiot charcoal burner—the Lady Isabella can have no possible interest in the fate which he justly merits

and most certainly shall suffer this very day!"

Implacable purpose gleamed in the small eyes embedded in cushiony flesh. Every nerve in her body shrank from her purpose, but the spur of desperate resolve pricked her on.

"Duke Philip, you once did me the honor of asking me to marry you," she spoke hurriedly. "If you are still of the same mind I will become your wife

indifferent to the curious gaze of the villagers and castle folk.

"He is a handsome fellow, true enough," murmured one pretty maid to another; "it's a pity to hang him, when there are so many ugly men in the world!"

"Here come the Duke and Doña Isabella," whispered her friend. "How white she is—whiter than Rosita, who died for love last year——"

quiver of the nostrils, he gave no sign of having heard.

"However, by the law the life of a condemned man belongs to the one who spares it," went on the Duke, serenely; "so, Luis Sebastian, I proclaim you my serf and servant from now till the end of your days."

The links of the chains that bound Luis' arms snapped with the swelling of his great muscles. A moment and he



"LUIS SEBASTIAN, KNOWN AS THE BLACK WOLF, COME HITHER," SAID THE DUKE, POMPOUSLY

whenever you wish—on one condition: that you spare the life of the man whom you call the Black Wolf."

The Duke considered, eyes hungrily on her white beauty. Then he laughed uproariously.

"Granted!" he cried, and slapped his fat knee. "And now, sweetheart, for that kiss you snatched from my taking in the woods the other day!"

"Not yet." She put out one slender hand. "You have made only a promise—not until I see that you have kept your word with—*him*."

In the great hall the Black Wolf waited, chained, arms folded, head bent,

"Luis Sebastian, known as the Black Wolf, come hither," said the Duke, pompously, in a vast bellow that filled the hall. No muscle in the lean, dark face stirred as Luis obeyed. Then he saw Doña Isabella and a light leapt to his eyes as tho a flame had flared up within.

"The gracious Lady Isabella has asked that your life be spared," said Duke Philip, suavely; "and so, in deference to the wishes of my affianced bride, I spare it, tho it has been forfeited by all the laws of God and man."

The white lids cast down on the girl's cheek lifted at the words, but she did not glance at the prisoner, and, beyond a

would have sprung upon the pulpy creature who had dared to call himself his master, but in that moment Isabella had intervened.

"Wait!" she commanded. The sun, slanting thru the high, mullioned windows, shone thru the hand she raised, so transparent it was. The eyes of the man of the forest swept her pale beauty with a look of strong suffering resolutely controlled. He bowed his head.

"Gracious lady," he said quietly, "I thank you for your mercy and clemency toward an outcast, but between life and slavery, and death and freedom, there is no choice for a man."



"Then," said Doña Isabella, in a faint voice, "you will die a shameful death on the gallows-tree?"

"Rather than live a shameful life," he said, "Duke Philip, I fling your offer at your feet. If I were of your rank I would fling my challenge there also. Kill me this hour if you will; but in the pale world of the dead, where there are no ranks nor degrees, I will seek until I find you and reckon with you, if I seek thru an eternity of hells!"

the foresters showed it to me, but now—it all comes back—it all comes back to me!"

Tense silence fell over the room. The assemblage leaned forward, straining eye and ear, and in his great chair Duke Philip cowered, limp and flabby, like a pricked balloon.

"Listen!" the cracked old voice hurried on; "I must speak while I can. May my tongue wither if 'tis not the truth I speak! Twenty-five years ago, that

the fever and my wits went till the blessed carven ring brought them back an hour ago—"

He paused, gasping for breath, and began to sway, but with a supreme effort laid his hand upon Luis' arm.

"This is her son," he said, and placed the proud ring on the Black Wolf's hand; "this is the rightful Duke of Granada!"

As he fell in a huddle of palsied limbs to the carpet, a shouting rang in his



"THEN," SAID DOÑA ISABELLA, IN A FAINT VOICE, "YOU WILL DIE A SHAMEFUL DEATH ON THE GALLOWES!"

A murmur rose across the room, rising to an hysterical shrieking of women as the small, unkempt figure of an old man, with filthy clothes and straggling, white locks, burst into the room. The light of reason in his hollow eyes for the first time in twenty-five years, the charcoal burner tottered to the side of Luis and held up in one shriveled hand, where every one in the room could see it, a great ring with a carven ruby that beat and pulsed like a heart in the sun.

"The ring of the Duke!" he cried; "the ring of the Duke Alphonso whom I served a score of years ago! One of

man there"—he pointed a trembling finger at the Duke—"the cousin of the good Alphonso, desired to reign. So he laid a pretty plot. He made love to the Duchess—God bless her, a purer woman never lived—and drew the jealous Duke into a duel and killed him. When his dead body was found in the morning people said 'twas robbers, but they were wrong, for I watched the slaying with these eyes. And the poor lady took her wee baby and fled away into the forest to hide, for she knew he'd be after the boy next. I found them an' cared for them, but the lady soon died, and I took

dying ears, and he carried the sound to Paradise:

"The Duke! The new Duke! Huzza! Huzza!"

And so at last the dreams of the charcoal burner's outlaw son came true, and on a radiant day a month later, when all the forests had lighted crimson and golden torches in his honor, Duke Luis came into his own. It was the King's august hand that knighted him, and the greatest lords and ladies of Spain stood in his hall to do him honor; but the new Duke saw only one face in all that throng. Afterward, when the carriages

had rolled away, he sought out Isabella and drew her into a curtained alcove, where the curious eyes of lingering guests could not spy on them.

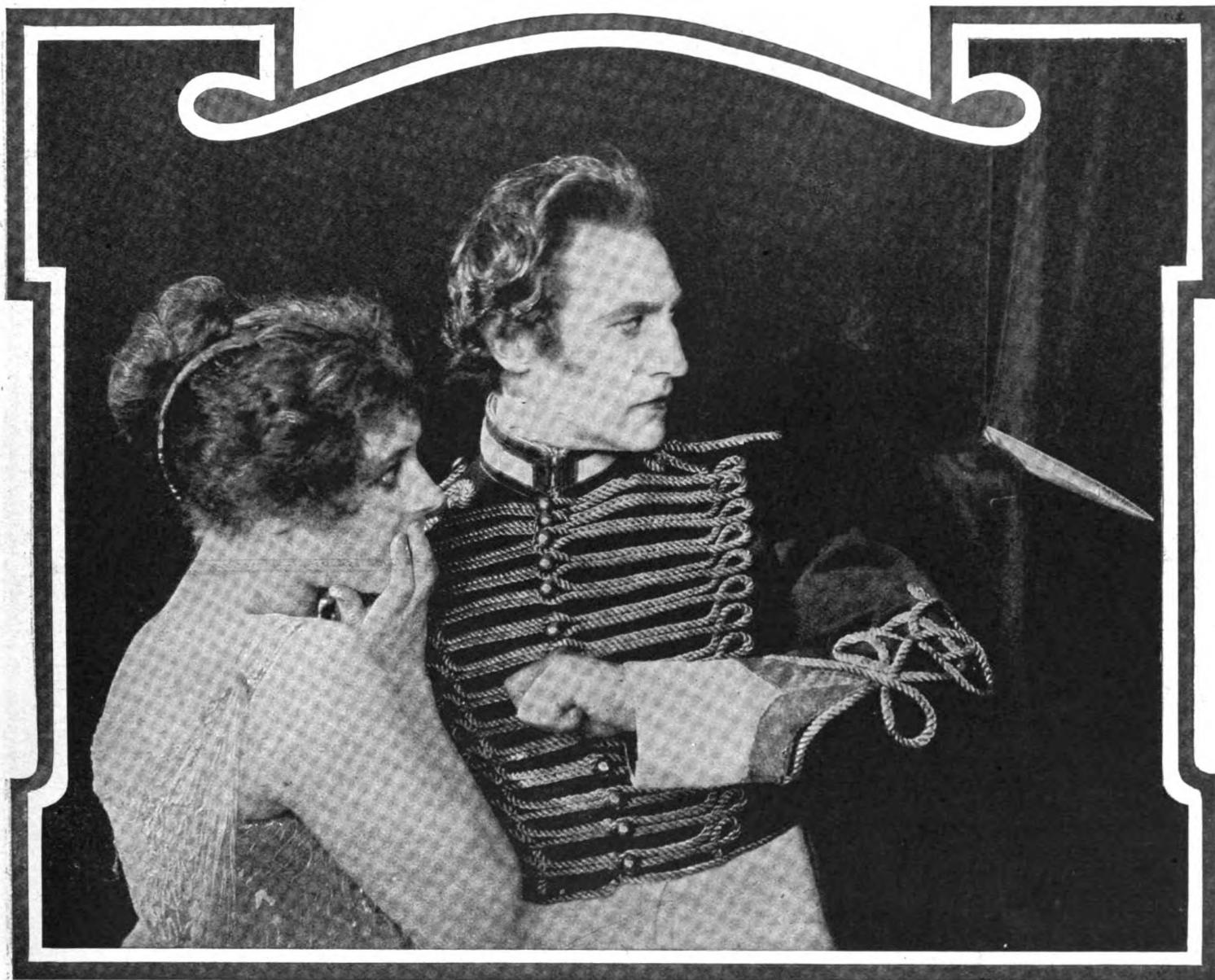
They had waited a long while for this moment, but they were to wait still longer, for before he had spoken a word

"Assassin and traitor!" cried the Duke, touching his sword-hilt with a flash of pride, "you murdered my father, you shadowed my mother's name, now you shall answer to me!"

He whipped his blade from its sheath, but already he was avenged. Rotten

apoplexy, and in all the world there was not one tear shed for him.

But enough of Death. For the story of the two whose love had brought them thru the fire of trial and temptation unscathed is a story of Life. On their wedding night, when all the guests were



THE CRIMSON VELVET OF THE CURTAINS AT HIS SIDE WAS RENT WITH A DAGGER THAT MISSED HIS SIDE BY A SCANT INCH OR TWO

the crimson velvet of the curtains at his side was rent with a dagger that missed his side by a scant inch or two. Thrusting the girl away, Luis flung the curtains back and disclosed the dishonored Philip, with a face like a devil's, shrunken, convulsed with purple rage, struggling wildly to tear his dagger free.

metal corroded with sin Isabella had called Philip, and she had called him truly. Clawing the curtains, and blubbering with fear, the man crumpled to his knees, and the servants, summoned by the girl's cry of horror, lifted him bodily and carried him away. Three hours later he was dead from a stroke of

gone and the great castle was very still in the moonlight, Duke Luis donned the coarse forester clothes of the Black Wolf and came to his bride humbly as she had seen him the first time. A man may be a peasant or a nobleman, but Love makes them all peers, my masters—you, and the king, and I.

### HOW DID IT ESCAPE?

By JAMES G. GABLE

As I went by a movie show,  
A thing I'd often done before,  
I glanced about with eager eye,  
Then read this legend on the door:  
"Be sure and see this wondrous play,  
Entitled 'Paddy's Porker Squeals,'  
It's on display inside to-night,  
'Tis guaranteed in sixty reels.

(Forty-three)

"The National Censors let it pass,  
It slipped beyond the State Board, too;  
The County Board has said O. K.,  
The City Board has sent it thru;  
The Ward Board then gave its assent,  
Likewise the cop who walks this beat;  
The United Band of Bachelor Maids  
Then saw but little to delete."

The author now wont know his play,  
We have to grant that this is true;  
But every dunce must have his day,  
And take his turn at censor, too.  
Was ever art so checked before,  
Or efforts made to hamstring trade?  
Why dont they trust to common sense?—  
Because they have none, I'm afraid.





It seems to be the fashion, custom, habit—what you will—nowadays, for an actress who has made an international reputation as a vampire to pro-

test that she really doesn't like vampire rôles—that the public won't let her be good—that she wants to change and play good parts for awhile. In short, they seem frightened by their own success, and in the unpolished vernacular of the news-flop boy "dey try to—to be more refined, they show



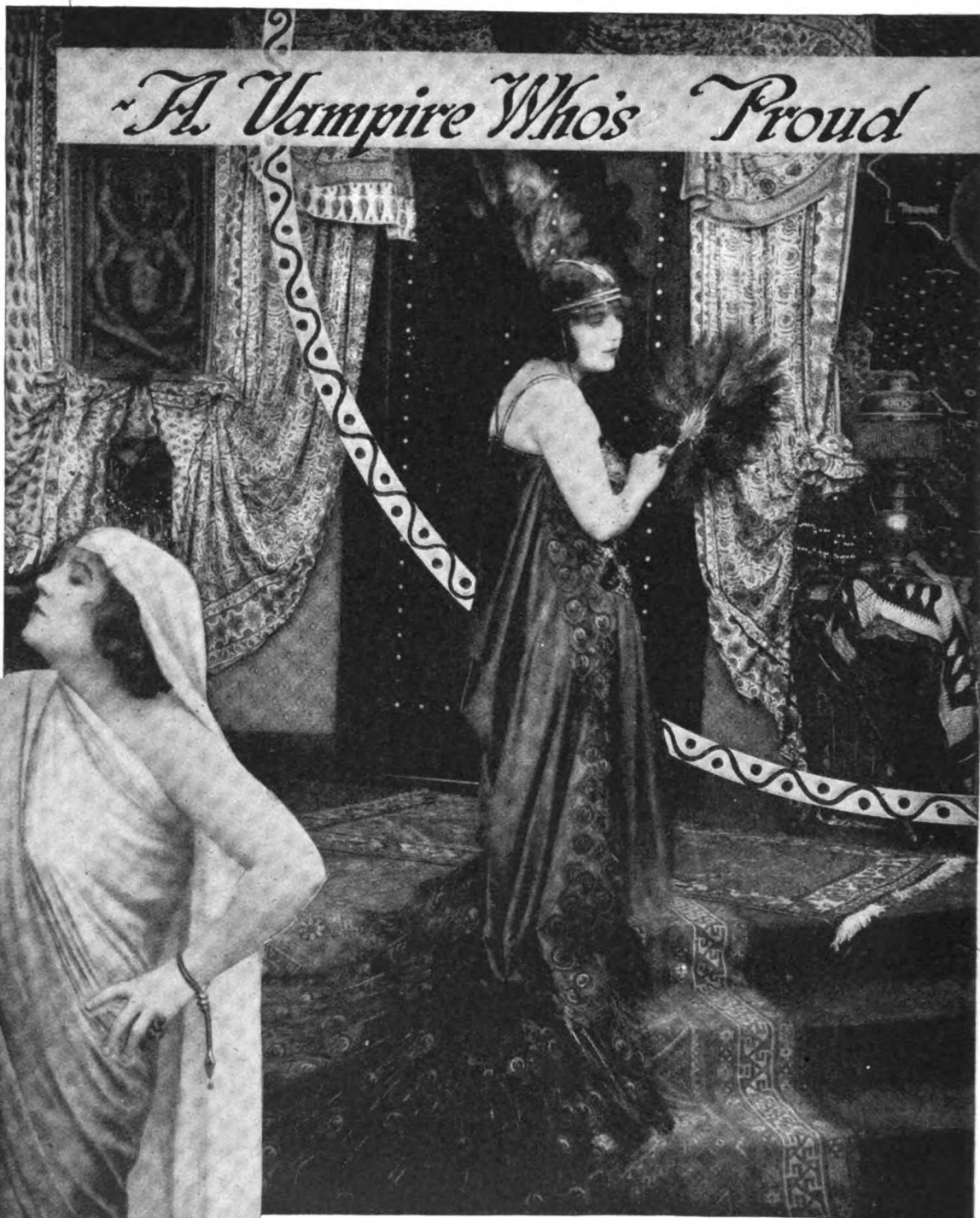
an inclination for re-niging.

In the midst of all this frantic, panicky switching from vampires to "nice" rôles, it is refreshing to find one vampire who is proud of her work, and so very enthusiastic over being a vampire that she carries out some vampirish notions in her own life. Louise Glaum is the lovely girl who does this.

Three years ago she was practically unknown to fame. She did sugary-sweet little ingénues, slim little college-girl leads, and, in company with the erstwhile famous "Alkali Ike," she, too, had a brief plunge into the intricate mazes of slapstick comedy. But she didn't like being mussed and having bricks thrown at her innocent young head. Also, being an exceedingly level-headed

young woman,

for all her youth and dimply, cuddly curves, she decided that she was built for vampire rôles. Her directors didn't think so—and you really can't blame them. Still she persisted, and one day, Thomas H. Ince,



## A Vampire Who's Proud

who dislikes to see any of his players dissatisfied or discontent, decided to try her as a vampire. He gave her the script for "The Toast of Death" and told her she might play the lead.

And thus a new star blazoned across the movie sky! Louise Glaum had arrived! The heroine in "The Toast of Death," as played by

Louise Glaum, was a slim, fascinating, disconcerting bit of femininity—lithe, sinuous, "olganethersoley" and "nazimovaish." And that settled it. No

more was Miss Glaum called upon to portray sweet, innocent little girls; but, with her lovely, heavy-lidded eyes alluringly lengthened, her slim, lithe young body clothed in wondrous garments of her own design, she was given sultry, vampire parts that fairly breathed of iniquity and deep-dyed villainies.

Miss Glaum says that more than half the credit she has been accorded for her portrayal of such rôles as "The Toast of Death," "Dust," and "The Wolf-Woman," should be given her dresses. She pays as much or more attention to clothing the rôle properly than to playing it properly. Which is mighty wise reasoning, for a vampire rôle, dressed in fluffy, ingénue frocks, would fail, no matter how wonderful the acting might be—a bromide, that clothes fact, and truth none the less.

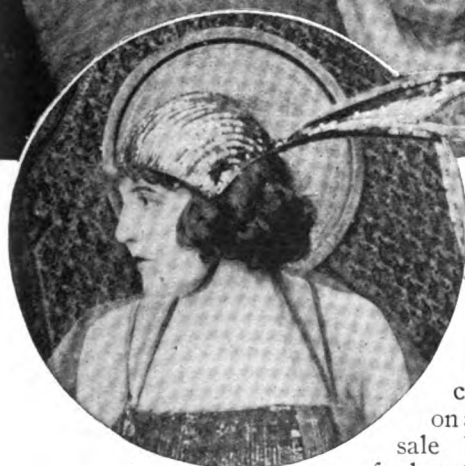
What I meant by saying that Miss Glaum carried her vampire ideas into her

(Forty-four)

of It ~ ~ ~ by Carol Lee ~ ~

She doesn't seem like an American girl — and

yet she's not Chinese, Japanese—she's an Occidental girl with Oriental tastes. She is a girl to whom men would never send violets or pansies—she must have an orchid, vivid and sinister, or lotus-flowers with their suggestion of the Far East. One could never associate her with ideas of canaries or kittens—it must be a peacock or flamingo, a baby tiger or leopard. She isn't content with the fragrance of violets



own home was not that that lady carried on a wholesale business of heart-smashing, fortune-breaking, home-destroying in private life. Far from it. I merely meant that, in the furnishing and decorating of her lovely home, she has gone to the Oriental atmosphere of some of her plays for ideas. A boudoir in Oriental style, with a grinning Buddha god at one end, a Turkish couch piled high with puffy, scarlet pillows, the mistress of it all in a loose, flowing robe of more than Oriental suggestion, presenting an appearance of—well, "Oriental

splendor" has been overworked, but it's about the only expression that will fit.

Vaguely, Louise Glaum causes one to remember the splendid woman of ancient times, Salammbô, as pictured vividly by the French novelist, Flaubert. She reminds one of H. Rider Haggard's Cleopatra, than which there is nowhere a more vividly realistic, fascinating history of the world's most famous woman. Louise Glaum reminds you of women like these, of the luxurious, barbaric days of the Carthaginians and Egyptians.

—she must have sandalwood, or some queer, barbaric odor distilled from a tropical flower or tree. She dislikes quiet, pastel colors—delicate, fragile bits of color—she must have vivid scarlets, glowing yellows, gleaming purples, and soft, deep browns, greens and blues.



It is to these colors that she has turned for inspiration for the weird, exotic, but undeniably beautiful gowns which have helped to make her famous. She designs her gowns herself, therefore the designs are exclusive—or as much exclusive as a Moving Picture actress may ever hope to own, since the picture fans are so clever at capturing ideas from the screen.

"I believe that clothes are of vast importance in creating the character of a vampire," she told me, quite seriously, one day. "They must insinuate themselves into the consciousness because they are different, and because they are subtly suggestive, without being in the least vulgar."

Perhaps her meaning can be best explained by photographs of her gowns and by descriptions. So here goes.

All of the gowns shown here were originated by Miss Glaum; some of them made by her, with the assistance of a skilful maid, whose nimble fingers are quick to produce, materially, the result that her mistress has planned out so carefully.

Perhaps one of the oddest of these gowns is composed of a single scarf of tinted crêpe de chine, wound first about the head, where it is held in place by a jeweled snake (patron "saint" of the vampire), then around the body, until it ends in a tiny, pointed train. At one side it is draped to cover one arm and shoulder, leaving the other bare. A jeweled snake about each wrist, and another tiny one coiling about a slim, pointed little finger, complete an outfit as barbaric and effective as Cleopatra herself might have devised.

Another bizarre, startling frock whose effectiveness is unquestionable, however its purpose may be, is what Miss Glaum calls a devil's frock. It is of vivid cerise charmeuse—a bright, gleaming color that throws into startling relief Miss Glaum's dark coloring. Not an inch of arms or neck is revealed, which makes the frock all the more subtly suggestive. It has a cape that is sewed all the way down the sleeve and over the shoulders, this forming the back of the gown. The skirt is in the harem effect, suggesting trousers. The head-dress is of black spangles and has a long, spangled quill.

This picture, by the way, was taken in the "Buddha-corner" of Miss Glaum's boudoir, so a good view of the god (who may not be Buddha at all, since my knowledge of Buddhism doesn't even extend to an acquaintanceship with the patron of it) may be had, as well as an idea of the decoration of the charming room.

Another weird gown designed by Miss Glaum for use in "Dust," in which she plays one of the strongest rôles of her career, is one which she designates as her "spider gown." Its simplicity contributes largely to its effectiveness. It is composed of black velvet, heavy and soft and drapy, trimmed with jet. One shoulder and sleeve is designed from spiderwebs composed of jet straps, and a big,

glittery jet spider adds a note of sinister beauty. The other shoulder has merely a band of velvet. A jet band about the hair completes this stunning frock, which is very long, with a wide train.

Miss Glaum's well-known liking for things Oriental explains this beautiful harem dress. The trousers and sleeves are of white, accordion-plaited chiffon, while the bodice, also of white, is embroidered in pearls. A little, coquettish jacket, of black velvet, and typically Turkish, relieves the monotony of white. Head-dresses are a most important adjunct of a vampire's wardrobe, and Miss Glaum's are unusually pretty and effective. This one carries out the Turkish idea, and is of embroidered, white chiffon, trimmed in pearls, and with a pearl tassel over the left ear.

Miss Glaum has no superstitious fear of peacock feathers, which is proved by her peacock dress, shown here. The front of it is of three shades of peacock blue and green net, which is hemstitched in scallops. The front of the bodice is of green sequins. Coming from under the arms are three rows of peacock feather-tips running down the sides, and broadening to five widths of feather-tips. The back is of one shade of peacock green satin. The train is of real peacock feathers. Bands of spangles run around and over the top of the head, catching at the back with a big cluster of peacock feathers, and the whole is finished off with a huge fan of peacock feathers. This is one of the most beautiful gowns ever seen in pictures, and it is a great pity that black-and-white photography cannot do justice to it.

Another stunning gown is of silver cloth, closely spangled. It is finished over the shoulders with mere bands of silver, while the bottom and the train are outlined with narrow bands of black sequins. A feathery, fluffy bit of silver tulle scarf lightens the effect of straight, severe lines, while the head-dress is a tiny cap like the dress, with a big, jeweled ornament.

One of Miss Glaum's favorite gowns—and where one has so many that are beautiful, it must be hard indeed to choose a favorite, and therefore the favorite must be unusually beautiful—is of Nile green chiffon, with a girdle embroidered in pearls and bugles, giving the effect of leaves around the waist. A bunch of black-and-white pearls gives the grape effect. It has a piece of chiffon coming from under the girdle, between the limbs, and catching into the head-dress in the back, thus helping to give the little harem touch that is so fascinating. The head-dress is a band of chiffon and pearls, while a bunch of black-and-white pearl-grapes over each ear finish the costume.

When you stop to think that these are merely a few of the frocks which Miss Glaum has designed and helped make in the last few months—when you realize that she has literally dozens and dozens even more beautiful than these, and that

none are at all alike, or even suggest each other—you may get a bare idea of just how clever a little person she is.

Perhaps you'd like a brief dissertation from Miss Glaum upon the vampire woman. As I told you before, she likes vampire rôles, and never feels called upon to explain to the public that she really isn't "that sort of person" at all, and that she is, in fact, a home-loving woman.

I started upon this discussion one morning, while she was making up, by the seemingly irrelevant and foolish question, "Miss Glaum, what's a vampire?"

"A mythical creature——" she began, instructively.

"Oh, I don't mean that," I hastened to assure her; "I mean the picture vampire—the sort that make men leave home."

"Oh, that," she smiled, her utterance a little twisted owing to the fact that she was engaged in making her pretty mouth a little prettier for picture purposes by the judiciously applied use of a lip-stick. "It seems to me that the vampire is a woman born for the sole purpose of attracting men; but she does not do this flagrantly, nor on the surface, but in a peculiarly artful manner all her own, which deceives while it leads men on to destruction."

Isn't that a perfectly clear and pellucid explanation and definition? It clearly describes a vampire, doesn't it?

"If I had a choice of rôles—that is, if it were left to me to choose the way my own particular rôle should end," she went on, "I would prefer that my characterization should always point a moral; that, in the end, I should be punished in some way—that I reform, or die—or something that would convince any one who sees the picture that the vampire type must pay for her sins."

"Of course one doesn't have to be a vampire in real life," she resumed, after her maid had helped her into a gown which she has, most appropriately, called her "wonder gown," and which will be seen in "Somewhere in France"—I really mustn't spoil it for you by attempting a description; but it was a frock woven of moonbeams by the witches who were brewing their evil potions after all good little fairies were sound asleep. It was a frock composed of dreams that ended badly—dreams that no good little girl would ever dare to dream—in short, a wonder gown. "One doesn't have to be a vampire in real life, in order to play such a rôle on the screen," she went on. "It would be impossible to live up to that sort of thing so flagrantly in this generation; but there are subtle, insidious women of this age, of course, and they are extremely attractive. But being a vampire before the camera will suffice for me, I think. Besides, the woman who plays the man's game of fickleness must pay, and I don't care to try it."

Which goes to prove that Louise Glaum is a girl in whom combine wit, beauty, good sense, a graceful compound which, in the end, spells CHARM!



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

# The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathe Freres; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and Many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

## Close-Views and Inserts

We hear a great deal about the way authors are treated by film-folk. And by that is not meant that authors are treated to a bonus from the surplus profits accrued by their plays, but rather that they are too frequently handed a lemon of lack-of-consideration by the producers, who announce that they are always ready to buy plays.

Well, on October sixth I sent a play to the president of a well-known company. This same officer had recently purchased another play of mine that had been screened creditably. The company itself had given wide-spread publicity to their need for another play of the same character immediately.

A month elapsed, and, as is my custom, I wrote, on bended knee of humility, and asked that if I did not seem too presuming might I be informed if the child of my brain was in good health and behaving well, and, incidentally, if the honorable majesties had examined it with a view to purchase.

Several weeks elapse . . . then I receive a letter from the aforementioned president, saying that the play must be in his office, but he has not had time to look at it yet! Another month elapses . . . then I humbly write again and send the only other copy of the play I possess, for I have just received the sad news that my play has probably been lost—poor thing! But the president has asked me how much I would take for the play!

Three months after the play was sent out, I received back the dog-eared carbon copy with a brief note, saying that it had been found unavailable. I had guessed as much upon reading that the director of the artist for whom I had written the play had just written a play for her.

My original manuscript was gone. Hope had been sorely wounded again. Trust was being sued for damages. Charity had been driven back to a dark chamber of the heart. Time had been sent to Halifax for three months.

The general manager of another company sent for me and said he wanted plays badly. He would read anything I sent at once. I sent one at once.

After three weeks, I inquired about my poor little, stray animal. A search was made for it. I was informed that the last three reels were missing and for that reason a conclusion could not be reached.

(Forty-seven)

I said thank you, sir, and sent down the lost three reels from my carbon copy. One must never seem put out at trifles—if one be an author.

For heaven's sake, make two carbon copies of every play you write.

Just one more anecdote for the Producer's Funny Column.

Last winter I sent a play to California, where it remained until toward spring, when I calculated that the Eastern climate was now just as good for its health, and proceeded to inquire after its well-being. In due time I received a letter from the company that had assumed the guardianship of my brain-waif. Imagine my feelings on opening the letter and disclosing—a cinder! There had been a fire. Not a brain-child had escaped.

But do you think any of them apologized or asked if they could type my play again, or send flowers for the corpse they had made, or muttered a prayer for the poor beggar-clan of writers? No; they are too busy counting shekels to hear the cry of the albatross or to note that their house is built on sand.

But don't think, dear reader and writer, that all producing companies are like the thoughtless Pharisees aforementioned. They are frequently the reverse. And I may say that the companies at the top-notch of success are usually the most courteous and considerate. But is this not an axiom of Life?

But we are not going to be lopsided in giving reasons. Why the Public Gets Imperfect Plays. For there is also the question of The Author's Bad Treatment of the Producer, which will show the other side of the argument. This is another tale for another time.

## Plotting the Photoplay

The most effective plot material is that which concerns all mankind at all times. This implies materials and situations which we instinctively recognize as Truth. Yet we trespass on the oldest themes instantly.

To escape the hackneyed, we must evolve new arrangements or culminations.

Example—The A B C of plotting are: (A) Selection, (B) Arrangement, (C) Culmination. They constitute the beginning, the middle, and the end. Selection concerns Plot Material; Arrangement concerns Plot Development; Culmination concerns Plot Climax.

## Screenings from Current Plays

There is one virtue of the Vitagraph Company that has never failed to catch my eye and ensnare my fancy—their fine feeling for setting.

There still lingers in one of the treasure chests of my memory the exquisite setting for a cinema fancy which I saw several years ago, called "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Every sublime passage of Julia Ward Howe's magnificent battle hymn suddenly came to life and swept majestically across the screen.

Tho possessing a poor memory, yet I readily recall a Vitagraph play that I saw more than a year ago, "Thou Art the Man." For I saw in that play India—the India of Kipling come to life; the India for which England has shown such fine courage as the colonizer; the India of emaciated famine, of black cholera, of treacherous patriots, of bone-studded deserts, blinding sand-storms and of far-distant outposts, with only fever spectering the night and devils of heat peopling the day for the expatriated Britisher.

And that is what a photoplay should do—leave its picture indelibly on your imagination, like any other great work of art: Abbey's "The Holy Grail," "Bor-glum's "Lincoln," the Woolworth Tower.

And so we come to "An Enemy to the King."

Here we have a management of detail so perfect that we are lured back to the days and deeds of France when romance was in its fairest flower.

Here is ye wayside inn, fine knight and fair lady knitted together with rapier and poniard crossed in deadly combat, and with never a distracting engine of modern civilization clouding the skies with a puff of smoke as it thunders along on iron wheels. Instead, we follow snorting chargers gaily caparisoned.

The Vitagraph devised an excellent medium for perfecting the illusory effect of the Middle Ages. Any device that aids in transporting the audience from the narrow lane of present surroundings to the broad dominion of bygone adventure is a boon to cinema art.

But, I cross swords with the Vitagraph on an old matter of difference—namely, the telling of the story by captions, instead of letting the picture alone tell its own story.



# Douglas Fairbanks

An Interview with a K. O. Athlete

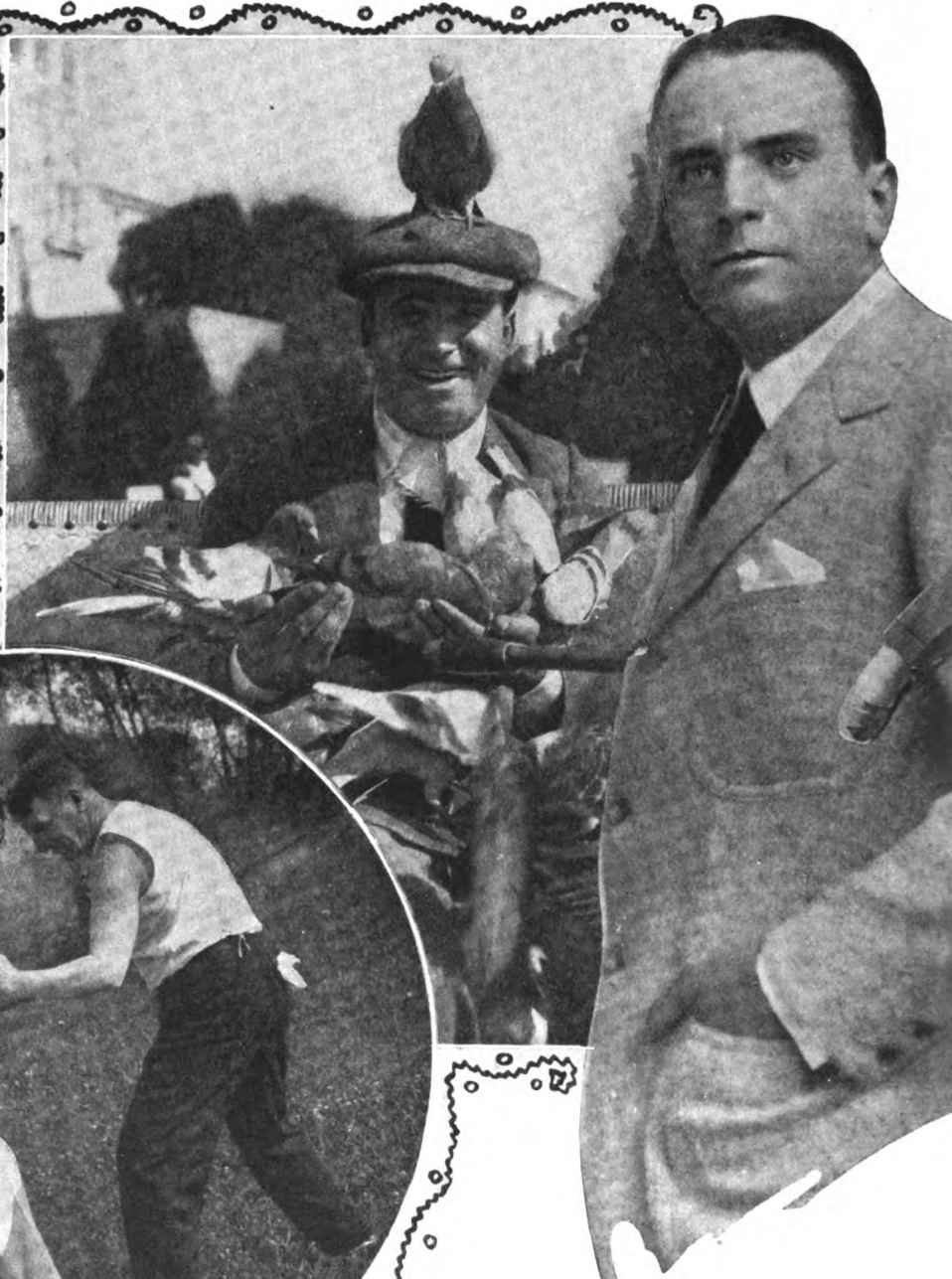
By ARTHUR HORNBLow, Jr.



ONE important difference between Indians and actors is that the only good Indian is a dead one and the only good actor is a live one, which, before going further, suffices to make Douglas Fairbanks the best actor in several counties. You who

have seen him on the screen know what I mean. You who have not must be confined somewhere.

Consequently, it was with no slight trepidation that I bearded this lion in his boudoir. I don't mind actors. In fact, I have been quite used to them for three years now and have gotten so that I can chat with them for hours and even eat with them—at their expense. But rumor had it that this Fairbanks was a different sort; in fact, scarcely an actor in that sense of the word. It was reported that he was fearfully powerful, exercised in two gymnasiums from morning until night, and went thru life as tho with



DOVES OF PEACE DO NOT LOOK QUITE RIGHT IN THE HANDS OF A KNOCK-OUT ARTIST



some extraordinary dynamic force behind him, doing everything so—biff! bang!

All this, you must understand, is totally foreign to the soul of an actor; hence I was unable to estimate to what extent I could apply the reportorial nerve in interviewing the redoubtable Douglas, which, in all other

cases, could be used to practically any extent. This man, mind you, keeps two sparring partners, one of whom he knocks out every day for twenty-four hours! No lens louse this, forsooth, to be asked questions which might anger him. But, to allay the fears of the timid, I hasten to report that the whole affair was quite amicable. Indeed, during our whole talk Mr. Fairbanks gave me just one blow—but as to that later.

I was lucky enough to catch him in New York. He had just been shot in the face at the studio by the premature explosion of a blank cartridge, and he was resting, under a specialist's care, at a quiet hotel on the border-line between the flurry and glitter of the Gay White Way and the quiet dignity of Fifth Avenue. Resting, be it known, means nothing more, in Mr. Fairbanks' life, than staying indoors, and it was there

(Forty-eight)



# Dramatic Dynamo ~



"THE MATRIMANIAC" KEPT "DOUG" PRETTY BUSY DOING STUNTS

I found him, pacing from one room into another, devoutly wishing, no doubt, that the blue powder-marks were all out of his cheek and eye.

Ordinarily, pajamas are not a subject of particular interest, unless worn by Hazel Dawn, or the topic of evidence in a divorce case. But I should fail in my duty if I neglected to chronicle the Fairbanks pajamas. They were a heavy solid silk of yellow, a gorgeous raiment—the *chef d'œuvre* of some Celestial workman.

"I had them made for me in China," explained Mr. Fairbanks, as he rushed into his dressing-room, pulling me with him. "See," he went on, "here are others—all from China!"

With childish pleasure he drew forth several other suits, each a different solid color, woven of the same rich material. We examined them and their subtle designs, as two connoisseurs might inspect some rare Valenciennes lace. The pajamas were typical of the man who owned them. Into them he had infused some part of the one hundred per cent. personality which is his.

He suddenly looked up and grinned broadly. The enthusiasm and spirit behind the Fairbanks smile cannot be analyzed.

(Forty-nine)

It's a trade-mark which need not be copyrighted, because no one else seems able to imitate it, anyway. It's simply the Fairbanks smile—a whimsical, mischievous, happy, nonsensical grin that lights up the whole neighborhood whenever it happens. Of course you've seen it on the screen, and you've grinned, too. It's as infectious as the German measles!

"I'm wasting your time," he insisted. "You want to ask me questions, and I show you pajamas!"

I replied that those pajamas were more interesting than any questions I could think of, and that, furthermore, I knew everything about him that there was to know.

"What do you know?" he demanded, perhaps a trifle alarmed.

"Well, I know, for instance, that you are one of the few legitimate stars that have appeared on the Eastman tape successfully."

He leaned forward earnestly. "Have I really gotten away?"

he asked. "Sometimes I wonder. I went into a theater on Broadway, a few days ago, and saw myself, and came out disgusted after five minutes of it."

"Then you are your own worst critic—"

"I always have been; it's my confounded faculty of seeing the funny side of everything. When I watch myself on the screen trying to get away with some 'heavy stuff'—you know, dramatic stuff: 'Take yer hand offa that angel, yer dog!'—it's all I can do to keep from throwing eggs at myself!"

A vision of Mr. Fairbanks throwing eggs at himself is ludicrous, but not impossible. There are few



players on the stage or screen more awake to their limitations than the magnetic Douglas. That taint of egomania, which unhappily symbolizes the work and the personality of so many of our leading theatrical folk, has left no mark upon





him, and, indeed, perhaps it is the very sophomoric freshness of the man, the boyish unself-consciousness, that has served to endear him to the public. The world admires the sophisticated, but it loves the guileless.

"By the by," Mr. Fairbanks broke into my meditations, "I wish you would do me a very great favor."

I leaned forward expectantly.

"I wish," he went on, "that you would announce to those suspicious mortals, who think that every scene in a picture is faked, that it *isn't*! I strolled into the Rialto, the other day, and was watching one of my pictures, 'Reggie Mixes In.' One of the big fight-scenes came along, and, as the big bruisers in the saloon jumped down on me, I lived again thru the wild, hard tussles and pounding blows that were struck in the studio during the days that scene was taken and retaken. We were black and blue—and many of us ready for the hospital—by the time the director was satisfied the

fight looked real. As I watched it on the screen, the whole scrap came back vividly, and the old aches ached again. Then, suddenly, to destroy the illusion, came the remark of a woman in front of me, 'They suttinly fake that grand!'"

There is perhaps no movie star more entitled to resent such expressions of doubt than our present hero. The amount of brawn which he injects into his much-beloved fight-scenes pales the cheek of the usual "extra," who is used to the old "swing-duck" system of picture-scrapping, from which all hands issue quite immaculate. A fight in a Fairbanks picture means a little gathering of real prize-fighters, and the reader need not be told that the latter have all they can do to attempt to hold their own.

The Fairbanks hobby is the out-of-doors and everything that goes with it. The lithe, brown arm is literally as hard as oak when the rippling muscles are taut, and this bespeaks years of vigorous athletics of all sorts, a faithful devotion

to them that is seen usually only on the part of professional sportsmen. The strength which the popular "Duggie" so frequently and picturesquely displays in most of his pictures is his by rights; it is his diploma from the school of strenuous life.

There is no doubt that Mr. Fairbanks has found a medium for his art that becomes him better than the puppetland of artifice and limelight. He is at once a lord and a subject of film-land, and his devotion to the new-found field can be measured solely by the huge success he has attained there.

"I am never going back to the legitimate stage!" he confided as I left him.

And that was the blow. Much as the open-air drama suits him, and much as he likes the play of it all, as he terms it, the American stage has lost much in losing one of its foremost types of American youth and enthusiasm. But the loss of the stage is the gain of the screen. And that, after all, suits the most people.



Photo by H. Tarr

LILLIAN WALKER, VITAGRAPH COMÉDIENNE, AND HER PET POODLE. SHE LOOKS VERY HAPPY HERE, WITH HER WORLD-FAMOUS SMILE, BUT SHE HAD A LITTLE, POUTING SPELL, RECENTLY, WHEN SHE WAS TOLD BY THE VITAGRAPH AUTHORITIES THAT SHE COULD DO NO MORE "SERIOUS" PARTS AND MUST STICK TO COMEDIES.

THE END OF IT ALL WAS THAT LILLIAN WILL NO LONGER DRAW HER SALARY FROM THE VITAGRAPH

(Fifty)

# An Idea That Changed My Whole Life

SEPTEMBER 25th, last, marked my thirty-sixth birthday. According to insurance-company statistics, I have lived many more years than are still left to me. Yet I have only *just begun to really live*. Heretofore I have walked and talked and worked—and in the narrowness of my own little sphere I may have been, in a measure, happy. To-day, when I look back upon the years and think of what I *thought* was happiness, a great regret fills my heart—that I could have lost so much. But I seldom think of the past—that is all darkness. I am living in to-day and in the future—and I know that the great pleasure and satisfaction I am getting out of each day and each week is more than making up “for lost time.”

What I have done is not remarkable, for *anyone* can equal or surpass my achievement. I am relating my experience only because it may be of some help to the tens of thousands of plain men and women who are dissatisfied with their lot, who are unhappy, discontented and who sometimes feel that the “game isn’t worth the candle.”

My education was limited, by force of circumstances, to the ordinary grade school. I began to work in an office, and after a number of years of faithful service I rose to a position paying \$35 a week. There I stuck. Feeling that perhaps I had outlived my usefulness there, I sought and secured another position at the same salary. But I made no progress. I was reaching the time in life when a man begins seriously to worry about the future. Many of my friends had already earned enough to keep them in comfort; practically all of them were far better off than I.

My social life too was a dismal failure. I was “good company,” only because I was a good listener. My wife, who had received a good education, often upbraided me for what she called my unnatural silence. But I had very little to say, simply because I was mortally afraid to show my ignorance of things worth-while. When my friends talked of literature and writers, I was dumb. When they expressed opinions about the plays being shown on the screen and on the stage, I could not offer intelligent criticism because I was afraid it would be laughed at. It was the same when other subjects came up. It wasn’t that I didn’t want to join in their talks; it was simply because I only knew *by hearsay* the subjects they talked about, and I didn’t want to “bluff” my way through. When I think of those days, when I think of the embarrassment I used to feel—not only before my friends, but sometimes even before my wife—and when I compare those days with the present, I laugh when I think of the extraordinary difference.

Beaten down in business, isolated in my social life, I knew that the trouble was that I lacked *education*—not necessarily a college training, but the sort of knowledge that would broaden me mentally, that would make me a bigger man, that would increase my mind’s power, that would enable me to listen understandingly, talk interestingly and intelligently. I began to buy books. But I soon discovered that promiscuous reading was practically useless. I “didn’t have time” at night, I was too tired—and my reading was disconnected.

One evening, however, on my way home from work, a friend who was seated alongside me, reached into his pocket and brought forth a little limp leather book. I was interested because, like a flash, a thought came to me. It was the turning point in my life. I myself was reading a newspaper when this occurred—because it had become a habit with me to read a newspaper in street cars. I had never thought of reading a book to and from work, because the ordinary book is too large easily to carry around. I asked my friend where he got the book, and he told me the name of the publishers.

That evening I wrote them a letter, asking for their prices, list of titles, etc. To my surprise I received, in a few days, an entire set of sixty small limp leather books, exactly like the one I

had seen, and a mahogany book-rack to hold them. The publishers asked me to examine the books for a week and if I did not care to keep them, then to simply return them and I would be under no obligation. Eagerly, I examined each book—every moment discovering an author I had often heard about, or finding a title I had always wished to read. This little pocket library, it seems, had been acclaimed by educational authorities as the most excellent selection of titles ever brought together in so compact a form.

They were just exactly what I wanted, and I wrote the publishers that I would keep them. From that time on, instead of wasting my time in profitless reading, I began to devote myself to these great works. At home—in street cars—everywhere—whenever I had a few spare moments, I read a story, a poem, a play or an essay. One of my friends used to say I reminded him of Lincoln in my devotion to good books, referring of course to the fact that Lincoln used to walk *fifteen miles* to get a book by some great author whose works he wished to know. The books were small enough to carry in the pocket, and I had one with me always; sometimes when I went on trips for my firm, I used to carry half a dozen with me.

Do not misunderstand me. I did not pore through anything uninteresting to gain an empty “culture.” I read because I was fascinated. I began to understand that the great books of the past are not called classics just because they appeal to a few professors and “highbrows,” but because they have charmed, stirred and inspired millions of plain men and women like myself. I read because I could not tear myself away. I began to see why present-day writers themselves call these greater men “masters.” I became imbued with ideals of life that had been a closed book. Great characters in novels, which were bywords to educated people, great poems and essays I had heard of but never read, became familiar to me.

In a few months I was a well-read man. The range of my reading astonished even myself. I had become thoroughly familiar with the works of such world-famous writers as these:

G. Bernard Shaw  
De Maupassant  
Abraham Lincoln  
Ivan Turgenev  
Stevenson  
Henrik Ibsen  
Leo Tolstoy  
Dickens  
Dante  
Maeterlinck  
J. M. Barrie  
An Anthology of  
American verse, in-  
cluding the best  
works of all Ameri-  
can poets  
Rudyard Kipling  
Emerson  
Conan Doyle  
Oscar Wilde  
Poe  
Shakespeare  
Washington Irving

Elizabeth Browning  
Lewis Carroll  
Hans Andersen  
Longfellow  
Thoreau  
Coleridge  
William Morris  
Prosper Merimee  
Browning  
Olive Schreiner  
Alex. Dumas  
W. S. Gilbert  
Tennyson  
Walt Whitman  
Geo. Washington  
Robert Burns  
Thos. DeQuincey  
Victor Hugo  
An Anthology of  
English verse, in-  
cluding the best  
poems of all Eng-  
lish poets

The change in my life was marked, both from a social and practical point of view. No longer was I embarrassed in the company of my educated friends. I soon found I was as well-read as they. No longer did I feel a secret embarrassment, and wish myself miles off, when they discussed subjects of which I had been ignorant. My opinions and ideas now were as clear-cut as theirs. I could express myself. I could talk. My social life was revolutionized. My own inner life too was revolutionized. I had stumbled, by chance, into a world that was dark to me before, a world

now opened up by the greatest minds that per-  
haps have ever dwelt on this earth.

And, surprising to say, in a financial sense too, my life was revolutionized. Instead of earning a paltry \$35 a week, I now earn almost twice as much. For years I had been interested in the writing of moving picture scenarios. But I had never been successful. I had sent a few scenarios away, and they had always been returned promptly, as I expected them to. It is different now. Then my ideas were childish, the ideas of an uneducated man. Since I have read so much, I have gained confidence; I have learned the art of telling a story dramatically; I have—almost unconsciously—absorbed ideas from the great masters which have helped me immeasurably. None knew better than they how to thrill, fascinate, *move* their audiences. The modern writers are amateurs compared with them. There is hardly a book that I read now that does not give me some valuable idea, valuable in a dollars-and-cents way. I am making more money on the side than at my regular job. My life has indeed been revolutionized, and by such a simple thing—*by the reading of good books, in spare time that was formerly wasted.*

I am not alone. I later found out that thousands of people like me were reading the same little limp leather volumes which I found so convenient, and which I have come to love so well. I discovered that the publishers were four young men, hardly more than boys, who published these great books in such a form, *so that people would read profitably in spare time.* They had very little money, and at first published only fifteen books. The demand for these, however, was so great that they had to increase this number to thirty books, and then later to sixty. Of these sixty titles, I am informed *that over one million copies have been sold in little over a year.* Evidently, as I say, there are thousands of people like myself, who want to get away from reading “trash”—who want to read the great works they hear all educated people discuss—but who always put it off, and put it off, because they haven’t the time. But here are these books in such a form that they can now be read *in spare time.* If a million of them were sold in *one year*, I predict millions will be sold in the years to come.

The publishers of the Little Leather Library—for that is the name of this series—have such confidence in the desire of the public to possess a library of the world’s greatest literature that they ship free—as they did to me—the complete set of sixty volumes to any person, for five days examination. They do not require the payment of any money in advance, and if the books do not come up to the expectation of the buyer they may be returned within five days after delivery. If they *do* prove what you want, it is not necessary to pay for the entire set at once, but may instead pay only \$1.00 after five days, and the rest in small easy payments. A simple request of the publishers to send the set on approval—such as I mailed to them—is sufficient. Or for convenience, use the blank form below.

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Please send me the 60 Leather-Bound Books, prepaid. I will return them in 5 days or pay you \$1 down, and \$3 a month for 6 months, making \$19 in all.

For Canada and foreign countries, price is \$1 extra, plus duty charges.



# Paula Blackton

(An Appre

By STANLEY



PAULA BLACKTON



It was, I believe, Booth Tarkington who once wrote a story very much centering in a heroine. He gave this heroine as attractive a name as he could invent, which yet seemed somehow inadequate to convey her charm. Her mere name might do for a context. It wouldn't do for a title. At last, Mr. Tarkington came to a decision. In this instance, at least, the shortest way home was *not* the longest way round. The shortest way home was the directest route. He took this route. He called his story, very simply, "The Beautiful Lady." If one tells of Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton at all, he must do something similar. There is a very general

desire to know more of this artist and her delicate incursion into the movie world of her husband. If one is to speak of her direct and sincere manner, he must talk of her very frankly in terms of Mr. Tarkington's title, "The Beautiful Lady."

Memories of a first impression arise in a flare of sunshine flooding the loggias of Commodore Blackton's famed Casino at Oyster Bay. It was, of course, the happiest of possible environments. The place itself is bewitched with charm as if the water, o'er which these white walls poise themselves, has somehow conjured an Alhambra of its own! These evanescent arches and high, tile-topped walls might have been a dream-brew of the ripples flecking the bay.

And "the beautiful lady," with the blue-black hair, stood framed by two of the loggia pillars. The camera clicked upon her, at close range. Behind her the bay widened and met the sky—a symposium of blues.

Now nothing is harder to recall than the color of eyes that are enthusiastic. Paula Blackton's are particularly baffling. Their very gentleness conveys certain exaltation—a purpose, balanced by intelligent understanding, that crowds out minor details.

Yet, surely, they are Southern eyes—deep gray, or marble blue, limned with a black as uncompromising as that of her hair.

"You see," said she, still standing with the blue bay behind her, and following the easy formality of an introduction, "we don't let the heat stand in our way. We're proving to ourselves how nothing is ever accomplished save by the sweat of the brow. But we simply must finish this scene while



THE COMMODORE AND THE KIDDIES



SCENE FROM THE FIRST OF THE PAULA BLACKTON PLAYS



THE BLACKTON CHILDREN WHO

(Fifty-two)

# and Her Art

ciation)

OLMSTED

we're in the spirit and the cockatoo is tractable." The gorgeous cockatoo cocked its head to one side, like the knowing bird of paradise that it was. The cockatoo seemed to be thinking: "Oh, you can work hard and stay in Eden, too."

Moreover, Commodore Blackton was deep in the spirit of his week-end work as his wife's personal photodramatic director. He was well-nigh too busy even to make a joke about cockatoo philosophy.

I watched the scene go on.

Paula Blackton had written the little story the camera was recording—written it around herself and her two children and the great country place spreading o'er the hills of Oyster Bay, skirting its waters—the Blackton "outdoor home."

The ideal sought by the Commodore and his lady was a definite one. They were not attaining it without toil of the most painstaking description—patience of the most indefatigable type. They rehearsed this particular scene over and over—photographed it again and again. After awhile the beautiful lady paused to ask, as simply as a child: "Did I even once succeed in conveying it?"

"I don't believe you've any idea how well," I replied, in the pleasure of surprise. "I don't know the story you're doing. But I do know that in the present scene you're a girl accustomed to luxury, who hesitantly scents the tang of a life outside her already full existence, who is summoned by freedom without at all rejecting any of the conven-



PAULA BLACKTON

tions she fully appreciates. You did the most difficult thing I know of—you conveyed a subtlety which was at the farthest pole from a sensation."

Paula Blackton clapped her hands. "Oh, Commodore, Commodore, and did you hear that?" said she, with a mischievous Southern drawl. "He didn't know our story, either—so he can't quite be altogether fooling us. . . ."

"Why, the movie camera is the most sensitive thing in the world," she expounded. "It registers secrets of our faces, that have remained unguessed by our nearest and dearest! And yet, not long ago, they were all glutting it with spasms and heavings and contortions."

Gradually, as the summer waned and I came to know Paula Blackton better, the



ARE RAPIDLY BECOMING FAMOUS

(Fifty-three)

PAULA BLACKTON IN THE SECOND PLAY OF THE SERIES





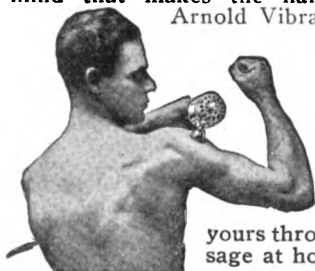
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significance of her own talent developed from a mere impression into a conviction and a faith. Within her lives an urge which has survived the most crucial test—that of wealth and success and position. The years following her marriage, and yet more years following the birth of her two children, Mrs. Blackton's sympathies and appreciations and understanding went out to the helping and encouraging of others. That impulse toward an expression all her own, insistently calling within her, was submerged in the clamor of pleadings, of hands outstretched for her help and her guidance. Of both she gave freely, bountifully, and in total self-forgetfulness.

"But"—she may sometimes confess to you—"the time came when I realized that my very power of helping others was limited by the limitations I placed upon myself. This was particularly true of my little girl and my little boy. I

wanted to bring them up in the fullest appreciation and comprehension of their father's work. I could not do that by merely sitting in fireside sessions as privy councilor. No, no! I had surely my own personal message for pictures. I must write them—my own kind. I and our children must do them—our own kind; expressive of ourselves—therefore expressive of a million others of whom we are but the prototypes. All the mothers and all the children and all the beauty of the world seemed to call us to make pictures that should be both professional and intimate—that should embody the light and shade, and humor and pathos, which every heart knows within itself, and which may not be made to order under conditions ruling in a studio existing solely that stockholders may draw dividends. We wanted to make pictures of ourselves in which we should be just ourselves—only a little more so!"

## Our Pacific Coast News-Letter

DEAR MISTER EDITOR: Do you know, we lucky Angelenos pity you Gothamites and others who are too far away to get a Broadway close-up of our beloved photoplayers. You see, Los Angeles has climate, meaning three hundred and fifty sunshiny days per annum, and weather, alias overhead irrigation. The latter drives the film-folk out of the Hewitt lights and down to the shopping district. Our papers carry lurid headlines, "Welcome Rains Bring Millions to Ranchers," while you Easterners read, in the dailies, "Frightful Damage Done Everywhere by Flooding Rains"; but then, we're youthful enough to be optimistic. Your prosperous business man meets his friend and says, gruffly, "Hell-u-vaday, eh, Jones?" and Jones answers, "I should say; helps the undertaking business," and, with an anticipatory sneeze and gates ajar mien, they slide off. But our Western men smile like Cheshire cats, and when they meet, one says, "Splendid rain we're having, eh, Jones?" and the blithe answering chirp is, "Ubetcha; this'll make the alfalfa sit up and take notice."

Perhaps we like rainy days because Broadway is thronged with those whom we usually see on the screen only. Anyway, we like the rainy season, which is now upon us, for it means that the Los Angeles River will not need irrigating, and, with water at three thousand dollars a miner's inch and water-meters peeping out from every bungalow, one learns gratitude for overhead donations.

So the other day I found, among other rainy-day blessings, that swishing along the shopping street of our Angel City gave one intimate peeps at the screen stars. Wasn't it just lovely to see handsome Harold Lockwood driving his own seven-passenger, curtains down everywhere, except on the side where May

Allison sat, like a pretty golden poppy, smiling at the worshipful walkers on the sidewalk!

Further on I met Arthur Maude and "Connie" Crawley just about to pop into a big bank, for they are keeping the tellers busy these days cashing checks for their successful photoplays. At the next corner Fay Tincher was measuring her height against a fire-plug, but she wore a nifty, red leather coat and hat to match, instead of the well-known stripes. She looked for all the world like a dear little, red candy-toy. As I rushed madly across the street, where the traffic man was holding up a parade of skid-chained autos, I peered into a runabout in which Louise Glaum sat crowded between a young couple. She wore a checked suit, and jockey hat with nickel chain, and seemed quite satisfied with the weather. On the opposite sidewalk I almost stepped on the goloshes of Nigel de Bruillier, and you ought to see the way dampness makes his silky hair curl. I'm sure he loves the rainy season!

As I stepped toward a phone booth, I saw Lamar Johnstone talking to the pretty operator. He looked a trifle wan and the worse for that South American experience, for you may have read that "The Planter" nearly planted him à la that epitaph: "I loved me mother; I hated to leave her; but what can ye do with the jungle fever?"

The Orpheum matinées attract dozens of the best-known photoplayers, so if you want a real treat, linger under the portecochère of that popular vaudeville house and watch for stars. Near a Moving Picture house, which sheltered the newest Douglas Fairbanks play (with Norma Talmadge supporting the famous smile), stood Jewel Carmen.

A few steps more, and I saw Mabel Normand emerging from one of our

largest department stores, trying to seem unconscious of the excitement she aroused. Minta Durfee was strolling along blithely, chatting to her sister Marie, who has forsaken the Keystone for the joys of wedded bliss.

Minta Durfee looked quite as insouciant as before the accident which has laid her up for four months. She is cast in a new play with Mabel Normand.

Charles Ray sauntered hopefully into a café, after what looked as if it might have been a shopping tour. Rain in the East means bad department store business, but it booms shopping here, for on clear days everybody flocks to beaches or country, and the photoplayers are busiest of all. Our mornings are frequently foggy, and you can spot the tourist every time, for he carries a shower-stick and friend wife holds a spray of red-pepper berries in her gloved hands. It is only the recent arrival from the East who kicks about the weather. The native son takes his chicken-coops into the kitchen so that when the rising waters carry off the bungalow he's sure of aigs for breakfast, anyway.

I wont tell you his name, but one of our well-known screen-men one evening kindly offered to lift a pretty young woman over to the street-car, for by nightfall our streets are young Niagaras. He wore sturdy shoes; she had dainty, gray footgear. She accepted his offer gratefully, but something must have wobbled; anyway, they landed face down in the torrent. Oh, no, she wasn't angry; she appreciated the joke as only a real resident of this Golden West can. And we bystanders joined the merry chorus. Our bathing facilities are excellent, you see. It's just a case of stepping from boot-deep to knee-high, and you forget all about discomfort and think of how lovely the grass and eucalyptus trees will be when the sun shines tomorrow. This generally compensates for the fact of sometimes having to walk three or four blocks before you find enough islands to cross the street on.

I dont want to make all you fans jealous, but I really do think we dwellers in the film capital of the world are just a little better off than you are. I wonder if I dare spring a native son story on you by way of farewell? A certain man died and ascended to the heavenly gates, was welcomed and shown about the celestial ranch. He found everything as he had expected it to be—jasper gates, pearl houses, golden chairs, fine harps and stylish halos. He walked about enjoying it all, until he saw a lot of people cooped in golden cages on a side street. He remonstrated with St. Peter, saying, "Why are all those people caged in such a lovely place as this, where all should be free to enjoy its comforts?" And the old saint said, sadly, "We have to keep them in coops; they're former Californians, and they'd all chase back to California if they were not locked up!"

Barometrically,  
FRITZI REMONT.

(Fifty-five)

# March 5" Last day of Low Price on O Henry

## Finish These Stories For Yourself



The girl got \$6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"—you can imagine his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night? O. Henry tells about it in a story. Read it.



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The war was over. He went home—a Colonel and a hero. San Augustine was frenzied over her native son. Straight up the path to her home he went—and then the thing that happened was not at all what you expect. Let O. Henry tell you the story.



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"These are O. Henry days. With so much else that should absorb us—with Emperors dying almost unnoticed, with twenty million men struggling on a dozen "fronts," and with the mad diversion of the New Luxury to hold us back from thinking of anything at all—we are all thinking and talking of the man who called himself O. Henry. Our neglected author is dead in his grave, with scarcely a publisher to walk behind his hearse, and lo! six years after his death he is bursting upon us afresh, as it were, with all the splendor of a rising genius."

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SCHOOL, 93 News Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**

By W. S. CRAWFORD

**I**n thru the harem window stole the day's last sun-ray, falling aslant the pic-  
tured page held idly in my hand.

The air, heavy with smoke, with incense and with rich perfumes, inclined  
my brain to drowsiness, and, as I gazed, the pictures of that printed page seemed  
to take life and action. Amazed, I watched them come and go, and roam about  
at their seeming will, and, wondering, I sank to sleep.

With the morning came to me Belheddin, the Master, the kindest in all  
Jerusalem, and to me Belheddin said: "Well knowest thou, Mendellah, that  
thy sisters of the harem have ever been as naught to me, save for their beauty  
in the dance. Thee only would I wed. Name thou the rarest gift that I can  
bring thee in return for thy promise to become my one and only wife."

"Bring me then," said I, "a book whose pictures live and move like unto  
those that my smoke-benumbed brain did cause me to witness yesternight upon  
this page."

"Alas," answered Belheddin, "that can never be, Mendellah; inasmuch as  
it is beyond the ken of man to create." And Belheddin sadly rose and departed.

Years passed and we never again saw our Master until, on one glad night,  
came he, Belheddin, and with him a stranger, defaming our quiet harem with  
his Christian presence; yet, curious at the strange things he brought, we forebore  
to chide him.

Seating himself beside me, Belheddin said, "I bring thy gift, Mendellah,  
and in greater measure than thou hast asked of me; wait!"

Then darkened was the harem and at the stranger's touch leaped forth  
from a purring thing of steel a marvellous light which spread itself upon the  
harem wall, whereon multitudes forthwith seemed to live and move about. My  
heart paused from wonder as swiftly changed scene to scene.

I saw a pitiable group of cripples, of blind, and of sick and suffering ones;  
and, as I watched, there stepped into their midst a long-haired, bearded man in  
simple garb; and lo! at His touch the sick were healed, the blind were made  
to see, the lame to walk. He but raised His hand, and from their tombs walked  
forth the dead. Himself did I see die, and from His sepulchre did rise again  
and walk.

"What man is this?" I cried, "and where were these wonders wrought?"

The stranger at the mystic, purring light replied: "His name is Christ, and  
these wonders were wrought in this thy country and near-by thine own Jerusalem."

Weeping, Belheddin bowed his head. "Much have I heard of the Christ,"  
said he, "and it bringeth me greater pleasure than doth the Koran's pages." Then  
suddenly arose Belheddin and seized my hand. "Come," he whispered.

In the shadows stole we thru the harem gates. We journeyed thru the calm,  
moonlighted night, and the morning found us resting upon the shores of Jordan.  
The day waned. We rose and thrice laved our brows in the holy stream, then  
turned us toward the sea. Across the wide waters we journeyed to the western  
lands where we might learn of this wondrous Man, who, by a word, stilled the  
Galilean tempest.

'Tis thus that the pictured Christ upon the harem walls hath driven us  
forth to peace unspeakable—for here, in this new land, liveth a noble Christian,  
Belheddin, and with him I, his faithful Christian wife, Mendellah.



(Title and tail-piece drawn by the author)

(Fifty-six)



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## WATCHING THE FILMS GO BY

By GEORGE M. RITTELMAYER

WE have often wondered why spraining an ankle is the favorite way of getting acquainted in the films. Sweet young things sprain their ankles and flop over at a moment's notice, regardless of whether they stumble over a leaf or strike a big log.

Some people go to the show to see the pictures, while others go apparently to see how much they can find to talk about.

In a recent film we saw a perfect lady pick up a dynamite-bomb, touch it off with her own fair hands, hide in a trunk, and blow down a door without ever causing any of the inhabitants of the block to appear on the scene. This could happen only in the films.

We would never fail to notice an individual if he or she came up behind us and stood in a lingering way while we were conducting a conversation with another party, but in the pictures it seems that they are never seen or heard unless they take the trouble to make themselves known.

We would never recognize it as a sad affair, unless the orchestra reminded us of it by playing "Hearts and Flowers."

Why, oh, why should the beautiful heroine earning her six dollars a week playing leads in the films take the trouble to carefully place the scoundrelly villain on a couch after she has knocked him out with an empty liquor bottle? Verily, it passeth all understanding.

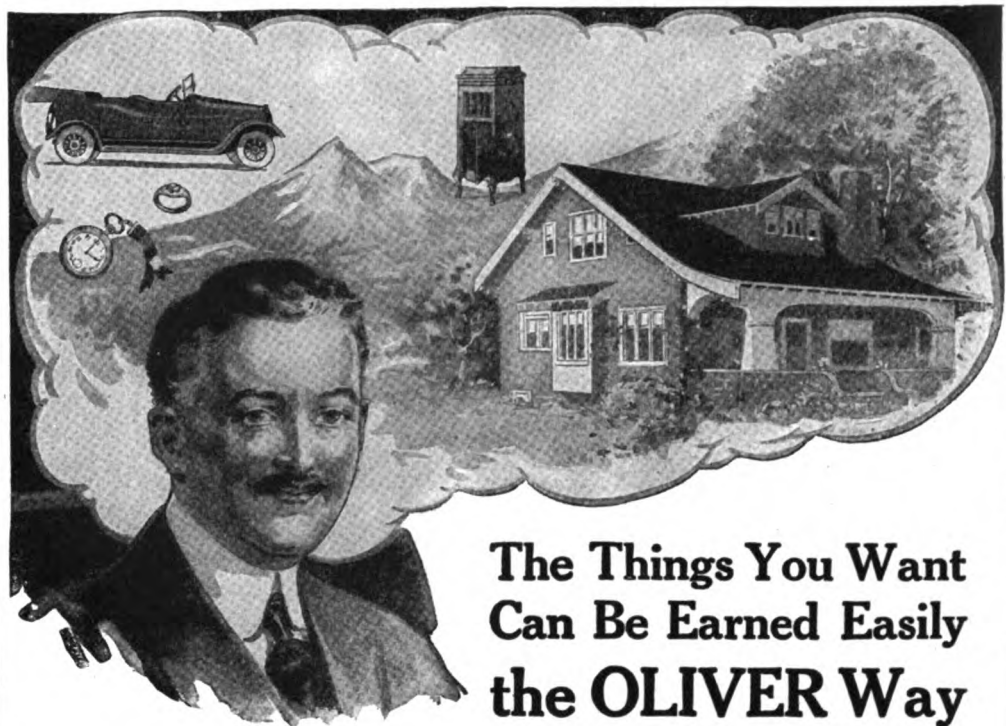
We sympathize with the young lady who remarked to the male idiot with her, when the old man in the picture yawned, "That old man must have heard you."

When all other methods have failed to produce a laugh, walk up stealthily behind the victim and caress him over the head with a telegraph-pole, and you will bring down the house. If the same thing happened on the street ordinarily, you would send in a hurry-up call to the police station and have the assailant arrested. In the pictures, however, he goes about calmly as if nothing serious had happened.

If all criminals are handled as roughly, and are as grossly mistreated as they seem to be in the majority of films we see, we are in favor of organizing a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Criminals.

Ordinarily, we plain, everyday people would have sense enough to run out of a house if we saw it catching on fire or being slowly deluged with a flood of water from a leaky plumbing fixture, but in the films they never seem to be able to do anything but chase around the room and wring their hands.

(Fifty-seven)



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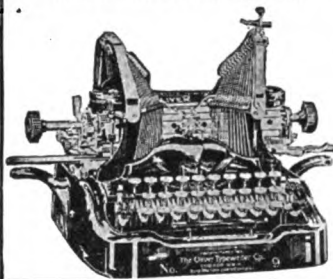
The Oliver "Nine" is famed for the lightest touch known and speediest, smoothest operation. The type prints down, just as you write. The doublearm, arched typebar is the reason, and it also insures permanent alignment.

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Only 50 cents a pack, in handsome telescope box, mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. (One-cent stamps accepted. If a 50-cent piece is sent, wrap it in folded paper and enclose in envelope in your letter. An unwrapped coin sometimes cuts thru the envelope and is lost in the mails. It is perfectly safe also to send a dollar bill by mail.)

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 By CHARLES E. S. WHEELER



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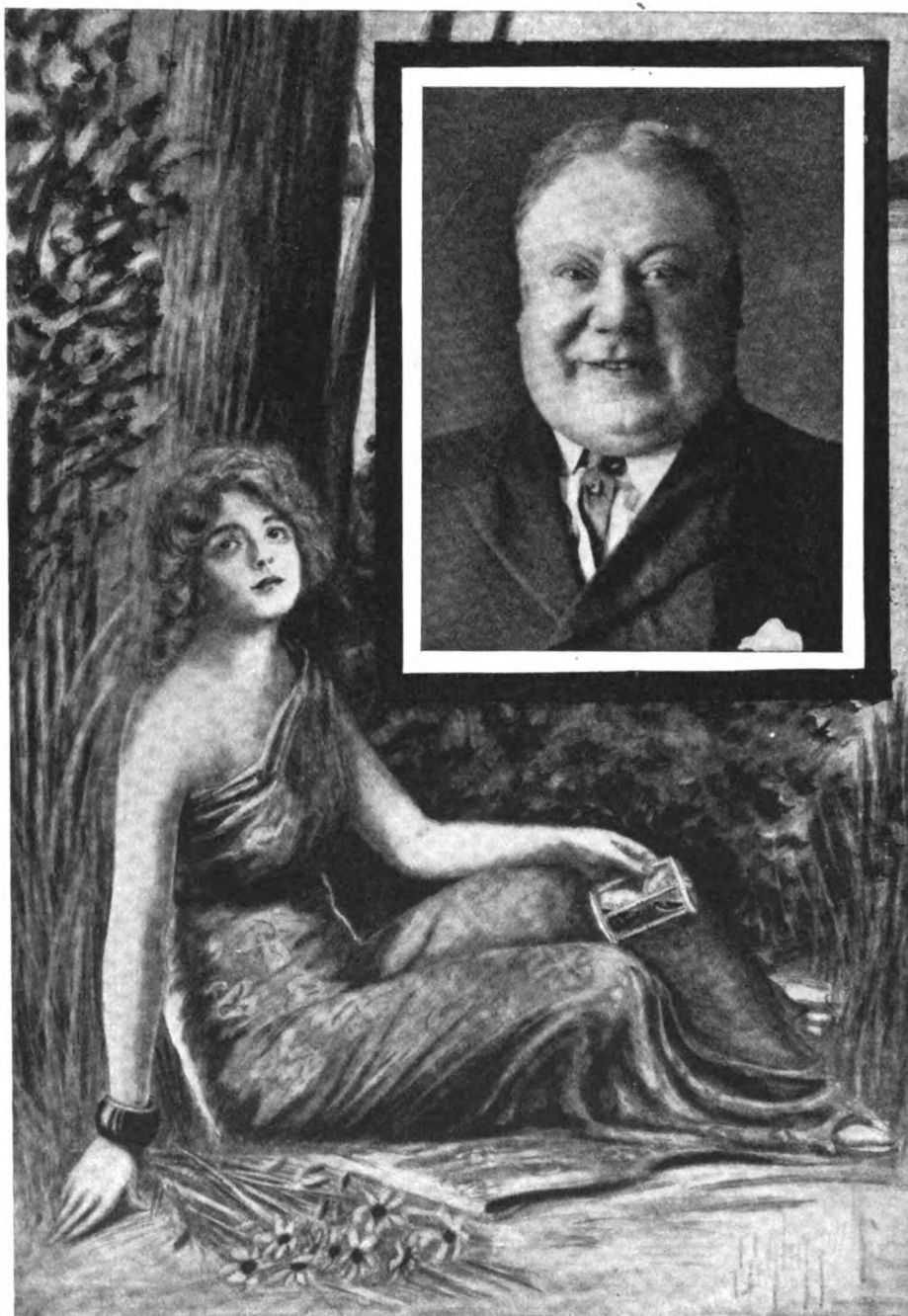
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Is he gone to a land of no laughter,  
 This man that made his "life movies" a mirth for us all?  
 Proves death but a silence hereafter  
 From the sounds and scenes that delight or appal?  
 Once closed, and masked, have the lips and face no more duty,  
 No more pleasure the exquisite ears;  
 Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty,  
 As the eyes have with tears?

Nay, if aught be sure, what can be surer  
 Than that Earth's good decays not with Earth?  
 And of all the heart's springs none are purer  
 Than the springs of the fountains of Mirth.

He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hollows,  
 The places where tears are and sleep;  
 For the foam-flakes that dance in life's shallows  
 Are wrung from life's deep.

He came with a heart full of gladness  
 From the glad-hearted world of the movies' best;  
 Won our laughter, but not with mere madness;  
 Spake, acted, and joked with us, not always in mere jest.  
 For the pain in our heart lingered after,  
 When the merriment died from our sight and our ears,  
 And those that were loudest in laughter  
 Are silent in tears.

(Fifty-eight)

## The Therapeutic Value of the Movies

By FRED W. PHELPS

"YOU must take a trip to the country," says the doctor. "You are run down, need a thoro rest, and the change in climate will work wonders in you."

You take the trip. A thousand wonders loom before you. The scenery; the faces of the people, their little mannerisms and their speech—all are new and interesting. Can you longer remain self-centered? No! So you find yourself drifting from the shore of everyday conventionalities into an ocean of life and health, and feel behind you dull care and ill health fading into oblivion.

Your trip over, you are back—new life in your veins and a sparkle in your eye. The medicine, or ozone of the new climate, is given the credit for your recovery, and the doctor is given the cash; albeit in that same climate live both the sick and well, and as for the medicine—well, if medicine alone would cure us, we'd never be ill.

No. The secret's this: You began to fidget and worry about every ache and pain. You made mountains of molehills. This, combined with overwork, brought on the collapse, then the doctor, then the trip, and then—why, of course, the bill.

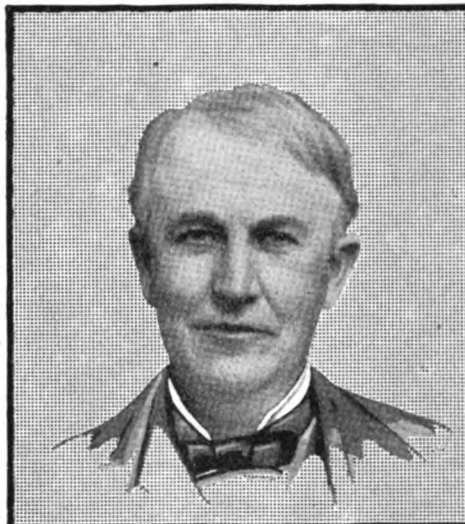
Did the doctor ask you if you had frequented the movies often enough, or scold you for not having done so? No; but he said you had not had enough recreation. By recreation he could have meant only one thing—movies. And now the reason.

Advanced schools of medicine do not hesitate to state that the physician is entirely helpless in bringing about a cure, or even improvement, in a person who has become self-centered, discouraged and lacks faith. Before the physician can possibly bring about improvement in such a person, that person's thoughts must be directed away from himself and his complaint. To do this the patient is often sent to the country, or elsewhere, where his mind is completely absorbed in the new surroundings, Nature being left to carry on the healing process.

Right here is where the movies come in. For the price of a dish of ice-cream you may travel to Europe, Africa, or any other part of the globe. You may, like a modern Aladdin, rub a silver dime, instead of a lamp, and be transported to any place of your heart's content; or, if you prefer, you may be entertained for an hour or two by one of the world's best comedians. And, in being so entertained, you are taken away from yourself, you forget your illness, are healed in mind, and physical health usually follows.

"More movie trips!" should read the prescription, for every one, and especially for those unable to stand the expense of a change of climate.

(Fifty-nine)



## Edison Knows!

HUNDREDS of thousands of men who have won and are winning success through the International Correspondence Schools will thrill with pride when they read this splendid tribute from Thomas A. Edison.

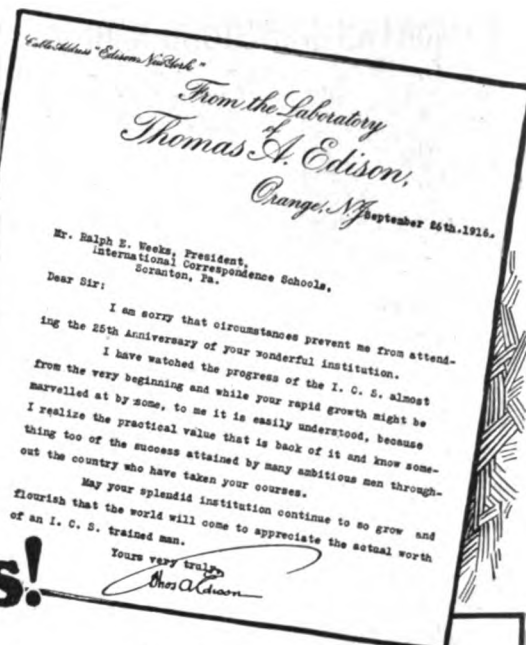
For Edison knows! He knows the worth of spare-time study. He knows what stuff men are made of who use their spare hours to train themselves for the bigger jobs ahead. And he knows what the I. C. S. will do for the man with the grit to say, "I will."

Wasn't it Edison himself who stayed up half the night to read every get-at-able book on electricity? Didn't he educate himself in spite of every handicap you could ever have?

All big men who have made their mark in the world had the ambition—the determination—to improve their spare time, to train themselves for big work. You, too, can possess power, money and happiness if you'll only make the effort. The reward is great—it's worth it.

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## THE MARGUERITE CLARK WALTZ

IS THE FEATURE OF THE APRIL CLASSIC. AND MARY MILES MINTER ISN'T A BIT PUT OUT BECAUSE HER ART PORTRAIT, BY L. SIELKE, JR., ADORNS THE COVER.  
A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS INSIDE. FOR INSTANCE:

**THE MARGUERITE CLARK WALTZ.** It has just been composed for us by Muriel Pollock, composer of "Madame Pom-Pom," "The Rooster Rag," "Carnival One Step" and scores of other popular songs and dances. Little Marguerite Clark has waltzed to this brand new hesitation, dedicated by The Classic and its author to her, and has pronounced it a dream. The complete score of The Marguerite Clark Waltz will appear in the April Classic. In a few months everybody everywhere will be humming or whistling this catchy air.

**THE GISHES GO A-CALLING**—and in a breathless and vivid auto spin visit Norma Talmadge, Louise Glaum, Bessie Love, and Clara Williams at home.

**"AND THEN THEY WERE MARRIED"**—The Classic has invited all the pretty screen brides of 1916 to have their pictures "took" in bridal array and to let us tell how it happened—some of them are real, some only screen brides, and there are all kinds of marriages.

**"THE CUT-BACK"** is the honest confession of Hobart Henley, in which he tells why he deserted the girl and became wedded to his art instead.

**MAKING LOVE IN CALIFORNIA** will move a heart of stone and cause confirmed old maids to look to their heart-strings. It's a dashing, sprightly tale of the famous screen lovers in the Golden West—full of beautiful pictured love-scenes.

But that isn't half the April Classic—not even the best half. There are a pair of heart-tingling short stories, all sorts of studio gossip, a virile impression of Max Linder, the French Charlie Chaplin, a superbly illustrated story of "Their Canine Majesties"—some more stars with their prize-winning pets, and a refreshing vacation chat with Anna Nilsson. And then—but we're out of breath! It's your favorite picture—and story-book breaking outdoors with spring gladness. Every newsstand will show the April Motion Picture Classic on March 1st—and don't forget to play or to dance to The Marguerite Clark Waltz.



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of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for a treatment, FREE, at my expense, because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 67,532 others are doing now. Write now as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and treatment will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope.

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This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence.

BRUNETTA, 17.—Well, the tall, good-looking man in "The Little Girl Next Door" is Augustus Phillips. Pauline Frederick is a real vampire.

TOM-TOM.—Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. She is five feet three inches in height and is charmingly slender. Dont you know? She has searching, dark-gray eyes, auburn hair and a sprinkling of freckles. She is very interested in scientific farming, and practices same, but not in New York. She had a narrow escape from death at San Francisco at the time of the earthquake.

PETTMEE.—Did you see Creighton Hale in "Charity" for Powell, and in "Snow White" with Marguerite Clark?

BILLIE T.—That's always the way; drink, and the world drinks with you; swear off, and you drink alone. Well, I dont know how many of you noticed it, but I'll bet that out of our 150,000 circulation, 149,000 have written me about the gas not being turned on in the Wallace Reid picture on page 30 of the December Classic. You are a mighty observing lot. Very clever letter.

TRIXIE.—Even tho my salary is small, I dont buy my clothes à compte. Oh yes, I liked Earle Foxe very much in "Panthea." No; Norma Talmadge was not herself in "Panthea." She has aged somewhat and hasn't the sweet smile of years ago.

CARBON BUDGEREE LOBI.—And where did you get that name from? Robert Warwick was born in the Golden West. His right name is Robert Bien. He played in "The Man of the Hour" and "The Argyle Case."

JESSIE R. A.—I observe with Shakespeare that "Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions," and that accounts for some of the letters I receive. But yours was a flawless gem.

J. R. A., ROSEBURG.—Frances Nelson and Arthur Ashley in "The Revolt." Mae Marsh and Henry Walthall in "The Influence of the Unknown." Montague Love opposite Alice Brady in "Bought, and Paid For." Yes, but it is better to forget than to remember with regret.

MARIE T.—Rogers Lytton is with Selznick. Charlie Chaplin in "Easy Street." That's an old American with Warren Kerrigan, Jessalyn Van Trump and Louise Lester in "Almost a Friar." "Double Revenge" is also another in which Warren Kerrigan and Pauline Bush are featured. Edward Elkas has returned to Vitagraph.

LAWRENCE S. C.—You have an awful nerve to compare Charles Chaplin with Santa Claus and ask which I like better. We have no record of Tom Burroughs. Harry Myers is president of his own company. Rosemary Theby is leading lady and will continue to play opposite him. Yes, nature creates merit, but fortune brings it into play.

MRS. MARIE S.—Dont you know that Arthur Johnson is dead? June appears to be the favorite month for marriages in Great Britain; in Germany April leads; February in Russia, Hungary and Italy; October in Greece and November in Sweden. The month hasn't arrived for mine.

HILLIARD ADMIRER.—Yes, you want to hear more about Howard Hickman. Valeska Suratt keeps a pet snake in her apartment at

the Hotel Maryland, and claims to derive great knowledge from a study of him and his antics. His name is Willie, and he is eight inches long, a lovely green in color.

GERALDINE.—So you like Douglas Fairbanks' smile, and you like his kissable lips. Anna Q. Nilsson and Eugene Strong in "Infidelity." That's true—costume plays are not appreciated nowadays. And you think the public is getting tired of the stuff that William S. Hart is now doing. Something must be out of order with you. You are out of tune.

HAROLD D.—Evelyn Greely is playing in "The Eleventh Hour" (World). Mildred Harris has taken the place of Mae Marsh to play opposite Robert Harron. No doubt he misses his lead of many years. That was a false report that Herbert Brenon had died. He is much better, thank you. The same of E. H. Sothern. Mrs. Minter is the name of the mother of Mary Miles Minter, and Mrs. Miles is her grandmother's name.

EARL B.—Violet Mersereau is still with Universal. Did you like her on this month's MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE cover? Why dont you look up the telephone book?

ELSIE T., OGDENSBURG.—Marie Wayne, heavy woman with Pearl White in "Pearl of the Army," says that her study of cats and kittens, all ages and breeds, has taught her screen-grace and how to be a vampire.

W. F. M.—George Cochrane I do not know, but Joseph Kaufman is directing George Cohan for Arcraft.

W. K.—They do say that Theda Bara loves naughty children. She is now playing in "The Darling of Paris." Your few "When to Smile" are good: When you miss your train; when you turn on the wrong faucet for your bath; when you leave the light burning all night; when eggs aren't; when your wife gives you a box of cigars; when your lip is split—they be the times to smile. Anybody can smile at other times.

FRED D. H.—Thanks for sending in that subscription. I shall be gentle with you this time. Euclid was the author of the first arithmetic, about 600 B. C. The first in English was published in 1522.

PATSIE.—You refer to a stage star who has never played in pictures. That's out of my reach. Yes; I am interested in astronomy. Why, I'm Capricorn.

BILLIE G.—Mme. Olga Petrova has a home on Long Island, where she has her most prized pets and a large collection of goldfish. The study and cultivation of goldfish is Mme. Petrova's hobby. We have never printed the story "The Golden Chance." Write direct to us for back numbers of the Classic. You can get Wallace Reid at Western Lasky, Hollywood, Cal. Yes; Sydney Ayres is really dead.

ESTHER, PLATTSBURG.—Augustus Phillips will play leads opposite Viola Dana for Metro. Hughie Mack has gone West to play in the Western Vitagraph comedies. Tom Forman remains with Lasky.

HERMAN, BUFFALO.—That's true; she is like the kind of woman who preaches in her gowns and lectures in her nightgowns. Colin Campbell is directing Selig pictures. As William Lord Wright would say, "Every year is leap-year in the movies."







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**MICHAEL J. W.**—Thanks for yours.

**BUCYRUS GIRL.**—Yes, we will have something about Montague Love soon. Thank you for the cigars you kindly sent me. Within a drop of ink may lurk that force which moves the world to better deeds.

**HARRY CAREY ADMIRER.**—Herschel Mayall was the king, and Howard Hickman was the count in "Civilization." Yes; Enid Markey was the girl.

**MERRY WIDOW.**—Mahlon Hamilton was opposite Olga Petrova in "The Black Butterfly." Jack Livingston was Rolf in "The Stronger Love." Mae Murray and Matty Roubert in "The Big Sister." E. Forrest Taylor in "April." So you received a picture of Lillian Gish.

**DARLEEN O. K.**—The Holy Grail is one of the leading themes of medieval romance. It centers around the cup which was used by Jesus the Christ at the Last Supper. You didn't care for Ethel Barrymore in "The White Raven."

**KATHERINE P., PORT HURON.**—Yes, there is a Henry Clay with Balboa in the pictures. As Goethe says, of all thieves, fools are the worst—they rob you of time and temper. I wish my correspondents were all as clever and considerate as you.

**CLIO.**—Thanks for the box of Huyler's. They were very sweet. There is a stage superstition that a yellow frock or article of wearing apparel spells doom for the production in which it is to be worn. But quite the reverse on the screen—yellow is worn instead of white and is the most popular color in the movies.

**G. U. STIFF.**—Sometimes the cut-back is of the scene that was shown first. It isn't acted over. That was some conglomeration of words in your typewriter article. So you want Melva's address. I never give addresses without consent.

**VICTOR N.**—Irving Cummings is with World. Frederick Wallace, who contributes so many limericks to our Limerick Department, is not a member of our staff, and is in reality a talented young woman living in Bristol, Conn. Ruth Stonehouse and Jack Mulhall are featured in a cowboy and queen play—"Fighting for Love."

**MARTIN T.**—If you think that brushing your teeth is all that is necessary to preserve them, just run a piece of dental floss thru them, the next time, after you have brushed them. That will tell the story, and show why teeth decay in spite of constant brushing. It is only 10 cents a box.

**A PARAMOUNT FAN.**—Thank you. Jean Stewart was Marie in "Nanette of the Wilds." Maude Gordon was the daughter in "Miss George Washington."

**ARDATH, 1.**—You have the wrong title on that Vitagraph. No, Ethel Grandin is with Consolidated.

## Are We Beginning to Get Acquainted?



If You Are a Bit Shy About Knowing the  
April Motion Picture Magazine, Here  
Is Fay Tincher, the Girl on the Cover

Look for it on the stands on and after March 1st. It is full of good things, but there is one article you will surely want to read: "Are They Married? If So, To Whom?" This article is a regular surprise package! You really can't afford to miss it. Thousands have been asking these questions every day and nobody was ever able to answer them, but here they are at last. Don't miss the April Motion Picture Magazine.

Travel to the country home of Billie Burke and become her intimate guest—

Attend a bachelor dinner at Carlyle Blackwell's rooms and share his favorite courses—

Hold a star-divining seance with Marguerite Snow and Charlie Chaplin and learn all about their inner selves—

Spend a morning with Nell Craig, the golden girl of the Middle West—

Help Theda Bara draw the veil of mystery closer about her—her strange ancestry, the prophecy of her birth, what she thinks of herself and the oddities of her new contract—

Doze off and have the sweetest little dream about William S. Hart—

Hold forth in the make-up room with a dozen famous players—

Pay a visit of inspection to the catteries, kennels, dens and lairs of stars who are cultivating pets, freakish and otherwise—

And try on four pages of the most beautiful and up-to-date gowns that the stars are appearing in—besides a peep at their personal wardrobe.

Then come home tired, but still deep-breathing, from your excursion, and in the easy-chair by the firelight read a pair of pulsing romances from coming screen plays. Pooh! That isn't all. You'll stay up later than usual, devouring "Are They Married? If So, To Whom?" and some other midnight surprises. You think you know us and every angle of the plays and players. Better get acquainted all over again in the April number, which makes its bow to you on March 1st.



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION—WATCHING CHARLIE CHAPLIN PICTURES

(Sixty-two)



News indeed! Roscoe Arbuckle, the well-loved "Fatty" of Keystone fame, has just arrived in New York. He is to produce two-reel comedies of his own peculiar type for release on the Paramount Program. With him is his slim, lovely little red-haired wife, Minta Durfee.

Poor Leonore Ulrich! Just because she's dark, with melting black eyes and lovely skin, her directors can never seem to "see" her in anything but a foreign or Indian part. She has just been assigned to star in "Her Own People," a play that teaches the futility of trying to introduce a half-breed girl into society.

One of Richard Travers' admirers has just sent him a barrel of pure apple cider. No comments or suggestions are necessary!

Theda Bara, 'long 'bout the end of the month, will be seen in "The Tiger-Woman"; Nell Craig begs to attract your attention to "The Trufflers," a picturization by Essanay of the serial that proved so popular in *The Cosmopolitan*; Harold Lockwood and May Allison present another popular *Cosmopolitan* success, Robert W. Chambers' "The Hidden Children"; and Victor Sutherland, in "The Barrier," sometimes hailed as "Rex Beach's greatest."

Tom Forman, Lasky juvenile leading man, has just signed a contract that will insure his appearance on the Lasky cast-sheets for some time to come.

The newest planetary property to be annexed by Goldwyn is Norma Talmadge's own director, Allan Dwan. Congratulations to Goldwyn, and condolences to Norma. Mr. Dwan is one of the best directors in the business. (Besides, dear and gentle reader, in private life he is "Mr. Pauline Buser.")

New York's Film Avenue, be it known, is all stirred up over the whisperings of Dame Rumor. That gossip jade wishes it to be known that Maude Adams has at last capitulated to the screen and will appear with the newly formed All-Star Empire Company. This goes under the general heading, "Important, If True."

Dame Rumor also hath it that Clara K., of the soulful, wistful eyes, has deserted the Selznick organization and has harkened to the lure of Mutual shekels.

Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw has just completed an eight-reel feature, as yet unnamed, which is to be released in the near future.

Earle Metcalfe is to play opposite Jean Sothorn in "Her Good Name," under the auspices of the Art Drama Corporation.

Fox continues to annex other peoples' stellar property. The newest is William Nigh, from Metro; ditto Ned Finley, from the same direction. Also Edward Roseman, Ruth Thorp and Pearl Palmer.

Alan Hale has just made a record-breaking trip from the land of golden sunshine and oranges (alias California) to New York, to act as the target for the dark eyes of Clara Kimball Young in "The Price She Paid."

H. B. Warner has just agreed, after being properly cajoled with many shining shekels, to play the title part in a ten-reel adaptation of George Bronson Howard's novel, "God's Man."

Art Acord, well-known "rough-stuff" Western "cow-punch," has gone over to the Ess-Ess Company, to play a Western part in their new serial, "The Lure of Gold." Art will be associated with Darwin Karr, Ethel Grandin, Ruth Blair and several other well-known players.

Apparently, Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno are about the busiest people in California. We receive monthly announcements

that they have just completed, or just started, another new five-reeler. The latest to be so announced is "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop."

Mary MacLaren, protégée and friend of Lois Weber, is hard at work on a new Bluebird production, "A Night with Whispering Smith." (We'd like to make a comment, but good taste and an eagle-eyed Editor forbid.)

The past month will go down into film history for several things, but perhaps the most important of them will be the return from a long and happy vacation in Sweden of our own little Gene Gauntier. She looks prettier than ever and promises to announce some ambitious plans very soon.

We hear that another new company has just been formed under the title of the Canadian National Features, Ltd. And just to prove that they are neutral, we suppose, they have signed up about a dozen of our own pet players, including Marguerite Snow, Mabel Trunnelle, Herbert Prior, Clifford Bruce, William Riley Hatch, June Daye, Frederick Lewis and a number of others, under the direction of Barry O'Neil.

The monthly crop of serials discloses "The Adventures of Shorty," featuring Shorty Hamilton, of Keystone and Kay-Bee fame; "Hearts of Flame," from Vitagraph, and a new, unnamed one from Pathé, which will feature Pearl White, ably supported by Earle Foxe.

Some time this month the following stars will be with you: Mabel Normand in "Mickey"; Flo LaBadie in "Her Life and His"; Earle Williams in "The Soul-Master"; Mae Murray in "On Record"; Enid Bennett in "A Princess of the Dark"; and Robert Harron in "A Bad Boy."

Mary Pickford is being sued for five thousand dollars by a lawyer who claims that this is his (unpaid) fee for helping to arrange the little wonder-star's present distinctly advantageous contract with Arctcraft at a salary of ten thousand a week.

Speaking of Arctcraft reminds one that it is whispered about that Douglas Fairbanks has capitalized his smile and personality at a salary of fifteen thousand dollars each and every week, for pictures to be released thru Arctcraft. If this should occur, it will place Douglas in association with two very good friends, Mary Pickford and George M. Cohan.

One reason why Mae Marsh isn't particularly happy in New York is that she arrived here, after lovely, languorous days in California, in the midst of a snowstorm. Mae promptly took to her bed with that popular malady known as "la grippe," and also suffered a frost-bitten nose. And then "they" say that picture-work is easy!

David Wark Griffith has just been elected leader of a strenuous campaign against censorship. And when one remembers that never a Griffith or Triangle picture has started out without a preliminary and forceful tirade against censorship, and also recalls the fighting gleam of battle that lights his keen gray eyes at the mention of that hated word, censorship, one has few doubts as to the result of the campaign!

Smiling Billy Mason has sauntered over to Fox, accompanied by Ivy Crosthwaite, statuesque and shapely Keystone maid. Their first picture has the expressive title of "Brainstorm."

A new company is being formed (it seems a favorite indoor amusement nowadays) to feature Jessalyn Van Trump, who has expressed a determination and desire to "come back," screenically speaking.



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Mutual continues to "sign 'em up" in pursuit of its New Year slogan, "Nothing but the biggest stars for Mutual." The newest is Marie Cahill, who will leave for the West very soon to begin her duties as a Mutual photoplayer.

Harry Morey, a screen hero in excellent standing, has just proven himself a hero in real life, which is quite a different thing. You see, Alice Joyce and Harry were working in "Within the Law," and one scene shows Miss Joyce, as the heroine, attempting to commit suicide by leaping into the river. The water was cold, and Miss Joyce became exhausted and would have drowned but for her hero's quick action in rescuing her.

Every feminine heart in the vicinity of Leonia, N. J., has been palpitating with maidenly joy. Why? Because Hobart Henley, the Universal screen-star, has removed his good-looking self and a sartorially perfect wardrobe from California to the Universal studios at Leonia. Hobart is collecting a company which he is to direct, as well as to play leads in pictures that he is going to write. Actor, author, director and matinee idol is handsome Hobart.

Some more coming events which cast their shadows before: "Valley of Decision," with Richard Bennett; "The Heart of Texas Ryan," with Bessie Eyton and George Fawcett; "A Hungry Heart," with Alice Brady; "The Barriers of Society," with Dorothy Davenport and Emory Johnston.

Lois Weber has been going around the studio these days with her face in a sling—all because she mistook a jar of cleaning fluid for cold cream! Poor Lois!

Ethel Barrymore and Viola Dana have been fortunate. They were selected to star in two features to be made in Florida. And since New York is now snugly wrapped in a blanket of snow, the prey of every cooling zephyr blowing straight from the North Pole, and filled with sleet, one can heartily sympathize with their joy and that of the fortunate members of the companies chosen to support them.

Frank Jonasson, who is playing Ace Brent, the father of the girl in Kalem's "Girl from Frisco" series, has just taken unto himself a wife, with circumstances that bear all the earmarks of a heart-throbbing scenario. Several years ago, while playing in stock in Salt Lake City, a friend showed him a picture of Miss Alice Nash, of Portland, Oregon. Later Mr. Jonasson and Miss Nash were introduced, by mail, and a courtship by letter then began. A few months ago Mr. Jonasson met Miss Nash personally, for the first time, and on December 9th they were married.

Tom Mix will be seen soon under the Selig management in a multiple-reel production of Zane Grey's most popular novel, "The Light of Western Stars." Admirers of Mix, of Zane Grey, and all who love good pictures, await the release date with keen anticipation.

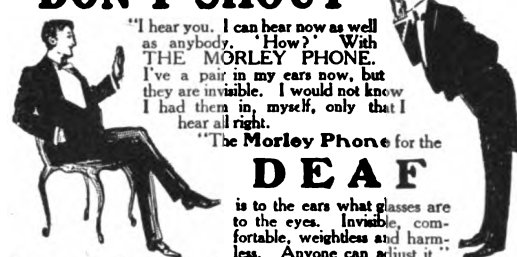
First it was a chronicle of the stage stars who had sought pictures; now it's picture stars who have sought the stage. One play on Broadway carries in the cast only one name that is not well known to picture patrons; Barry O'Moore, formerly of the Edison Company, is scrambling thru a new farce, "In For the Night," at the Fulton Theater, but unless you have a good memory you won't know him, for the cast carries his name as "Herbert Yost"; Gail Kane is with Laurette Taylor, at the Hudson; Katherine La Salle is the ingénue in "The Thirteenth Chair" at the Forty-Eighth Street Theater; Bruce McRae is leading in "Come Out of the Kitchen" at Cohan's. And so it goes. Few Broadway shows that have not one or two names well known to picture fans.

Gale Henry, the popular but eccentric comédienne of the Joker Company, was married December 24th to Henry Becker, assistant director to Allen Curtis.

Several changes have been noted among the stars, such as Bigelow Cooper to Apollo pictures; Arthur Housman from Edison to Art Dramas; Fay Tincher from Triangle, with her plans not yet announced; Alice Washburn from Vitagraph to Famous Players; Thelma Salter to Ince-Triangle.

(Sixty-four)

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**Playhouse.**—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

**Century.**—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater. The talk of the town.

**Fulton Theater.**—"In For the Night." A very amusing farce-comedy, faintly suggestive of "Seven Days." Lilly Cahill and Herbert Yost (Barry O'Moore) are featured, but Percy Ames, as the Englishman, gives a thoroughly delightful performance, and, in stage parlance, "walks off with the play over his shoulder."

**Cohan and Harris.**—"Captain Kidd, Jr." A sparkling comedy, full of laughs and heart-interest, with a sprinkle of delightful adventure, superbly acted by a company that could hardly be excelled, including Charles Brown, formerly of the Vitagraph.

**Cort.**—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. Courtney Foote, the lead, as a universal flirt, very good. The whole cast strong.

**Gaiety.**—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

**Punch and Judy.**—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies) and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, don't miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folks will be held spellbound, and the old folks will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

**Booth.**—"Getting Married." A Bernard Shaw play that sparkles with wit and Shaw philosophy, capably played by an unusually strong cast which includes William Faversham, Henrietta Crossman, Charles Cherry and Hilda Spong.

**Cohan's.**—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not as winsome as those in "Daddy Long-legs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

**Longacre.**—"Nothing But the Truth." A clever farce which William Collier makes uproariously funny from curtain to curtain.

**Eltinge.**—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

**Broadway.**—"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Super feature film of merit.

**44th Street Theater.**—"Joan the Woman." One of the best films ever been done, featuring Geraldine Farrar.

**48th Street.**—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Veiller.

**Astor.**—"Her Soldier Boy." A fine, tune-ful musical comedy with Clifton Crawford, Adele Rowland and other stars.

**Belasco.**—"Little Lady in Blue." Frances Starr in a charming, romantic comedy.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Show of Wonders." A delightful conglomeration of a little of everything for everybody, mostly music.

**Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.**—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

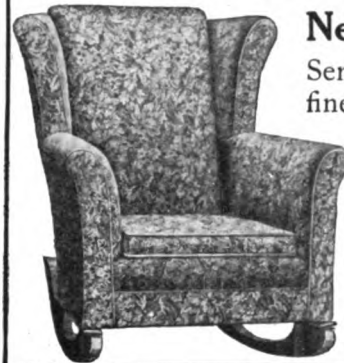
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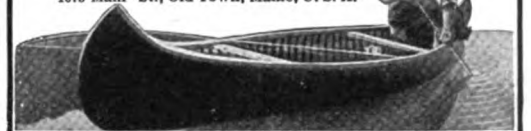
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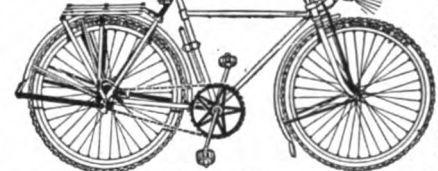
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### A House-Party at Bushmanor

(Continued from page 35)

the Christmas tree that Mr. Bushman was giving to his servants in their own quarters. Mr. Bushman himself distributed the presents, and it was easy to see that all the happy, grinning crowd of black people worshiped this "marster" of theirs.

There were a number of extra guests for dinner, and then the evening wound up with a dance, for which the music was furnished by a ducky band of musicians whose souls were attuned to ragtime and dance-music. The last evening of this wonder-week, in my memory, is indissolubly twined about memories of fox-trots, one-steps and lots of other dance-music which these dusky musicians played with all their souls.

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## Pithy Paragraphs From the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

So Charlie Ray, the "Wonder Boy," has signed up again with Thomas H. Ince. It is well—Charles made his name with Ince, and, besides, he will be starred by his own little self and gets quite a big salary for the privilege.

Cleo Madison and her husband are stopping at a hotel pending the selection of some well-furnished nest. Cleo hopes to start work with her own company some time in February. By the way, husband is an awfully good sort, and Cleo looks better than she has for a long time.

Oscar Apfel, the new director with the Yorke-Metro, started his work in fashionable style; he had an explosion and a runaway, the latter staged by the ox-team, and then one of his artists connected with some poison-oak. Things are bound to go right after that.

That good-looking young fellow, Kenneth Harlan, who supported Gertrude Hoffman in "Sumurun," is already learning to become a native son. He is looking at bungalows and is, at the same time, appearing with the fascinating Constance Talmadge at the Fine Arts studios.

The changes at the Famous Players-Lasky studios at Hollywood are really remarkable. Two full blocks have been enclosed and a huge, new, covered stage and several outdoor stages erected, as well as many new dressing-rooms and offices. The place is a small city in itself. At this writing Margaret Illington, Jack Pickford, Mae Murray, Fannie Ward, Marie Doro, Wallace Reid, House Peters, Louise Huff, Vivian Martin, Kathlyn Williams, Myrtle Stedman, the two famous Japanese artists, Sessue H. and Tsuru A., and several other big guns, are working either at these studios or at the Morosco studio—all the same thing.

Mignon Anderson has now played two splendid parts with Lois Weber at the Universal studios, and hubby Morris Foster is acting leads at the same place. Both are doing well and like the West.

One of the most familiar sounds to be heard at the Fine Arts studio is the ukelele, which comes to merry life in the hands of happy Bessie Love. Bessie has a charming voice, too, and has several of the actors and actresses well trained. They "trio" and "quarto," and all that sort of thing, don't chemo.

They call Lester Cuneo, the Yorke-Metro villain, "The Fighting Heavy." Lester has just been soundly trounced by Harold Lockwood for the second time (in films, please). Goodness knows how many times he was licked by Francis X. Bushman (in films, too, please). Lester does not care; he draws a big, fat salary for being whipped regularly.

Among other companies hunting the snows in northern California are Dustin Farnum's, with Director William D. Taylor. This Fox outfit are knee-deep in the white material at Truckee.

Harold Lockwood and May Allison, with Director Fred Balshofer, are somewhere in the region of Camp Baldy. This means more snow stuff for "The Promise." We know, because we have been at Baldy about this time ourselves—they can't hide such things from us.

Seena Owen is back at the Fine Arts studios once more. She did her best work when she was with them before, and her best is mighty good.

Fred Church, who was operated on for appendicitis, is out of the hospital and is starting work again at the Universal. There was one nice little lady who visited him constantly and took him flowers and things—we wonder!

Those Farnum persons are bound to get into these notes. William of that ilk is revelling in some of the greatest sets ever erected—a street scene in France, with the Bastille in the distance. Director Frank Lloyd is making a wonderful photoplay out of "The Tale of Two Cities."

That will be about all this month, thankee kindly.

(Sixty-seven)

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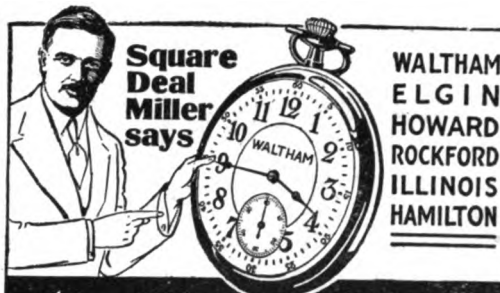
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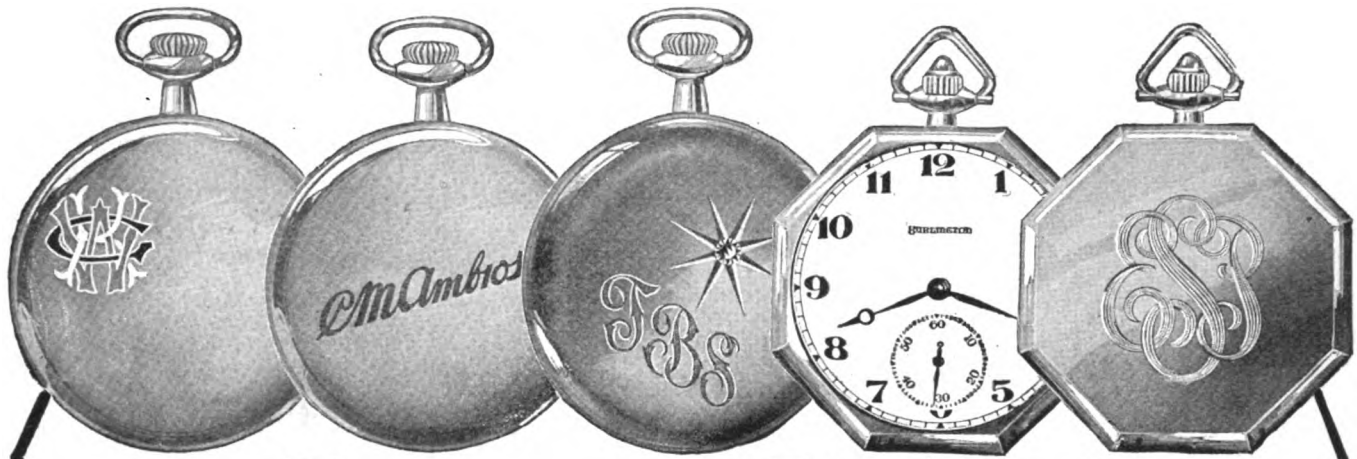
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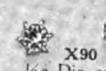
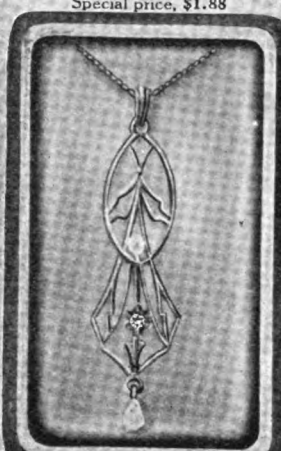






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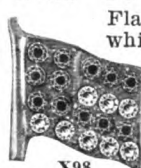
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(Three)



# THE FIRST, THE FOREMOST, THE LARGEST, THE BEST (of its kind) MOVING PICTURE PUBLICATION

IS THE



It was first published in January, 1911, and while often imitated has never been approached—neither in circulation, quality, nor in popularity. The May number will be out on Saturday, March 31, and it will be quite the best that has yet been turned out.

This beautiful painting of **ANITA STEWART** will appear on the cover. It is one of the finest pieces of work ever done by L. Sielke, Jr., designer of extraordinary covers. Just glance over some of these interesting articles that the next number will contain:

## THOSE AGGRAVATING ANIMATIONS

By H. Sibley, being the trials and tribulations of an animated cartoon artist. Six pages of sparkling text and dozens of pictures, showing just how those funny drawings that you see on the screen are made. Here's just one caption to one of the illustrations: "Instead of untying her dainty apron-strings, she undaintly scratched her back, and with a vigor that was shocking," which shows that the artist cannot always make his characters do what he wants them to—they are sometimes quite unmanageable.

## ODDITIES OF SCREEN MAKE-UP

By Carol Lee, showing how Warren Kerrigan, George Periolat, William Garwood, George Holt, Edith Storey and others make up for important parts.

## GERTRUDE ATHERTON SEES HER "MRS. BALFAME" IN THE MAKING FOR THE MOVIES

By Kilbourn Gordon. An interesting trip with the famous author who visits her old friend Nance O'Neil at the studio.

## PETS, FREAKISH AND OTHERWISE

By Roberta Courtlandt. Baby lions, young bears, pigs, tigers, snakes, monkeys, lizards, cats and bull pups are among the pets mentioned and pictured in this seven-page article, together with a dozen or more picture stars.

## GERALDINE FARRAR

Gives some good advice to stage and screen aspirants, and the author, Helen Batchelder Shute, has provided us with some snapshots of the famous singer in different roles and some as she appears in real life, and also one of Miss Farrar's parents, to illustrate the interview.

## A SNAPSHOT IMPRESSION OF CRANE WILBUR

Being some comments by Harry H. Poppe, inside and outside the camera-lines with this popular player.

## THE ADVENTURES OF JACKIE

By Pearl Gaddis. Seven snapshots of Miss Saunders were taken to illustrate these adventures, and you are sure to enjoy the article.

## LIVING YOUR CHARACTERS

By Wm. S. Hart. This is another article of the series entitled "How They Put It Over," showing how the players register their emotions.

The foregoing are merely samples—they do not give a fair idea of the endless variety of stories, pictures, verses, jokes, drawings, chats, and in fact everything that a picture patron could desire. And don't forget the *ANSWER MAN*. He has many imitators but no equals, and his supply of wit, wisdom and general information is endless and inexhaustible. Altogether the May number ought easily to be, as usual, "the best yet," so don't fail to order a copy in advance at your newsdealer's.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

## THE HANDSOME FACE OF FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

Will greet you on the newsstands everywhere, on and after April 15th, on the cover of the May *MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC*, and this handsomest of magazines is only 15 cents a copy. Listen to just a few of its interesting contents:

Ann Murdock, a Night and Day Star, by John Olden.

Thru the Eyes of an English Girl, in which Peggy Hyland talks entertainingly of her impressions of America. By Lillian Montanye.

Inside the Flickerville Bungalows. By Paul H. Downing.

Vampire Moments. A Flotilla of Sirens in action.

Out with the Location Man. From Alaska to Borneo with the man who locates the outdoor scenes. By Hector Ames.

And a dozen other feature stories, beautifully illustrated, besides the usual Gallery of Players, and departments.

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(Six)

# GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



MARC MAC DERMOTT (Vitagraph)





HELEN MARTEN  
(Vitagraph)





JUANITA HANSEN (Unity)





HELEN HOLMES  
(Mutual)



Photo by Witzel

ORA CAREW  
(Triangle)





HELEN HOLMES  
(Mutual)





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ANN MURDOCK  
(McClure)



GRACE DARMOND

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THEDA  
BARA  
(Fox)

Photo by Underwood & Underwood



DOROTHY DAVENPORT AS A BRIDE OF FORTY YEARS AGO

## "And Then They Were Married"

Screen Brides and Pictured Weddings That Charm and Thrill

By LILLIAN MAY

heart, but affairs of state, of social aspiration, of self-seeking, of convenience—because of family or financial troubles—romance is left out, forgotten. And, as for the story-books, no one expects them to "turn out well" nowadays. "A sad ending," we sigh, "but how true to life!"

appeared on the screen, she brought a lump to the throat of many of the older members of the audience,

If all this is true in real life, it is also true in screen marriages, for the screen shows us life as it is—the good and bad, the joy and the gloom—the cloud with the silver lining. We love the brides in the pictures, with their dainty bridal regalia. We smile, and perhaps wipe away a tear, and think tenderly of our own wedding celebration or the one we hope to have some day.

When Dorothy Davenport, in quaint, old-fashioned bridal costume,

**A**LL the world loves a lover, and all the world loves a bride. In days gone by every golden romance ended in a happy marriage, whether in real life or in story-books. If it was a story-book, we laid it aside with a sigh of satisfaction at the happy ending. If it was a real bride, we rejoiced in her happiness and expected her to live happily ever afterward. Perhaps she did, and perhaps she didn't, but in most cases she kept it to herself if the marriage state was not the paradise she expected it to be. But in most cases marriage

was an affair of the heart, the culmination of happy, girlish dreams, and they truly did live happily ever afterward.

Romance has not gone out of fashion, for love is still and will always be the greatest thing in the world. Love marriages, followed by lives of peace and happiness, are frequent. But too many are not affairs of the



IN "A WOMAN IN THE CASE" PAULINE FREDERICK SNARES HER VICTIM INTO MARRIAGE



recalling, as it did, their own wedding-day.

The play, "Black Friday," goes back to the financial panic in Wall Street in the early seventies. A special feature was made of every detail of the costumes for the play, especially for the bridal scene. Miss Davenport's gown of heavy white satin, with its tight-fitting basque, cascading skirt, and the veil which becomingly frames her piquant face, is fully as pleasing as any modern bridal array.

This bride (in the play) is a creature of visions and dreams. At the beginning of her married life she met with coldness and misunderstanding. But, after various vicissitudes, which she learnt to meet with loving, patient endeavor, she finds reconciliation and a belated happiness.

The guests have assembled, the hour of the ceremony approaches, and Jackie

but with his father, so, refusing to accept the sacrifice, he has gone. Of course, the end of the story is "and then they were married," and, let us hope, "lived happily ever afterward," for the father wasn't really old, and age is only a state of mind, anyhow!

Just one look at Francelia Billington's wedding-gown would make any girl long for one just like it. Could anything lovelier be conceived than the skirt of lace with over-drapery of lustrous silk, the darling, rose-trimmed waist? And isn't the long veil, crowned with orange-blossoms, an

MARRYING FOR MONEY, NOT LOVE, IS HARD FOR  
FRANCELIA BILLINGTON



JACKIE SAUNDERS IS ABOUT TO MARRY THE WRONG MAN

Saunders is about to be married (in "The Shrine of Happiness").

Her bridal gown is an exquisite creation of softest silk and priceless lace. Her filmy veil covers but does not conceal the lovely face beneath. Her attire and surroundings should delight the heart of any girl. But she doesn't look happy, and there's a reason. She is about to marry the son of the man she really loves—rather an unusual situation. She and the father are very much in love, but she has decided that the difference in age is too much and has promised to marry the son.

At the last moment a note is handed her saying that the bridegroom-to-be realizes that she is not in love with him,

adorable framing for the pretty face and golden curls beneath it?

She looks like a real bride, but she isn't—it is only "Her Wedding-Day" in the picture. Her mercenary mother tried to force her to marry a millionaire whom she did not love. But it transpired that the millionaire was a scamp. So the girl is free to marry the man she loves. So a happy bride dons the lovely wedding-gown this time



ELSIE JANE WILSON MARRIES FOR SOCIAL POSITION

(Sixteen)

NAZIMOVA, AS JOAN THE TRAGIC WAR-BRIDE



—a real love-story, with a happy ending.

Pauline Frederick's bridal gown is a model of good taste and costly simplicity. What a pity that it is worn by a scheming adventuress in "A Woman in the Case"!

Her expression, as she gazes raptly into the face of

wiles upon his dearest friend, who marries her secretly, only to repent in bitterness of spirit.

Miss Frederick is an artist in her rôle—she shows us how very bad a bad woman can be—so we take her as a warning, not as an example. And we know that if she can be so very, very bad (in pictures), she can also be very, very good, both in pictures and in real life.

There is no pretense about Elsie Jane Wilson—one would know her for a vampire bride. Not because she created the original vampire in Kipling's "A Fool There Was," or because she looks like one, but because of the unhappy, unwilling expression of the bridegroom's face.

It is a scene from "The Evil Women Do," a screen version of the story called "The Clique of Gold," by Emile Gaboriau. The play is produced by Julian Rupert, who is seen in the picture as the



CLEO MADISON'S MARRIAGE TO GEORGE LARKIN

the supposedly happy bridegroom-to-be, is perfect and quite befitting one so soon to take wifely vows. But, alas! things are not always what they seem. This beautiful gown, that should have graced the form of a happy bride, this lovely, trustful face, belong to a bold, bad woman. Foiled in her affair with one man, she exerts her

old French Count, whom the scheming adventuress induces to marry her.

He seems to be facing matrimony with fear and trembling, but it is only on the screen that he looks that way, for the vampire lady is his real wife, and in private life she isn't a vampire lady at all.

Cleo Madison's bridal veil is so very becoming, and she is such an ideal bride we can almost hear the strains of Lohengrin's wedding-march, "Here Comes the Bride!" Miss Madison's forte is strong, emotional work, and she is famous for her wonderful screen-tears, so a picture like this is rather rare. However, brides don't often weep on their wedding-day—anything but tears of joy, of course.

In "Trey o' Hearts" she takes three distinct parts—first as a wan and much

(Continued on page 66)



MARGUERITE CLARKE ON THE EVE OF HER WEDDING

(Seventeen)



# Their Canine Majesties

## A Dog-Tale

By PEARL GADDIS

THERE'S a certain proverb about every member of the canine family enjoying "one perfect day," but there are some very lucky members of this same family whose entire lives seem made up of perfect days. There are many mere mortals who could find heart to envy these haughty, supercilious animals, for—just think—they are pets of movie stars!

There's Beatriz Michelena, who has interpreted so many Bret Harte heroines. Beatriz owns a perfectly wonderful "Swiss chalet," perched high up in the mountains that encircle San Rafael, California. And the most highly prized object in this home is Nicholas II, a very famous Russian wolfhound, which is Miss Michelena's constant companion. Some

position for a dog—eh, what? Then there's Minta Durfee, the



RUTH  
ROLAND AND  
HER TOY DOG

slim, graceful, red-haired wife of Roscoe Arbuckle, and herself a dainty and popular comédienne. Minta owns a dog which is almost as big as she is and which can, on occasion, look exceedingly wild and ferocious. Ordinarily, his broad, high forehead is



BEATRIZ  
MICHELENA  
AND NICHOLAS II

MINTA DURFEE CALLS HIM "LUKE," AFTER WILFRED LUCAS



wrinkled with an air of boredom and his mouth is spread in a wide, infectious smile. (If I were a midnight marauder, and encountered this specimen of doghood, I'd want

(Eighteen)

him to smile, and smile widely, because "they" say that a dog doesn't bite when he's smiling—or is it when his tail is wagging that he is harmless?) Anyway, this dog's name is Luke, and he is named in honor of the man who presented him, a medium-sized, wrigglingly happy

puppy, to Miss Durfee—Wilfred Lucas, of Fine Arts.

Helen Holmes has a whole kennel full of dogs, but she happened to have her picture "took" with this woolly, good-natured, friendly-looking, white doggie, so we'll feature him. His name is

Buster, and he's the idol of his mistress' heart. He never bites, begs nor

steals, leaving such coarse, unrefined things for the three burly bulldogs who have the room next to him in the kennels. Altogether, Buster is a very well-behaved gentleman and well worthy of the honor conferred on him of having his picture published alongside his mistress, in a very affectionate attitude.

Virginia Pearson has two dogs—tiny, fluffy, snowy French poodles—which are forever at her heels when she is home. She solemnly avers that they sit on the front steps, when evening approaches, watching patiently for her arrival from the studio. No matter how cold it is, they keep their vigil until her arrival. (They shouldn't mind the cold, however, for their fine white fur-coats are very thick and warm—"and very, very stylish, my dear; white fur is all the rage, I assure you.")

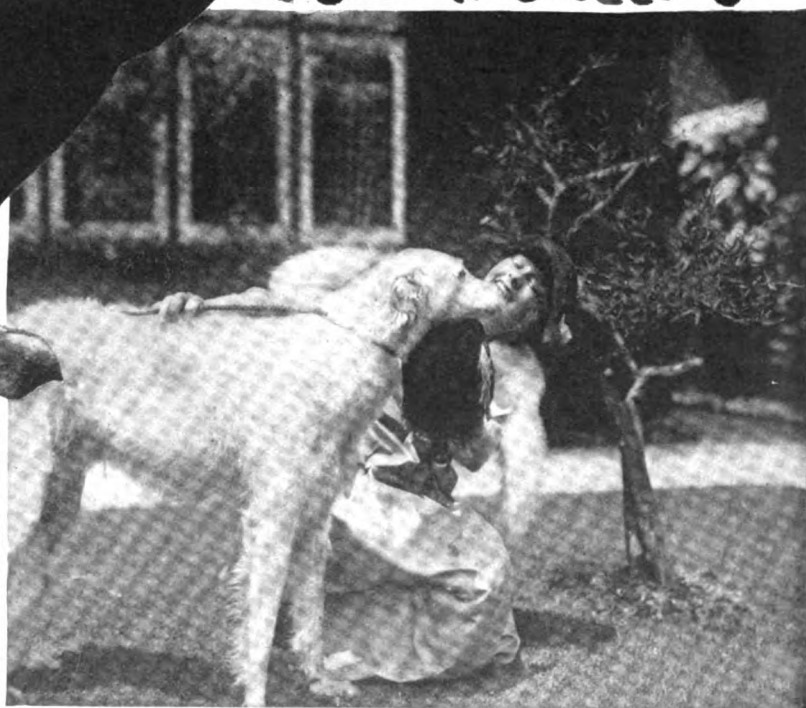
Ruth Roland solemnly assures you that the small white object which she is holding so affectionately is a dog and not a sheep, altho she admits, confidentially, that it does look rather more like a sheep than a dog. Still, he's very affectionate and seems to think the world and all of his mistress. Not that that's much of a test of intelligence, for almost any one in his place would feel likewise.

Theda Bara's Russian wolf-hound is almost as famous as his mistress, for nowadays one hardly takes up a trade publication without seeing some mention of the very beautiful animal.

It was this dog which recently bit little Jane Lee thru the nose as she was playing with him. Jane is, above all things, a "game little sport," and she refused, altogether, to



HELEN HOLMES FRISKING WITH BUSTER



LENORE ULRICH PAYING COURT TO HER RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND





VIRGINIA  
PEARSON  
READING FRENCH TO HER FRENCH POODLES

weep or go into hysterics over the wound. "He fought my nose was a frankfurter, muvver," she explained, as she was being rushed to the doctor. Miss Bara was heart-broken over the incident, and the dog himself did everything in his power to assure his small playmate of his grief at the accident, and to convince her that it was an accident, and that he was sorry he had "played so rough." Jane forgave him instantly, of course.

Vivian Martin's "Snookie" is a very

Louise Ulrich is another worshiper at the shrine of Russian wolf-hounds.



THEDA BARA AND HER WOLF HOUND

imagine that the girls in movies have a monopoly on the dog-market; they haven't at all. Mayhap, some day, if the light be good and the gods kind, I shall show you some masculine worshipers at this same shrine.



LOUISE HUFF AND HER POCKET-EDITION, "FLOPPIT"

proud, tho somewhat small, specimen of the genus dog. But Vivian explains that that just makes her love him all the more, because, since he is very small, there must be just twice as much affection for him to make up.

Louise Huff nurses lovingly something too small to be a dog, yet too large to be a germ. So it must be a dog. When she calls "Floppit," a long, shaggy tail wags steadily and frenziedly.

Miss Ulrich is very particular to whom she kneels, but then she, too, has a pet proverb which she preaches to all who will listen. It is, briefly, "Love me, love my dog!"

But you mustn't



VIVIAN MARTIN AND "SNOOKIE" OUT FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL

(Twenty)

# The Antiquity of Moving Pictures

By J. W. HARPER

**T**HIS pleasure-loving old world took quite a long while in expressing its desire for Motion Pictures—about four thousand years, to be exact. The ancient Egyptians were given to shadow-plays, and from his Persian garden the luxurious Omar sang:

Life, after all, is nothing but a magic shadow-show,  
Played in a box whose candle is the sun,  
Round which we phantom figures come and go.

Ninety-five years ago a lively audience of French people sat in a darkened theater in Paris and thrilled over a Motion Picture play.

They were the first real "movie fans."

When one recollects that photography was not perfected until 1839, or seventeen years after the first Moving Picture show, it is difficult to understand how this can be. The explanation is simple enough—photography played no part in the first Moving Pictures.

The same man whose discovery made it possible for you to keep among your cherished family treasures those queer little old daguerreotypes of grandfather and grandmother, invented the first Moving Picture. He did it quite a while before a bowl of mercury accidentally performed what he had been unable to do in two years' experimenting—develop an exposed plate and achieve the art of photography.

Where millions now say every twenty-four hours, "Let's go to the movies," back in 1822 scores used to say, "Let's go to the 'orama."

Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre, with a partner named Bouton, devised in 1822 what he termed the "Diorama" and every one abbreviated to "'orama." It made a hit with the fun-loving Parisians from the start, enabled Daguerre to make a considerable fortune and ultimately led him to discover photography. So that instead of the Motion Pictures owing their existence to photography, as is the common belief, photography really owes its existence to the Moving Picture.

Daguerre was a fairly good artist. He

devised a series of pictures painted on gauze and arranged on drops, not unlike the drop-curtains in a theater. The first picture, for example, would be of a man and a maid on the bank of a stream; the second would be of the man attempting to kiss the girl; the third, of the girl shoving the ardent wooer away; fourth, her shove is so violent that he falls into the water; fifth, in attempting to pull him out she is pulled in; sixth, both scramble out in wet and clinging garments; seventh, they embrace and forgive each other.

With the true artistic instinct, Daguerre darkened his theater and arranged his pictures, and with strong oil-lights—the calcium of 1822—he would light the first picture. Then he would dim the light slightly, lift the first picture and lower the other at the same time, put on the lights again, and so on thru a long series.

So cleverly did he work this bit of trickery with his paintings that the figures seemed actually to move; they dissolved from one position to another thru a proper sequence that told tragedy, comedy and straight drama. His "'orama" became so popular that the word was coined as a slang expression; thus an "'orama girl" would mean about the

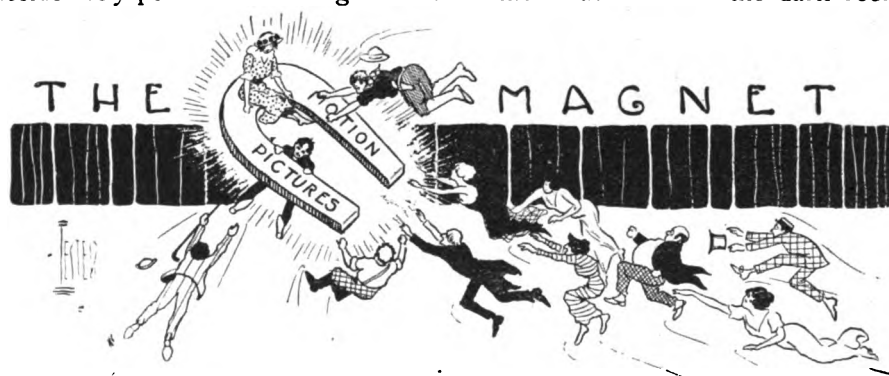
obscure, which was devised in the sixteenth century, and go out to get material. It was much like a camera of today without plates or films. Instead, there was oiled paper. The object was reflected thru the lens to the oiled paper, upside down, and traced by the operator with pencil, pen or colored crayons. With these for designs, Daguerre would make his paintings on gauze and work in his characters. But it was hard work; it kept him busy and worried all the time to supply enough "thrillers." Even then he had dreams of perfecting something that would show moving objects in a theater just as he could see them thru his camera obscura.

Finally he confided in a chemist. The chemist, knowing that asphaltum caught and held images and shades, advised the use of it. Daguerre used it on a silver plate, and could get the reflection of dim shapes, white monuments, and the like, but they soon faded. He worked a year at this during spare time, then learnt of chlorides and oxides of silver, and the effect of light upon them. He used to scrape each plate clean after trying it. Once, being busy after having exposed a plate thru the camera obscura with apparently no results, he put it aside. In the dark room, where he experimented,

there chanced to be a bowl of mercury. The fumes developed this plate. Daguerre saw the first photograph—trees, water, shadows, all as perfect as in nature. But, alas! it faded to a black mass when exposed to the light. First he worked until he learnt about the mercury, then tried to secure a "fixer,"

something to keep the pictures from fading in light. Salt did not work well, but a scientific man suggested trying hyposulphate of sodium. It worked so well that no other medium has since been used.

Later he tried paper negatives, but with no results until he accidentally placed them on some nut-galls. Presto! the picture was developed and pyrogallol acid for developer resulted. That was the start of real photography—the basic principle of the Motion Picture industry



same as "some chicken" with us today. Anything that was bright, funny, speedy and interesting was "'oramaized."

But Daguerre had his troubles quite like our Motion Picture exhibitors of today—he couldn't get enough good features to supply the demand. People wanted more and more new "Moving Pictures," and if he could have made a set a day he would have prospered and piled up a great fortune.

For subjects, and for good lifelike backgrounds, he used to take a camera





HAD MOTION PICTURES BEEN INVENTED EARLIER—?

of today. Naturally, Daguerre's diorama had narrow limitations. Yet it was actually the first Moving Picture.

But it was thirty-two years later before the first real camera-made Motion Picture was produced—to be exact, “cameras - made,” since twenty-nine cameras were used to make the twenty-nine separate pictures. These, pasted on a strip of cloth and moved rapidly, gave a Motion Picture.

This was in 1871—less than half a century ago—and today we are spending something like \$7,000,000 a day to see the “movies”!

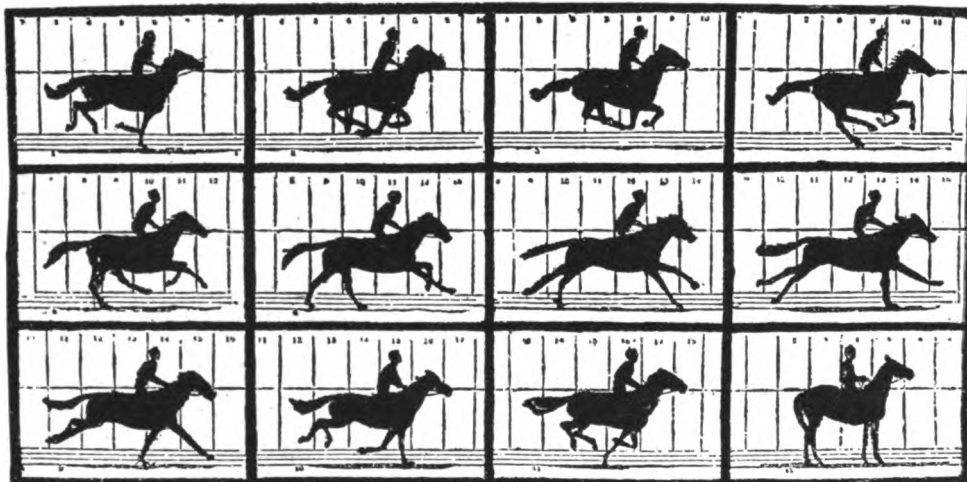
It is natural that the first camera-made Motion Picture should have been produced in California, where so many Motion Pictures are now made. However, it was due to no attempt to make Moving Pictures that they were made. Instead, it was due to an attempt to show a great lover of horses just what different positions a horse would get into when running.

A combination of horse-lover, inventive Englishman and criticized French artist worked out the Motion Pictures. The Englishman, named Muybridge, was an enthusiast in photography. Governor Leland Stanford was a lover of horse-flesh. Muybridge had a sort of experimental studio at the Stanford exercising track. It proved the world's first Motion Picture studio.

To learn every position of a running horse, that Governor Stanford might see and know more of his beloved horses, Muybridge hit upon the plan of painting the fence by the track white. Across the running track he set up twenty-nine cameras, each with an instantaneous shutter—that is, as instantaneous as they made them in 1871. To each camera-

shutter he attached a thread and ran it across the track to the fence.

Mounting a black horse, that it might be silhouetted against the fence, Muy-



THIS IS A REPRODUCTION OF THE FIRST CAMERA-MADE MOVING PICTURE, TAKEN BY MUYBRIDGE IN 1871. A SEPARATE CAMERA WAS USED FOR EACH NEGATIVE

bridge rode furiously over the track, and as the horse's breast struck each thread the shutter was operated and a picture

taken—twenty-nine in all, or not quite two feet of modern film.

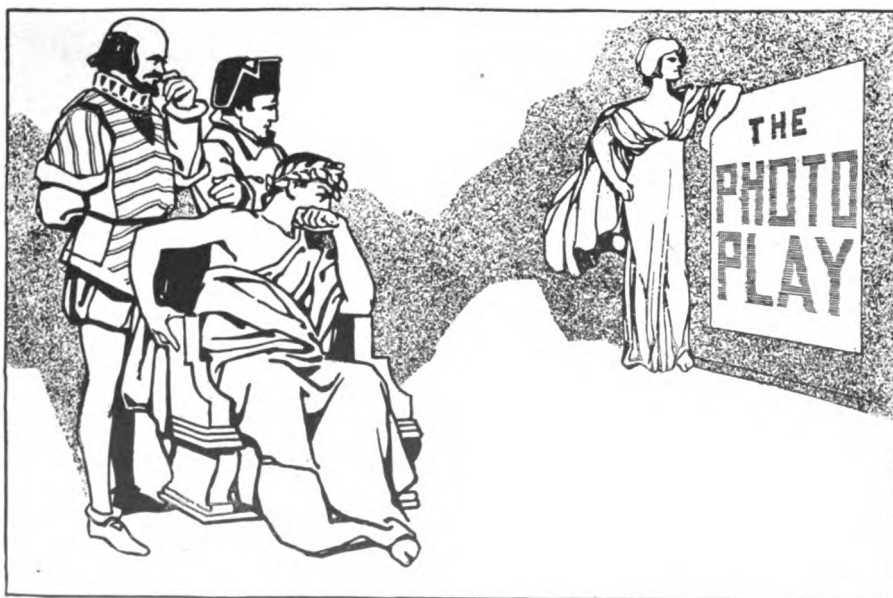
The first “camera-man,” then, was a black horse, since it was the horse who took his own pictures. Now, there had been great controversy over certain paintings of horses by artists. People declared that horses never got into the strange and awkward positions in which the artists depicted them.

One artist thus criticized was the great Meissonier. They said the horses he painted never could get into such positions. Meissonier had heard of some remarkable photographs of horses recently taken in California by a man named Muybridge. He secured prints of these and practically gave the first Motion Picture show from photographic prints. He assembled all his critics and showed them the twenty-nine prints. Still they were not convinced. Meissonier then arranged these prints on a strip of canvas and moved them rapidly past an opening in an illuminated box.

“Dieu!” exclaimed the critics, “the horse is actually running!” The critics then understood that Meissonier was right, and every one was happy.

The Muybridge method of taking Moving Pictures would scarcely work today, since it would take about fifty thousand cameras to make the average reel. However, it was the first step with a camera. But don't forget two things—that there were

Motion Pictures ninety-five years ago and that photography owes its birth and its first steps to the Motion Picture!

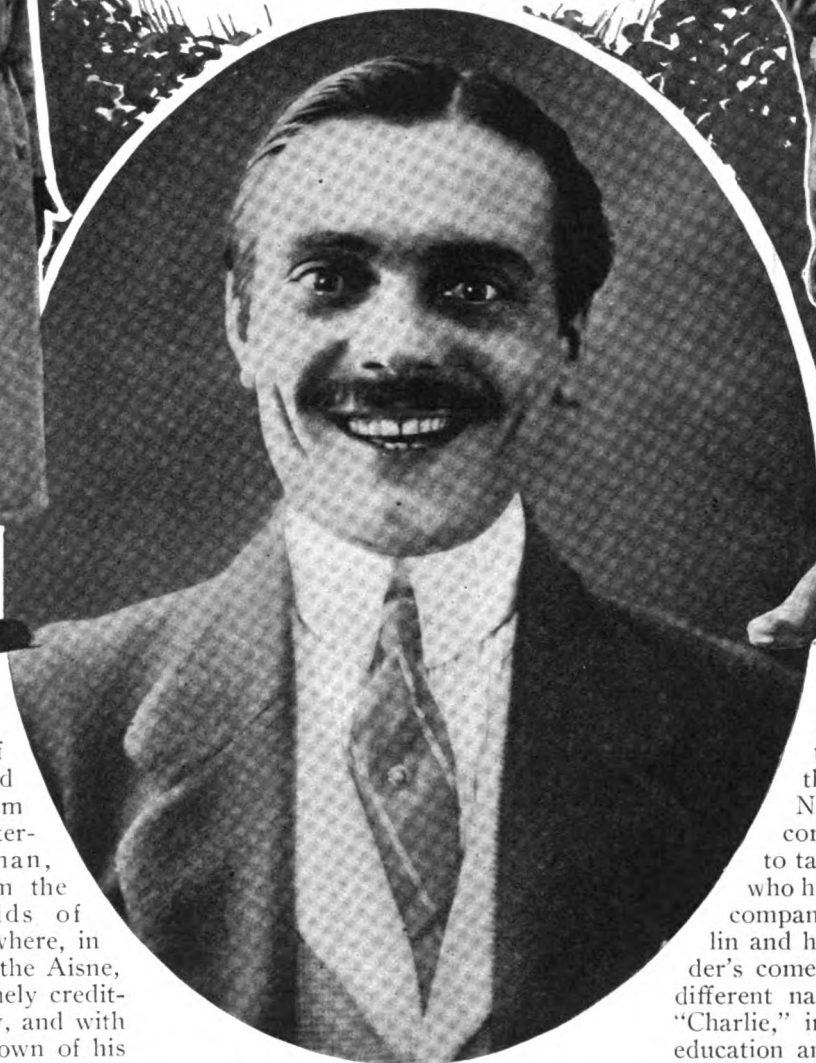


HOW CAESAR, SHAKESPEARE AND NAPOLEON WOULD HAVE ENJOYED IT!



# Max Linder, Soldier, Actor, Gentleman

By RHEA IRENE KIMBALL



UMAN dynamo of energy and enthusiasm is this interesting man, fresh from the battlefields of Europe, where, in

the battles of the Marne and the Aisne, he took an active and extremely creditable part. Wounded severely, and with a look back of the merry brown of his eyes that tells of gruesome, heartrending sights, he comes to take up the business of amusing the American people just where he left it in France before the beginning of the great conflict. He has signed a contract with Mr. Spoor, of the Essanay Company, for one year's fun-making before the camera.

Mr. Linder speaks only a little English, and I speak less French, so, when I saw him in his cheerful reception-room at his hotel, we resorted to the aid of his secretary to help us over the rough places—and they were many.

In appearance, Mr. Linder is very like his pictures, with perhaps a little of the merry twinkle gone from his eyes, which seem to look upon life and things in general with a sobered look, as tho they could never forget the vivid pictures the war-god has painted on the battlefields and

the subsequent suffering and sorrow. He is not tall, perhaps a trifle under medium height, beautifully dressed with an exquisite attention to detail, which last, the secretary informed me, "takes mooch work and baggage." They brought with them from Paris forty-six pieces of luggage! Mr. Linder said that even the artists at the studio considered this statement the work of a zealous press-agent until forty pairs of his shoes were taken to the studio to choose from in one play.

When I asked him if Chicago's well-known noise had troubled him, he bounced off his chair, and, with many resounding whacks on the table, graphically explained how the "bad noise" of the radiators had nearly driven him wild. He doesn't come in contact with the traffic noises, for his hotel is in the pleasantest

and most exclusive part of the extreme north shore, and the studio is not far away.

Naturally, with so eminent a comedian in our midst, arriving to take the place of the comedian who has recently flopped to another company, the subject of Mr. Chaplin and his work came up. Mr. Linder's comedy is, of course, of a vastly different nature from that of our own "Charlie," inasmuch as he has years of education and experience as a dramatic actor of prominence behind him. Mr. Linder is a graduate of an eminent French university, where he specialized in literature and dramatic art, and at the Conservatoire de Paris he took first prize in both those studies. He has played the legitimate drama with some of the best-known stars of the Continent, and finally took his place in comedy, feeling himself to be particularly adapted to that line of the work. There is a difference, too, in the type of play the two comedians use, Mr. Chaplin relying on his own worshiped personality and tricks peculiarly his own to put his pictures "across," while Mr. Linder uses a regularly constructed scenario, with an unbroken story and little of the so-called "slapstick." Mr. Linder greatly admires Mr. Chaplin, both for his skill as a comedian and for his exceptional business ability.





FORTY PAIRS OF SHOES AND AS MANY HATS WERE AMONG MAX LINDER'S WARDROBE

The studios here boast a much better equipment than those abroad. Of course, the Eastern studios rely almost entirely on artificial lighting for their interiors, while abroad daylight studios are used. The atmosphere and light of Italy, Mr. Linder says, are most ideal. The artificial lights here are so trying that Mr. Linder intends taking his company West at a near date.

He has a fund of thrilling and amusing anecdotes and stories relative to his experiences in the war. One which Mr. Linder thinks typical of the obedience of the French soldier, he told me in a queer, half-sad, half-merry mood. It seems one of the ordinary soldiers had done something strictly against the orders of his commander and was tried and sentenced to prison. The little encampment boasted no prison, so the captain decided they would have to use an old, dilapidated barn. The soldier was put therein, with neither lock nor latch to hold him, and told he was in prison and there he must stay. In the course of a short time the company was attacked by the enemy and retreated. The victors set fire to everything in sight, including the "prison," and, when the place was in flames, a portion of one of the walls fell in, revealing the prisoner. On being asked what he was doing there, he replied that he was a prisoner and that was his prison. Mr. Linder feels, of course, as do all good Frenchmen, that there can be only one outcome to the war, but he says it will last a long, long time. He served in the beginning of the Battle of the Marne, driving an armored car. On one mission to the fighting line his hand was hit by shots from a machine-gun. On arriving at the front on this particular mission, he found

that only twenty yards separated the belligerents. He was severely wounded below the right shoulder-blade in the battle of the Aisne. The surgeons who attended him told him that his was the only case of its kind wherein the patient recovered. Mr. Linder seems to know no fear; he entered a "combat des taureaux" (bull-fight) against some of the best-known matadors in Spain. In Barcelona, in 1912, he threw his animal against heavy odds and donated his portion of the proceeds of the event to charity.

Four years ago Mr. Linder bought a tract of ground near the Champs Elysées, in Paris, where he is now having built one of the most pretentious and beautiful theaters in the world. The decorations are done by master decorators in oil, and it is to be furnished in the exquisite fashion of Louis XVI. It is to be devoted to pictures, mostly American, for Mr. Linder says that our pictures are much more popular there than those made abroad, and then, too, it will be some time before there will be any made there. Mr. Linder says he has always noticed that, no matter how beautifully a theater may be decorated, the audience never has a chance to see it, entering, as is the custom, from the rear of the seats, so in the "Cinemax Linder" there are to be two entrances, one on each side of the stage. There is to be a grand staircase leading up from each entrance, meeting in a grand promenade at the back, behind which are ranged the boxes and above them the balcony. Between the two staircases are the orchestra seats. The prices will range from about twenty-five cents, in our money, to two dollars. There will be fountains and statuary on each side of the stage, and the theater will cost, when completed, one and one-half million dollars. Work is going on now, and word has just been received here by Mr. Linder that it will be ready for the public in a comparatively short time.

Mr. Linder is blessed with a winning personality and has the perfect, charming manners of the well-bred Continental. He possesses the happy faculty of rising above such a handicap as absolute unfamiliarity with the English language—you'd love to hear him say "'Scuse mee"—is unmarried, and adores children. All the kiddies at the hotel, by the way, are his staunch and true friends.



MAX IS VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE, AND HAS TO HAVE HIS MANICURING AND HAIRDRESSING STRICTLY À LA MODE



This story was written  
from the Mutual Photoplay  
of ARTHUR HENRY GOODEN,  
featuring MARY MILES MINTER

(American Film)

**T**HE Baxter family were holding a cabinet meeting in the library, and Mr. John Baxter was in the minority, as usual. His wife and daughter Ethel, a pretty, petulant girl in a soiled but expensive negligée, had the floor, and their remarks displayed entire unanimity of opinion. It occurred to the husband and father, listening gloomily, that women never agreed among themselves except on one thing, which was that they should unite in disagreeing with any and every member of the other sex.

"Really, John, I think you owe *something* to your family," Mrs. Baxter was saying fretfully. The words had a familiar sound. He had heard them on an average of twice a day during the twenty-five years of his married life. "Just as everything was coming about so beautifully, my name in the Sunday papers five times last month, and Ethel as good as engaged to the dear Count, and Arnold getting into the best set—"

"Where is Arnold this morning?" asked Baxter, suddenly. His heavy jaw grew

prominent, as when he was and his wife mestic signal

"He's still spoke coldly; has a head he is studying

"Studying!" Her husband brought a heavy fist down on the table. "It's the d—n money again! Nothing has been the same since we got it—it's spoiling us all! Another year, and Arnold would have passed his bar examinations—and here he is now, lolling about all day with a cigaret between his fingers and drinking half the night. I won't have it, I tell you! Much more, and I'll disinherit the boy!"

"Now, John, you know very well we were not discussing Arnold." Mrs. Baxter skilfully and firmly drew the conversation back to the grounds of complaint and reproach where she felt she had a firm footing. "We were talking about that girl—that *Intruder*." Her tone capitalized the word with disapproval. "Suppose she is Robert Jason's niece; he had a perfect right to disinherit her if he wanted to. And he had a perfect right to leave the money to *us* if he wanted to, and we are under no obligations to the

it always did annoyed, viewed the do-with dismay. asleep," she "the poor boy ache. I think too hard."

girl whatever. So why you should insist on her staying in this house is more than I can see."

John Baxter did not raise his eyes from the table. A slow flush touched his dark skin, and his thick, squat fingertips drummed a tattoo on his knees. "What's the matter with the girl?" he asked, curtly. "You women make me sick! She's a harmless, pretty little thing; why cant you let her alone?"

"No girl who is pretty can be harmless," said Ethel, sulkily. She dabbed at her eyes with a lace handkerchief. "She's out there in the sun-parlor this minute, making eyes at the Count—little cat! And he's probably making eyes back at her—he's such a poor, dear fool!"

Mrs. Baxter rose in alarm. "I'll send her down to the kitchen at once," she declared shrilly. "If your father wont protect his own family, I will."

"No, you dont." John Baxter's big bulk blocked the doorway. He was rarely authoritative in his own home, but when he spoke it was with a finality that even his wife had learnt to recognize. "Sylvia Merton is the niece of my best friend, and I will not see her turned out into the streets penniless. I have already arranged with Rebecca for her to keep the girl as her companion, and you will treat her courteously and considerately, understand that at once."

Ethel flounced from her chair and out of the room, with a tragedienne air con-



siderably marred by curl-papers. Mrs. Baxter bit her lip, cast a withering glance upon the impassive countenance of her husband and followed her daughter with little cluckings of maternal commiseration, much like an overwrought mother-hen. When the door had closed none too gently upon his women-folks, John Baxter sank into his chair heavily and let his great, square chin fall forward against his chest. He did not look like a villain, this stout, kindly featured, leonine old man, yet about his neck, invisible but a dragging weight, hung, like the albatross of the "Ancient Mariner," the memory of a wrong he had done two people, one living, one dead. The living victim of

a small brook, or a baby cooing, or a tiny wind blowing thru slim, young birch-trees. The Count felt for his mustache and smiled a dark, white-toothed smile of approval, quite as the wolf must have smiled on Red Ridinghood.

"Dont you think that might be a good arrangement?" queried Sylvia, demurely. "The nine tails, I mean—one for each of its lives, you know."

"*Ma foi*, but you are *délicieuse*!" exclaimed the Count, rapturously. He was

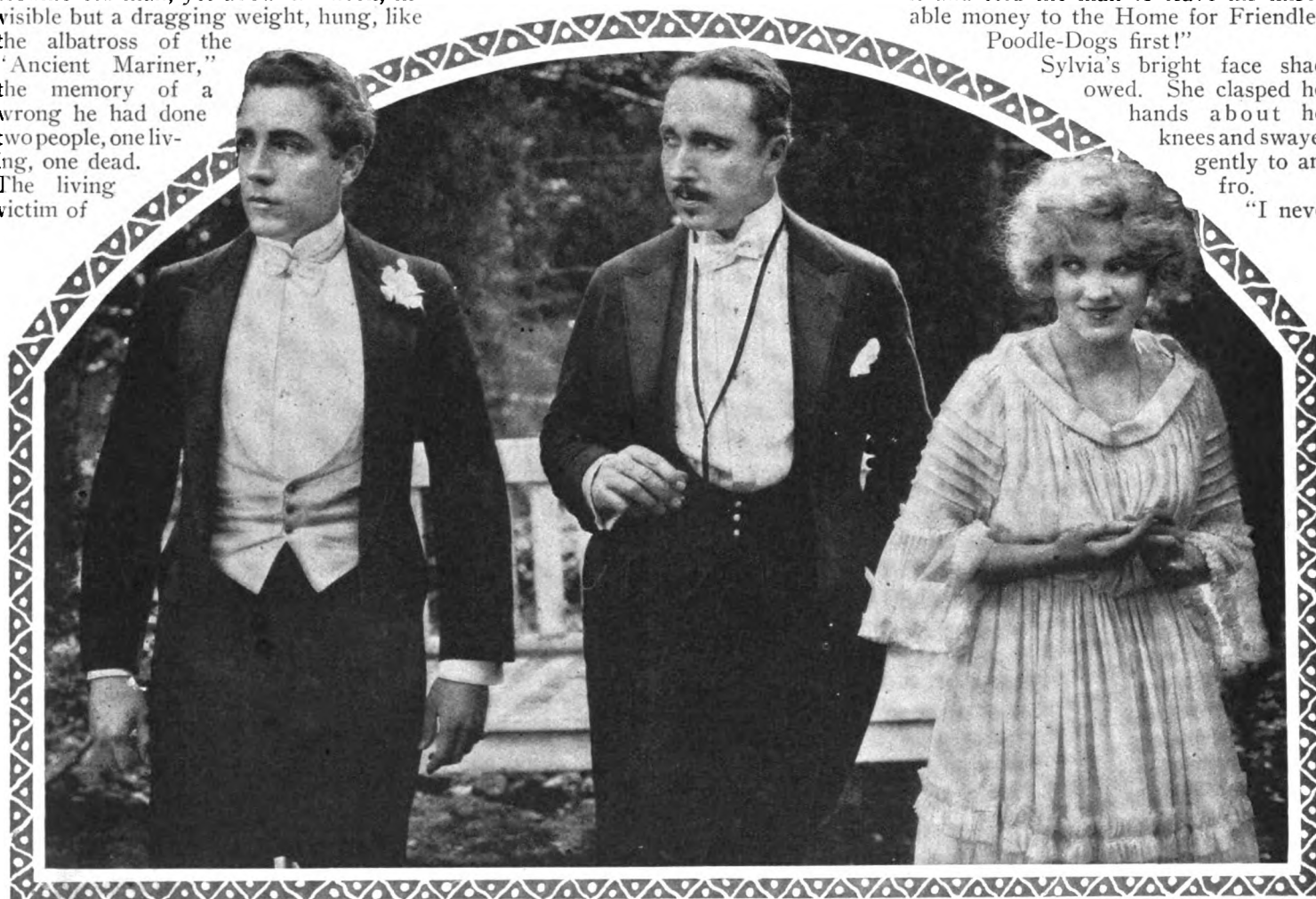
compromising as her ample carpet-slippers. "But, if you'd like to take a stroll, there's nothing to hinder, as I can see."

She watched the Count bow himself out with very ill grace, to be captured immediately by Ethel and led away to a determined flirtation in the garden.

"You can thank your lucky stars, child," she sniffed, "that Robert Jason cut you out of his will. If John had had a grain of common sense, he would have torn up that will as soon as he'd written it and told the man to leave his miserable money to the Home for Friendless Poodle-Dogs first!"

Sylvia's bright face shadowed. She clasped her hands about her knees and swayed gently to and fro.

"I never



"THOSE PRETTY LITTLE BABY-FACED MINXES CAN WIND YOU MEN AROUND THEIR FINGERS—"

the wrong sat now in the sun-parlor, as Ethel had surmised, and, as she had also surmised, the Count de Beaucaire was making eyes at her. But Sylvia was quite unconscious of this. Her entire gaze, very blue and candid and luminous, was upon the dried-apple countenance of Aunt Rebecca, who sat stiffly erect in the most uncomfortable chair in the room, knitting a very long, lean stocking of a dreary drab color and of yarn so durable that it seemed the prospective wearer might walk thru an entire lifetime encased in that one pair of stockings.

"Companion!" that lady was snorting vigorously, between clicks of her bone needles; "what on earth do I want of a companion? 'John,' I told him, 'I need one just exactly as much as a cat needs nine tails!'"

Sylvia giggled. Only very young things could make a noise like that giggle,

not forgetting that this enchanting miss, with her floating amber hair and azure gaze, was only a poor dependent of the household whose fortune he was confidently counting upon to remove some of the tarnish from his family title, but it was his habit to gather roses while he might. "Suppose we take—what you say—a stroll in the garden, no? The day is of a great beautifulness—"

Aunt Rebecca favored him with an acid glance. She disapproved of the Count in precisely the same fashion that she disapproved of dinner at night instead of noon, the awe-inspiring butler and the French chef and all the other innovations that her brother's new change in fortunes had brought about.

"I dont remember John saying anything about providing a companion for you, moosheer," she remarked. Aunt Rebecca's French was as flat and un-

thought about money till I hadn't any," she mused. "Of course, we were always poor, but, somehow, we got along, and we were *happy*!" Her eyes filmed. "But when mother died and there wasn't anything—" Suddenly she flung impetuous young arms about the old woman's neck. "Oh, it's so good of Mr. Baxter to let me stay!" she cried fervently. "You're all so kind to me! And I think I'm going to *love* to be a companion to you."

She surveyed Aunt Rebecca thoughtfully, head tilted to one side. A withered blush, surprised into being by the caress, struggled with her usual grimness, and an unwilling smile touched her thin lips.

"It's very becoming to you to smile," nodded the companion, "and I know I can do something to your hair that will make you look bee-utiful. Come on!"—

(Twenty-six)

she clapped her hands; "let's begin right away! There's—you'll excuse me if I sound impolite—there's quite a lot to be done!"

Sylvia Merton had been a member of the household for **only** three days, but for such a short **space** of time she had caused a remarkably large variety of emotions in the family. Of these she was entirely unconscious. John Baxter's uneasy glance, his wife's contempt, Ethel's unfriendliness made no more impression upon her than the oily admiration of the Count. Indeed, there were only two members of the family she had really noticed at all—Aunt Rebecca and Arnold, the son. It was of him she was thinking as she set out the dishes and filled the tea-kettle, a little later, for Aunt Rebecca's afternoon cup of tea. That tall, stumbling young figure in the moonlight, the uncertain steps on the stairs, the face that had met her glance when she peeped from her door, terrified at the early morning disturbance—Sylvia sighed as she bent over the alcohol wick, and the fumes rose remindingly to her nostrils.

"He had been—drinking," she mused, "but, somehow, he looked like a nice boy. When he saw me he seemed almost ashamed."

A knock on the door interrupted her thoughts, and there on the threshold stood the nice boy himself, looking very humble and absurdly young, and—yes, very much ashamed.

"I—er—I just dropped in to have a—cup of tea with Auntie," he explained, with an attempt at casualness. "You must be Miss Merton, I expect"—he held out his hand—"I'm Arnold Baxter."

"Oh, yes," Sylvia nodded, "I thought you must be, last night."

The boy flushed furiously. Rueful memory held up before his mind, like a looking-glass, the sorry spectacle he had made last night. But Aunt Rebecca's entrance saved a reply, altho it did not increase his ease.

"Why, *Arnold!*" she exclaimed bluntly. "What's bringing you here, for pity's sake?"

"He's come to tea," said Sylvia.

"Tea, humph!" ejaculated Aunt Rebecca, dryly. "Why, he was never in these rooms before! But sit down, boy; sit down, and dont stand there fidgiting! Maybe it would be a good thing for you to get into the habit of drinking *tea!*"

Sylvia bent above the cups, pretend-

ing, with a woman's swift intuition, not to see the angry red mount to Arnold's cheeks under the sharp sting of his aunt's words. The cup she handed him was sweetened with three lumps of sugar to express her sympathy, but it was no sweeter than the blue eyes and gentle smile above it.

"It's an awfully *friendly* thing, dont you think," she asked, "drinking tea?"

Just what he did not say after for many began to grow to every one ter spoke

Arnold thought then, nor there-days, altho it quite apparent else. Mrs. Baxter to her



"TEA — WHY, IN THESE

HE WAS NEVER ROOMS BEFORE!"

husband on the quently and follows the where she expression of a to be petted!" "Sometimes expect to see him wag his tail! It's perfectly ridiculous for a young man in his position to hang about a servant that way!"

"You know very well, my dear," said her husband gravely, "that Sylvia Merton is no more a servant than our own daughter, and you lower yourself when you treat her as one, not her."

"I dont know what you call it when a girl lives on charity, as she does!" snapped Mrs. Baxter, angrily. "She's

just trying to trap the poor, dear boy into some disgraceful scandal. Dont tell me I didn't warn you of it when it happens, that's all!"

"Mary"—John Baxter regarded his wife curiously—"you are a different woman since we got Jason's money—a different woman. We're all different. I hardly know us, these days. We're suspicious and grasping and petty and uncharitable, and it's all the fault of the money. Sometimes I think"—his great, gray head drooped dismally—"I think it was an evil day we got it, Mary, an evil day."

Mrs. Baxter brushed the words aside as too absurd to admit of discussion.

"There's another thing I wanted to talk about, John. The Count hasn't spoken yet—that is, not exactly—

but he's let it be known to Ethel that if she can bring two hundred thousand dollars dowry into his family, he will marry her." She forestalled the rising anger in her husband's look with a wave of her carefully manicured hands. "Now, dont tell me that's a good deal of money," she cried fretfully. "Of course it is, but a title comes high, and think what it will mean for me to be able to refer to 'My daughter, the Countess Beaucaire'!"

Long after she had left him, John Baxter sat, brooding over bitter thoughts.

"To buy a worthless husband for my girl, to make my wife a snob and my boy a drunkard—that's what I stole the money for!

Nothing good can come from evil; happiness cant be bought. It comes from a full heart, not a full purse—a sweet, warm heart like that little girl's."

The undercurrents of misery and selfishness in the Baxter family did not touch Sylvia's buoyant spirits. She was no more introspective than a ray of sunshine, which falls on all things alike; no more philosophical than the bird, which sings its little heart out in ecstasy because it cannot help its gladness. Sometimes, perhaps, her girl-soul felt the throes of strange, growing pains, as when she caught Arnold's eyes on her now and then with a look that made her heart trip strangely in the beating, but she would not let herself wonder nor question what the look meant or the heart-throbs confessed.

Then came a night when, with steady feet, she stepped across the boundary of girlhood to womanhood. Since that first time she had not been awakened from her dreams by slipshod feet on the



dark stairs, for Arnold had taken up his law studies with a new will, and his clubs and gay companions saw him but little.

But tonight, thru all the mufflings of her slumber, she heard, and sat up among her pillows, pressing her hands to her young breasts. Up, up the foot-steps groped, and now there was a sound of stumbling.

She sprang out of bed, flung a kimono about her shoulders and stepped into the hall. There was no time for planning or hesitation. No one must hear Arnold—no one but herself must know of his shame. Instinctively she guessed how their scorn would undermine his frail resolution and drive him, in defiance, into further dissipation.

At the sight of his face, white, with red-rimmed eyelids and sagging lips, and eyes queerly animal-like, she almost turned and fled back to her room—almost, not quite.

"Arnold, dont let's talk"—she strove for matter-of-factness. "Just take my arm so—that's right. Now quietly—we dont want any one to hear us, do we—dear?" His whole weight on her shoulder, she was leading him down the long hall. She felt his hot, tainted breath on her cheek. At last, the door of his room! She opened it softly, led him in and closed it. Panting, she leaned against it, the blue kimono stirred with her breath.

"Syl-via," said Arnold, thickly, "blest if—aint lil' Syl-via!"

She shivered at the look in his eyes, a look kin to that she had seen before as a fallen angel is kin to the purity of God. And now he was swaying toward her, and she felt his hands hot and greedy on her shoulders.

"Pret—pret-ty lil' girl—give me—kiss! C'm' on—don' be shy."

His lips were close to hers. She choked back the shame and pain in her heart and looked him clearly in the vague, staring eyes.

"Arnold, listen to me. I will kiss you tomorrow, if you like, not now. It will be our first kiss, dear—let's save it! When I was a little girl, I always left the frosting till the last to make it spend—"

Talking cheerfully, she released herself from the shameful hands and turned to go. Then the utter need of him drew her back. It was plain that he could do nothing for himself now. There was mother-compassion in the face that she lifted to him, mother-tenderness in the small hands on his sleeve.

"Want me to help take off your things?" she asked him gently. "Poor boy—oh, poor, dear boy, you break my heart in two!"

The Baxter family were holding another cabinet meeting in the library. John Baxter, a curiously pasty tinge to his heavy face, sat hunched in his chair,

studying the brown splotches on the backs of his hairy hands, and, by his obdurate silence whipping his wife into a frenzy of exasperation.

"I tell you I saw her with my own eyes, coming out of his room at three o'clock this morning!" she cried. "John Baxter, you owe it to your family to turn that creature out of this house! How you can expect your wife and daughter to live under the same roof as a—a—"

"Mary!" She flinched from his tone and began to cry weakly.

"Oh, I know you're on her side! These pretty little baby-faced minxes can wind you men around their fingers—"

"I saw her in the garden with Arnold and the Count yesterday evening," interpolated Ethel, gritting her teeth. "It will be nice for me, wont it, if I should lose Beaucaire now! Maybe the papers



"WANT ME TO HELP TAKE OFF YOUR THINGS? YOU BREAK MY HEART IN TWO!"

wouldn't make fun of us! We couldn't hold up our heads again."

"Do you want me to turn Arnold out of the house?" John Baxter's jaw stood out in a grim ridge under his flabby jowls. "Shame to him, I say, if the sweet little girl has come to harm in our house—shame to you for not taking better care of her—shame to me for spoiling our lives with the curse of money that doesn't belong to us—"

"John! John! The servants will hear!" His wife caught at his arm in terror. "What are you going to do? Ethel, your father means to ruin us all!"

"No, Mary; I mean to save us all, if there is still time," John Baxter said quietly. He turned to the butler, who answered the bell, and his voice rang like a trumpet.

"Richards, kindly tell Miss Rebecca and Miss Sylvia I would like to see them in the library at once," he directed; "also Mr. Arnold and the Count de Beaucaire."

His wife and daughter looked on helplessly. Intuitively they realized it would be useless to protest or plead with this

new John Baxter, whom they hardly knew. They clung together, whimpering, but not too spiritless to freeze Sylvia when she came into the room a moment later beside Aunt Rebecca. The girl did not glance at them. She was quite pale and started nervously when John Baxter went to her and took her hands in his.

"Dont worry, little girl," he said; "everything's going to be all right."

He turned and swept the room with his glance.

"Everybody here? Well, I'm not going to beat about the bush. I'm not going to hide behind whining excuses or big words. I called you all in here to tell you that I'm a thief—the common garden variety of thief, at that. Robert Jason's money doesn't belong to me. He left it to this little girl here, and I burnt up the second will."

The room was very still, with the tremulous silence that comes after an explosion. Only Aunt Rebecca, sitting upright in her chair, knitted placidly on, the long, lank, gray stocking dangling from her hand.

"You may as well get it all off your mind, brother," she said calmly. "There's no sense bottling up a mistake where it 'll work an' ferment like a bottle of spoiled preserves."

"It was for Mary's sake and the children's—but I'm not trying to let myself out." John Baxter's voice shook shrilly, like a reed in the wind. "I wanted to be rich, too. Jason had promised us the money, and we all got to counting on it, and when he told me he'd changed his mind and was going to leave it to his sister's girl, after all—well, I was all struck in a heap, as you might say. And then, just after he signed the new will, he died. There was an open fire in the grate. I didn't stop to think—I just flung the will into it and watched it burn. And God knows I haven't had a peaceful moment since till now."

He bowed his gray head on his chest. "Well, I guess that's all I had to say."

"But it isn't all I've got to say!" His wife was at his side, clutching his great, lax hand to her breast, the tears running down her cheeks. "John, it was all my fault—every bit mine! I nagged you for years because I couldn't have things I wanted—I drove you to it. Oh, my dear, my dear!"

"It was my fault, too!" Ethel wrung her hands. "I wanted new dresses and parties and balls! Oh! and now I *hate* them. Father, darling father, dont look that way! We're proud of you—Arnold, quick! Say you're proud!"

"I'm proud of you, Dad," the son said, rather unsteadily, "but I'm ashamed of myself down to the ground."

He turned to Sylvia, standing a little apart from the family group, meeting her steady glance with wretched eyes. "Last night I came home drunk as a lord, and she, Sylvia here, helped me to my room so you wouldn't any of you know what a beast I was! And that

(Twenty-eight)



isn't all! I—I insulted her! Insulted the girl I love—my God!" He passed a hand across his eyes, as if to wipe out some dreadful vision. "If whisky can make a man do that, I'll never touch a drop again so long as I live, God helping me——"

"And me helping you, Arnold," Sylvia cried softly. "Don't you want me to help you, too?" She faced the room at her lover's side. "Money! Who cares about money?" she scorned. "We'll all share alike—that isn't the important thing!"

She lifted her face to Arnold's longing

"I PROMISED YOU SHOULD KISS  
ME TODAY. I'M—I'M  
WAITING——"

glance, proudly, before them all. "Dear, I promised you should kiss me today," she said. "I'm—I'm waiting——" Over her knitting Aunt Rebecca's glance traveled about the room, satisfaction gleaming behind the wide lenses of her spectacles. The Count Alec de Beaucaire had disappeared.

"Good riddance!" sniffed the old lady acidly. Then her grim look softened.

"Thank goodness, we're poor enough to afford to love each other, after all!" said Aunt Rebecca. "Pull one and over three!"

## NOTES OF THE SCREEN WORLD

"With malice toward none."

By E. W. TEITZEL

**A**LL bricks used in the Penn comedies are manufactured especially for the purpose by the Dreamless Sleep Mattress Company.

Miss Taka Dare was hostess to her fellow-players at a dinner Saturday night to celebrate her one-thousandth rescue from what apparently was certain death.

Miss Bessie estimates that Garter, her giant python, has crawled 1,624 miles while acting in jungle pictures.

Dick Oakhurst, whose specialty with the Thrillers Film Company is holding up trains, comes by his avocation naturally, having been employed in like capacity at numerous weddings in his youth.

(Twenty-nine)

"Army" Pastor, the famous exponent of duck-foot comedy, is confined to his room by a badly lacerated scalp, due to the fact that some one slipped a genuine plate among those used as missiles in the latest Pastor production.

The Snigglefritz Bakery has retired from the retail business, having been awarded a year's contract to furnish pies for the Pseudo comedies.

J. Scott Spoof, the well-known actor-director, apparently suffers no inconvenience from the operation to which he submitted in order to lend realism to his rôle of The Headless Horseman in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Henry T. Montague, Rectangle's well-known leading man, made his first stage appearance in stock productions, notably as the tonneau of the heifer in "Evangeline."

Percy Ingersoll, whose villains are the most thrilling on the present-day screen, has filed suit against a well-known critic, alleging that he was referred to in the defendant's newspaper as a "cinema player." In his petition Mr. Ingersoll states emphatically that while he has always been cast in heavy parts, he has refused to play objectionable rôles.



# Four Leading Emotional Queens of the Month



LOUISE GLAUM (INCE)



OLGA GREY (FINE ARTS)



PATSY DE FORREST (VITAGRAPH)



Photo by National

EDITH STOREY (VITAGRAPH)

(Thirty)

# Making Love in California

By PAUL H. DOWLING

I SAT down in a soft chair in front of the fireplace a few evenings ago and meditated for about an hour and a half, trying to think of something easier than getting paid a fancy salary to make love to a pretty girl in a romantic spot in California. The thoughts that were conjured up by the idea of making love in California would have made a writer of love-stories for the *Ladies' Home Journal* gnash her teeth with jealousy. There were visions of palm- and rose-bordered walks thru luxuriant gardens—usually by moonlight, but sometimes in the sunshine, because that generally photographs better. Or perhaps it is Christmas-time and raining, and the hero and heroine are making

love under the high-power lights in the studio.

Other visions come before the mind's eye, of motor rides down long avenues bordered by eucalyptus trees; roads which wind down from the foothills to the sea, and then along the seashore and up into a canyon where our road climbs again, and we come up to a promontory looking out over the broad expanse of the Pacific, lying resplendent



JACK DEAN IS A PERPETUAL LOVER OF FANNIE WARD

in the glow of the late afternoon sun. The shadows lengthen, and the brilliant blue of the sky and sea fades into a purple and then to black, while the rays of the rich yellow moon fall in a broad ribbon of light out of the purple sky and along the rippling waves. Into the enchanted scene comes a boat bearing our lover and beloved, standing hand-in-hand in the silver light, framing a picture against a mystic background that speaks volumes of love.

But pardon. I forgot I had intended to write about people, rather than prop and scene plots.

The more I thought, the nearer I came to the conclusion that the wages of a Moving Picture hero in our fair Southland are not all contained in his pay envelope. There are other compensations and added efforts for his



CRANE WILBUR MAKES LOVE ANYWHERE



MARIE DORO AND ELLIOTT DEXTER MAKE LOVE ON AND OFF THE SCREEN  
(Thirty-one)





WALLACE REID AND CLEO RIDGELY ARE LOVE-GRADUATES

But are the additional remunerations all pleasurable? Is it always pleasant to make love to one's heroine, when one's heroine happens to be one's wife, or perhaps one's deadly rival in the guise of the supposedly love-inspiring co-star?

Jack Dean was asked for testimony on the question of whether it is easier to make love in the movies to one's own wife or to some one else. Of course we wouldn't have expected Mr. Dean to be so polite as to say that it is easier to make love to some one else than one's

know that Fannie Ward and Jack Dean's love-making scenes are not far removed from the Lasky lot in Hollywood.

Returning again to our weighty question. On the other hand, we find the testimony of Wallie Reid decidedly contradictory to that which has been offered by the two former gentlemen. Wallace Reid is our idea of an ardent California lover. In a well-decorated parlor, on the beach sands, or by a rippling mountain stream as we see him here, Wallie can turn on the bill-and-coo business with about one hundred per cent. of efficiency. Cleo Ridgely comes back as an A Number One recipient of Wallace's attentions.

However, considering the high cost of limousines and so many other things this year, we should not worry over such a thing as whether it is easier to make love to one's wife than to one's sweetheart, or somebody else's, or a third party. It's all well enough with the proper surroundings and the necessary



HAROLD LOCKWOOD CAN LOOK INTO THE FAR-AWAY—OR INTO HER EYES



LEONARD SHUMWAY IS TAKING A CHANCE

wife; but, at any rate, what he actually did say was that it was easier to make love to one's wife than to some one else, because one's wife in the latter case might be looking on, and that would make it rather difficult. The motion was seconded by Elliott Dexter, who, it appears, often appears in love-scenes opposite his wife, Marie Doro.

But returning to Fannie Ward and Jack Dean. By the looks of the picture and the Nubian slave in the background, the scene from "The Years of the Locust" might well be Egypt or India; but it is undoubtedly love-making in California nevertheless, for we all

adjunct of the weekly pay envelope. By the way, does the thought of the pay envelope at the end of each week spoil the zest of the filmland love-making? When one is a finished actor it does not, of course. Our actors and actresses should be able to make love with as much zest as they fall from cliffs, or leap out of burning buildings, or any of the other trifling things required in the day's work.

The vision in our mind's eye cuts back to another scene. We find our hero and heroine, clad in hunting costumes, strolling over the wildest of mountain ranges. They meet on the top of a peak that looks out over a broad sweep of the State. Side by side, they sit where the ridges drop away on either side of them, and gaze out over valleys which are dotted with orange-groves, vineyards and grain-fields, then farther out where

(Thirty-two)

another range of mountains drops away in a dim blue haze into the far distance.

He who plays the hunter-lover in our picture is Harold Lockwood, and the Diana of the chase, carrying a twelve-gauge shotgun as she strides along in serviceable mountain boots, is May Allison.

The potentiality of a baby or a dog for love-making is greater than a walk in the moonlight, says a noted psychologist. If a man meets a girl who is leading a dog, the love-part comes natural. First the man pets the dog, and then the girl pets the dog, and then they talk a lot of foolishness about the dog, and then their hands meet and it is all over—or, rather, auspiciously begun, which is the same thing. It is the same way with a baby. Ever see a flirtation between a man and a woman in a street-car start over a baby which some third party was carrying? It happens every day. They both smile at the baby and then at each other, and pretty soon Cupid has to go and replenish his stock of arrows, for they have all been shot. So, the baby and the dog always have their place in love-making scenes on the screen.



CLARA WILLIAMS AND BILL DESMOND LOSE THEIR APPETITES WHEN LOVE ENTERS

Like as not in the story, the uncouth lover, instead of grabbing the girl and telling her all about it, is explaining something about the chicken-yard across the way. Then, when his courage fails him completely, he leaps on his horse and rides off, without ever having come to the point, and the girl is disappointed, of course. The man kicks his horse in the literal sense, and himself figuratively, all the way down the road for not having had the gumption to speak his mind. But he is a courageous man only when dealing with men, and the winsome little girl completely floors him. Bill Hart can get away with that rough-and-ready type of lover better than anybody else we can think of.

Bessie Barriscale is playing the mountain girl in "Bawbs of the Blue Ridge," and Arthur Shirley is making love to her. We don't know how Arthur Shirley feels about it, but we feel perfectly sure that if we ran across Bawbs, or



ARTHUR SHIRLEY FEELS EVERY BIT OF IT

This business of making love over dogs and babies is all right, but when it comes to a case of "Love me, love my lion," I don't know but what I should just as well prefer rushing props as being an actor. If any one is going to make love to Marie Walcamp in the movies, he might as well make up his mind to fondle a mess of lions, jump off boats and trains and other things. At any rate, L. C. Shumway doesn't mind very much the handicaps of such wooing, as long as the animal-man has given the lion enough raw meat beforehand, so that the hero can go thru the whispering-in-the-ear stuff without fear that Leo—or Mrs. Leo—will interrupt the proceedings.

Down there at Culver City, where the Ince forces stage battles and love-scenes with equal *sang froid*, there are a great lot of open sunshine and a big roomy place for the wooing business. We have seen William S. Hart in a costume which was a little less seedy than this. In fact, he has been known to appear in certain love-scenes in a regular soup-and-fish outfit. He is in a love-scene here with Alma Reubens. It doesn't look much like it, but that is cowboy style.



WILLIAM S. HART IS OFTEN SHY—ESPECIALLY WITH ALMA REUBENS



Bessie, or whoever she is in the story, out by the lonesome pine in Arkansas—or Kentucky, more properly—we shouldn't hesitate very long to make known the fact that we were particularly charmed by the portion of the landscape to which she is lending enchantment.

Bill Desmond, making love to Clara Williams in "The Criminal," and Jerome Storm, going thru the same operation before Margery Wilson in another Ince-Triangle picture, must have an awfully easy time of it, in our opinion. We have never been a Moving Picture actor and have never had an opportunity to say those three familiar words to any of the Moving Picture actresses, but it looks easy at least.

Anything about love-making in California could not be complete without Mae Marsh and Robert Harron. Those of us who followed the little, modern

as the Boy. The same spirit of youthful love is seen in "The Wharf Rat," the latest vehicle for the Griffith juveniles. The kind of thing which Mae Marsh expressed in "The Clansman" and in "Intolerance"—the finer shades of artistry in emotionalism—which is partly direction and partly remarkable acting, we may expect to see in future pictures in which this captivating young lady is featured.

Making love to a heroine while balanced precariously on a rock in midstream, or in the center of a pool in a sunken garden, is not our idea of the best mode of doing the same thing. But perhaps in the story



MARGERY WILSON AND JEROME STORM NEVER HAVE ANY BAD AFTER-EFFECTS FROM THEIR HEART-ACHES



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE DOESN'T ALWAYS RUN SMOOTH WITH MAE MARSH AND ROBERT HARRON

love-story in "Intolerance" know how we felt on seeing those charming bits of emotional acting by Mae Marsh as the Girl, and, opposite her, Robert Harron

which Crane Wilbur wrote and appeared in, there was a good and sufficient reason for doing just that. I suppose added zest or double bliss is given to a

screen lover if he can have his say in a rocking boat, on the edge of a waterfall—but most of us stick to the parlor variety. At all events, Crane Wilbur makes an ardent enough screen lover under any circumstances and in all locations, be they in the romantic outdoor places of Southern California or in the sets at the Horsley lot on a drizzly day in late February—for, deny it as the Californians will, it occasionally rains in the Golden State, and the romantic love-making of the screen stars must be done in the glass-roofed, electric-lighted, storm-proof studio.

## A FILM FAN'S FAVORITES

By EMMA STEWART CARD

When Jimmie, my office boy, dons overcoat and hat,  
Removes his office chewing-gum and kicks the office cat;  
And Miss La Rue, the typist, puts her note-book out of sight,  
Gathers up the evening mail and calls a curt "Good-night!"—

I know it's six. The day is done—the clouds of gloom hang low;  
I 'phone Friend Wife that I'll be late. I'm going to the show.  
That doesn't sound mysterious, like "I gotta meet a man."  
She never gets suspicious, I'm a "Moving Picture Fan."

I like to get away from work and watch the little queens  
That flit in airy, fairy ways across the movie screens.  
Which is my choice? I hardly know. They all are stars to me.  
The heroes look about the same. The ladies? Lemme see—

In snowy ruffles, crinoline, hoop-skirt and pantalet,  
Miss Lillian Gish is all the rage—one great big hit, and yet  
This winsome belle of "Sixty-one," appealing and demure,  
Stirs old romantic feelings that I thought were dead for sure.

Mac Murray in "To Have and Hold"—such fetching, childlike ways!  
I kept a-wishing I had lived in Indian-fighting days.  
Then, sealskin coats and Easter hats were not a crying need,  
When every settler for Friend Wife paid pounds of the "vile weed."

The gude folk of the Auld Licht Kirk held Bab in much alarm;  
She bewitched their "Little Minister" with captivating charm.  
Bonnie Clara Kimball Young, sae wistful, sae carefree,  
Was great as naughty gypsy Bab, sweet maid of Romany.

Anita Stewart, Fannie Ward, Blanche Sweet, I much admire,  
And of Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce, Pearl White, I never tire.  
In the eerie realm of filmdom, all are witching little queens,  
And I love to see 'em chasing hearts across the magic screens.

For when I watch the movies I forget 'most all my ills—  
The wear and tear, the grind of life, and all those unpaid bills;  
The gray has left my temples, and I feel my heart aglow—  
Gee! I aint had such emotions since I first read Ivanhoe!

(Thirty-four)

# The Cut-Back

How a Star Deserted the Girl and Became Wedded to His Art

By H. H. VAN LOAN

HOBART HENLEY



HE was a paint salesman in those days, and he rushed up and down New England with a small grip, a bunch of samples and a jolly disposition. His only object in life was to try to convince the wholesale and retail merchants that "Redman's" was the logical liquid for every man, woman and child—who owned property. He was pretty successful, too, for his handsome face, coupled with his smooth tongue and pleasing personality, had managed to get his paint splattered over every house, barn, fence, chicken-coop, and everything else that would hold it, in the gooseberry confederacy. The merchants



He had heard it said repeatedly that she was an inspiration, but he failed to see just how she could benefit a man who was trying to sell paint to ruralites. When it came to sentiment he concluded he was endowed with the usual allowance—he could sit up all night with a sick friend, and his bill-book flapped open to every hard-luck tale. But a marriage ceremony was as depressing to him as the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians read by a dramatic preacher in a village church on a rainy Sunday morning.

But something happened one day that turned the world upside-down and left him in a daze, with a peculiar palpitation between the third and fourth ribs. It happened out there in the Black Falls country, not far from Flagstaff, where he had gone to get the paint smell from his



HEAVY EMOTIONAL RÔLES ARE HOBART HENLEY'S

FORTE—WITH AN OCCASIONAL LIGHTER TOUCH

all liked him, and not only did he get their money, but they shoved in their friendship with it, as a sort of coupon that went with every purchase. Some of those ginks didn't need paint any more than they needed the Panama Canal to conduct their business, but they bought it because they thought he would be offended if they didn't. They liked him because he didn't breeze into town with a bunch of old jokes and a crowd of city slang. He came in naturally, belonged to the same species they did, and scratched the "sky stuff" from his program.

When he mingled with the store-keepers he unbuttoned the flap on his hip pocket, where he carried his "green pictures" and his railroad ticket, and

never counted his change. He knew the name of every hotel clerk, ticket agent, bus-driver, telephone operator and policeman from Stamford to Boston, and could tell you if they were single or married and the limit of their resources. They called him "Mister," and he picked them up by their nicknames.

Now this chap had never known a great deal about pure, undiluted affection during all of those years which were so crowded with color. He believed woman was a much-needed institution, and he actually admitted she was the mainstay, the actual structure which supported some men. There was no doubt she was to some men what sugar is to coffee.

It happened to pass his camp one day, and it had a pair of big, beautiful brown eyes and a wonderful mass of wavy, brown hair. She had a complexion as fair as the ones he had read about in fascinating novels and seen in Broadway show-houses. He never believed she existed, except in fiction. Her eyes were the sort that make a fellow forget just where he left off with everything, and cause him to start his program from that moment. The touch of red in her lips, the delicate hands and the fine curves to her figure made her the most wonderful girl he had ever seen. She had passed on horseback as he was cooking a meal over his crude camp-fire, and the result was a rabbit burned at the stake.





UNDER STRESS  
OF EMOTION HIS SIX FEET OF MUSCLE IS CONVINCING

Leaving the camp, he wandered into town without even stopping for his hat and coat, and he never stopped until he learnt that her name was Corine Matthews, and that her father was none other than John D. Matthews, who owned practically every foot of land from Flagstaff to La Lumas and whose mines furnished employment to the entire population of the little Arizona town.

There wasn't much, socially, to La Lumas, but what there was centered around this beautiful girl, who was loved by the entire community. She was one of those girls who spent most of her time organizing charitable bazaars for destitute Belgians, and the only thing that kept her from Europe and the Red Cross was the fact that she was the sole comfort of her father after her mother died.

He met her at one of the regular weekly dances in the town hall, about a week afterwards. It was the biggest night in his life. She smiled as he grasped her hand and she listened to his humorous accounts of a traveling paint-salesman. She was impressed with his clean-cut features and his frankness. He was different, too.

The whole world changed, to him, in the twinkling of an eye. He never realized the beauty of the mountains, the hills, the valleys and the streams until now. The sun seemed to have improved its golden hue; the shades of the green grass were much softer and more soothing; the trees stood out in their majestic splendor. It was a wonderful world, and he was mighty grateful for being allowed the privilege just to live. He discovered the world was just crammed jammed full of romance, and there seemed to be

more music in the notes of a bird than there was in a dozen Broadway cabarets. Just what caused this remarkable change he didn't know and didn't seem to care. All he knew was that he was the happiest man in the world, and that was quite sufficient.

During the remainder of his stay in the Black Falls district he spent most of his time in the company of Corine. They went riding together, boating together and fishing together. He met her father, and the stern old man took a fancy to him immediately. There was nothing remarkable about this, for a chap who could sell paint in a small town ought to be able to get by in any crowd.

When he went back East he carried in his inside coat pocket a beautiful photograph of Corine, and across the corner of it was written something about being "Always Yours." She took him to the train in her limousine, and her footman carried his baggage to the limited. And as he stood on the observation platform he saw her raise her left hand to her lips and kiss a sparkling little ring on the third finger.

He went back to the factory at Pitts-

burg, and later, with his little grip and a bunch of samples, started on his regular semi-monthly trip thru the Berkshires. Never had he worked as hard as he did on this trip. His commissions mounted rapidly, and when he received his check each week his heart leaped with joy, for he knew he was going to see his dream realized before many months had passed.

During the day he worked hard, and he spent the evenings writing long, passionate letters to Corine. He was always amused as he read them, for they seemed to have been penned by another hand. For the first time in his life he began putting by money, and he scrupulously studied economy.

Finally, the time rolled around for him to take his annual holiday. He had been waiting a year for this day. He had more baggage this time, for, in addition to several suits of clothes, he had purchased a full-dress outfit. It was the first he had ever owned.



HOBART HENLEY DOES NOT OVERACT—  
WITNESS THIS DRAMATIC SCENE

But the most precious part of his belongings was a little, velvet-covered box, which he didn't trust to his grips, but carried in the inside coat pocket. He

(Thirty-six)

had made a special trip to New York to get it, and it seemed to him as tho it was the only real thing he had ever bought in his life.

Two mornings afterward, as the train was leaving Kansas City, he walked back to the observation car and took a seat on the platform. Beside him sat a priest, middle-aged, with a pleasing countenance, whose principal feature was sincerity.

Hardly had he seated himself when the priest opened the conversation. "Do you come across here often?" he inquired as he offered a cigar to the salesman.

"This is my second trip," his companion informed him.

"That's interesting," said the priest; "this is the second time I have made the trip." He paused for an instant, as he gazed out across the prairie. "How well I remember that journey!" he continued, as his voice fell. "It changed the whole course of my life and put me in these." And he pointed to his clerical clothes.

His companion was becoming more interested now, and as he lighted the cigar he turned to the priest and said: "If it's not asking too much, I would like to hear that story."

"There is nothing very wonderful or strange about it," began the churchman.

"It's just one of those little things which come to us about once in a lifetime and seem very mountainous when we are confronted with them. And yet, they are not very big, but, in many cases—like my own, for example—they succeed in changing the whole of our life.

"I was employed as head shipping clerk in a big ammunition factory in Boston, and was on my way to marry one of the best girls that ever placed her foot on our dear American soil. I had met her when I was visiting an uncle of mine in Albuquerque a couple of years before. She was a beautiful girl, and her father had died, making her one of the wealthiest cattle owners in that section of New Mexico. Well, we became engaged before I returned East, and the following year I saved



SELF-SACRIFICING BUSINESS MAN

everything would have turned out differently. Well, a man does a lot of thinking when he's alone.

I was no different from the rest of us. I began forecasting my future. The girl I was to marry would have to cast aside the luxuries she had been used to and return to a home that would be plain and simple. There would be no great mansion, with its spacious rooms and halls; no servants to carry out her commands; no automobiles to take her out shopping; no footman to tuck the big robes snugly about her; no wonderful gowns; no priceless jewelry; no diamonds and pearls. Her meals would not be served by a butler stationed at her elbow to assist her with her food; there would be no maid to aid her in undressing when she was tired. She would have to cook our meals, serve them, and wash the dishes. She would have to sweep and dust and clean, and then, if she wanted to go shopping, she would have to walk.

"As I mused over these things I began to ask myself if it was fair to ask this of a beautiful creature. True, she stood ready and willing to resign herself to all this, for we had talked it over thoroly. I believe she meant it, too, for she had the right kind of stuff in her. But, was  
(Continued on page 59)



HOBART HENLEY, FRIEND AND LOVER

all the money I could honestly earn, in order that I might go out there and take her back as my wife. By constant saving I finally found I had almost a thousand dollars in the bank. I drew it out and started West to get married. The wedding-day had been set. I left Boston in time to reach Albuquerque the day before the wedding. It was to take place on Tuesday." Then he paused a moment as he reflected. "By Jove, it was just seven years ago this month almost to a day." And the tone in his voice lowered. But the salesman didn't notice it, for he was in a deep study. He had listened attentively to every word, and feared what would be the outcome of the story.

"On the way out," continued the priest, "I spent most of the time alone, as there didn't seem to be many sociable people on the train. If there had been, perhaps



HOBART HENLEY, ARMY LIEUTENANT

(Thirty-seven)



# Brief Biographies of Popular Players

## MATT MOORE



Matt Moore says he lost his job once because he looked so much like his brother Owen. It was his first picture, and he appeared with Owen Moore, to the distraction of the director. It

could not be told whether Owen was coming back after he went out, or Matt was coming back in Owen's place, or Owen was going out after Matt, or which was coming on and leaving. It was the devil's own mix-up, so Matt lost his job. Since then a film engagement has never been lacking to a Moore, leastwise to Matt.

This sandy-topped, auburn-eyed, browned and ruddy-lashed Irishman looks as if he had been liberally sprinkled with brickdust, but the playing is the thing, and Matt Moore's genial, wholesome, brown-eyed, smiling self-confidence has won him a niche in the "Hall of Elegant Lovers."

His stage experience is large, mostly in Middle Western stock, and as for the camera stages, he has taken a happy-go-lucky flyer at most of them, his principal successes being with Victor, Marion Leonard, Imp and lately with Arterraft.

Of course, Owen Moore and Mary Pickford, Tom Moore and Alice Joyce, and Matt Moore, unattached, are a loving family of five. We must not forget Mary Fuller, Matt Moore's "best girl" on the screen. Their shadow productions that are worthy of note are "Mary's Duke" and "The Sphinx." His latest work was in "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

Matt Moore is a great outdoor man—a strong swimmer, rider and all-around athlete, and he is very fond of dancing, but is too bashful to ask for partners.

## WILLIAM DUNCAN



The daring feats that Mr. William Duncan, of the Vitagraph Company, performs in some of his plays of the wild and woolly West come quite easily to him, for in his younger days he was so

proficient in athletics, and held so many scholastic records, that he was

tempted to become a professional. At one time he was director of a physical culture school, and became a distinguished writer in their magazine.

But it is not only in Western pictures that Mr. Duncan shows ability; his characterizations range from intense drama leads to comedy; and he is most versatile, having written, produced and played over a hundred of his own scenarios. Mr. Duncan was born in Scotland, but has lived in America most of his life.

## ALICE HOLLISTER

It is nice to have a real live native-born American villainess of the screen. Theda Bara we all admire for her splendid art, but she is not an American but a Franco-Italian. Alice Hollister, on the other hand, altho she too, claims France as the home of her ancestors, was born in beautiful, quiet, lazy, puritanical Massachusetts, and is, therefore, a true Yankee of the most pronounced Mayflowerian type. She knows something of Canada, too, for was she not educated at the Ville Marie Convent, on the top of Mount Royal, near Montreal?

"That was the happiest period of my life," she says, "altho I am very, very happy in my work in the pictures with the Trinchera Production Company."

The fact of the matter is this bright, sunshiny girl of the films would doubtless be happy anywhere and would radiate sunshine where all before was cloud and gloom. What a splendid disposition to possess—a disposition that will conquer difficulties and surmount obstacles where an unhappy, worrying mortal will sink into the depths of abject despair.

Miss Hollister is another example of the dramatic artiste who is exactly the opposite off the screen of what she is on. They say the greatest comedians behind the footlights are the most gloomy individuals in real life. So with Alice Hollister. She can be a finished "vampire" on the screen, but a most jolly and altogether wholesomely lovable girl among her friends and acquaintances. That is art, and art is one of those mysterious things that we are permitted to admire without close question.

The young star says that she is sometimes afraid that the Motion Picture public will not continue to like her if she goes on playing so many "wicked" parts. For instance, dur-



ing one season alone she eloped with one of her husband's best friends no less than eleven times, set fire to a reform school, was a very wicked chorus "angel" three times, eloped with another woman's husband twice, murdered a man and, in fact, she has been "a nasty, wicked little cat" more times than she can count. There's a record for you.

## THEDA BARA



The marvelous "vampire" of "A Fool There Was," the Kipling-Burne-Jones-Hilliard-Fox production, is an actress of whom Mr. Frank Powell, of Messrs. Pathé Frères, first made the

acquaintance at the Théâtre Antoine de Paris. Mr. Powell was so struck by Miss Bara's acting on that occasion that he at once opened negotiations to induce the beautiful European actress to come to America and impersonate the "vampire" in the forthcoming Fox production.

The result was a little yachting trip from the shores of southern France to the shores of Florida, U. S. A., where much of the important action of the drama takes place. The "vampire" required an actress of the scope and ability necessary to play the part of a woman who lures a man to dissipation and finally to a degrading death in her arms. The character must suggest snake-like subtlety and beautiful weakness, mingled with an exotic quality of attractiveness that will prove fatally irresistible to her luckless prey. Theda Bara depicts all these qualities in a manner that causes her audience to become suddenly attacked with chills—splendid tribute to her genius.

Miss Bara says that the "vampire" type of woman appeals to her sense of the artistic. She pictured her as a tiger-lily, and the wonderful gown she wore in one of the big scenes was designed along these lines. Her especial study of the "unrighteous" woman has made her an authority in rôles of this type.

Miss Bara's "vampire" record has never been equaled. Following "A Fool There Was," she has appeared in "The Devil's Daughter," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Tiger Woman," and countless others.

Theda Bara has recently appeared in lovable rôles, such as Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet"; Cigarette in "Under Two Flags," and in her latest offering, "The Darling of Paris."

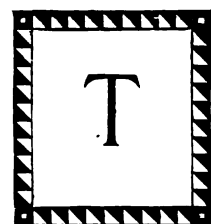
(Thirty-eight)



## Marjorie Rambeau At Home

Something She Isn't Often, These Days

By KILBOURN GORDON



**T**HIS brilliant young California actress, who some time since captivated New York thru her performance in "Cheating Cheaters" at the Eltinge Theater, has, as you may know, recently listened to the lure of the camera.

It was during the filming of her first picture, "The Greater Woman," that I tried to catch Miss Rambeau at home. This usually isn't such a difficult proposition in the case of those who devote their entire time and talents to the screen, but when you consider that Miss Rambeau's mornings and afternoons, with the exception of two of the latter each

week, are spent in the New York studios of the Frank Powell Producing Corporation, and that her nights and the two afternoons aforementioned are spent on the stage of the Eltinge Theater, the proposition becomes, as some comedian has remarked, "more intricate."

On Riverside Drive, at Eighty-fourth Street, stands a large, gray-stone building, and it is there, high up in a spacious apartment overlooking the Hudson, that Miss Rambeau makes her home.

It is an apartment rich in objects not only of interest to the visitor, but of great sentimental value to her whose home it is. About the walls are portraits of many of the players with whom Miss Rambeau was for a long time associated in California. There also hangs her first

program, and beside it, carefully framed, her first press notice. A little further along hangs the program which chronicled her first appearance, when a very young girl, as leading woman of one of the most famous stock companies the American stage has known.

And with her, from California, Miss Rambeau has brought other things—a wonderful Japanese table, for example, which charms the eye but baffles description by other than a connoisseur. There are Chinese bowls picked up somewhere along the Coast—trinkets of jade and pieces of ivory—but one can leave the Orient quickly and completely by turning about to find in a corner a pair of snow-shoes which helped to carry Miss

(Continued on page 58)



PLAY DAYS  
OF  
ANNA  
by  
ROBERTA  
COURTLANDT



"N

ow that I have finished 'Who's Guilty?' and, to my own and the company's satisfaction, righted the wrongs of the nation by proving who's to blame for all the troubles, I'm going to take a vacation. I'm going off into the wilds, far from the haunts of civilization, where I can run wild for a few weeks, and have some fun that isn't even remotely connected with moving pictures."

So saying, Anna Nilsson, being essentially a person of action, turned her attention to house-hunting, the result of which she detailed to me one evening just before dinner-time. She had discovered a perfectly wonderful old place, and nothing would do but I must hear all about it.

"It's a great big old rambling farmhouse," she cried joyously. "That is, it must have been a farmhouse during its previous existence. It has had so many ells and wings added that it's just a perfectly charming country place now. And the people who own it are anxious to let it, just as it stands, for a month, while they go off to the mountains. Can you imagine renting that charming, gorgeous place—just to go to the mountains?"

Her tones comprised contempt for the people so blind to the charm of their own possessions, with delight that she should be the person to profit by their blindness. As she explained the charms of the place, I grew as enthusiastic as

she, and we were both standing on tiptoes with eagerness.

The next day I received a postcard from her, announcing her departure. And, a few days later, an invitation to visit her for the week-end. Nothing loth, I snatched a suitcase and fled for the train. I was met at the station by—well, of course, it was Anna; but the week had created such a change that I scarcely knew her. She was positively blooming with joy, radiant with the pride of her possessions. And, when I saw the place, I didn't blame her. It wasn't so much the house as it was that which surrounded the house. At the left was a splendid tennis-court, that fairly begged one to come and play. An old-fashioned rose-garden, with its masses of fragrant blossoms, was at the right of the house, with an apple-orchard sloping away from it down the hill. There was a garden wall all hung with ivy, as if it had waited for many years to form a background for the radiant, pink-and-white-and-gold beauty of its present mistress. At the back of the house generous stables provided ample room for Miss Nilsson's big, dark-blue motor-car, as well as for her thorobred saddle-horse.

That evening we had dinner in a beautiful, old-fashioned Southern dining-room—the house which Anna had taken was in the South, I forgot to state, and not in or around New York—lighted entirely by candles. My hostess, in a simple little-girl frock of white with a girdle of dull blue and a huge bunch of pink roses fresh from the garden, sat opposite me at the pretty round table. The centerpiece was more pink roses from the same garden.

Of course, we had a good time—that goes without saying. But it isn't the pleasant, tranquil hours of Anna's vacation that I am trying to tell you about.

(Forty)



It's the way she amused herself, in ways that were neither tranquil nor calm.

We started the next day with a swift game of tennis—she won, of course. She's an expert at the game, as she is at most others, and she can play circles all around a great many "tournamenters." Probably an outcropping of her Viking blood—this love for sports. And she plays tennis in a sweater of deep blue with cross-bars of white, low white shoes and a white skirt, so she's such an altogether decorative

big blue eyes had entirely lost their look of innocent, childish friendliness.

"I'll teach him to make fun of my playing simply because I'm a girl," she said fiercely, her fists clenched tightly around the handle of the dull blue parasol. "Wait

Greek and Sanskrit are as child's chatter to me when compared to golf-talk. I don't know a brassie from a niblick. So I can't give you the game in detail. But I can tell you that Anna finished so far ahead of the mere professional that he was greeted with shouts of derision when he finally hove in sight. He was red with wrath and heat, and perspiring freely from both causes. The look he gave Anna was not one of indulgent mockery, nor was it tinged with shame at hurting her feelings. It was a look of almost disgust, albeit touched with admiration for her cleverness, and game Anna accepted her congratulations with girlish charm and gaiety. She was far too human to regret having won, yet too deliciously feminine to rejoice over the defeat of her foe.

She had many and divers adventures during her month's stay at Northern Pines. "Who's Guilty?" had been—and still was, for it was still running when Anna came into our midst—a great favorite among patrons of the movie theaters in this beautiful resort. So Anna was immediately accepted as a charming addition to the "resorting colony." Her long, speedy, blue car, upholstered in dull gray, soon became a familiar sight on the splendid auto roads about Northern Pines. And she entertained quite lavishly at her pretty home.

One afternoon, when out driving in her car, she happened on a funny little adventure. Something went wrong with the car's "innards." Now, Anna prides herself on being perfectly capable of taking care of anything at all that happens to her car. So she crawled out, donned tan khaki overalls, lifted the bonnet of the car, and, in the vernacular of the place, "went to it." Half an hour later she was still "going to it," with the same results—or, rather, lack of them. Something was wrong, but, for the life of her, Anna was unable to find out what. So she sat herself down to wait patiently until some one came along.

Half a mile from where she sat was a beautiful summer cottage, the home of a "hermit," as the Northern Pines colony told zestfully. He was never seen by any one, as an old servant bought all provisions in the village and met unwelcome callers at the door. So far as they knew, no one had ever been fortunate enough to get beyond that somewhat forbidding door—that is, no one whom they knew. Of course Anna had heard the story, and, equally of course, being feminine, she had been consumed with curiosity to see this strange person. So, having waited an unconscionable time for help and none having appeared, Anna set out towards the hermit's home, determined, if nothing more, to use the telephone there to report her condition to the garage-keeper—there is only one in Northern Pines. She reached the house at last, rang the doorbell, and waited. No one responded. She rang again and again, but still with no result. She turned away and, as she did, spied some one walking in the garden at

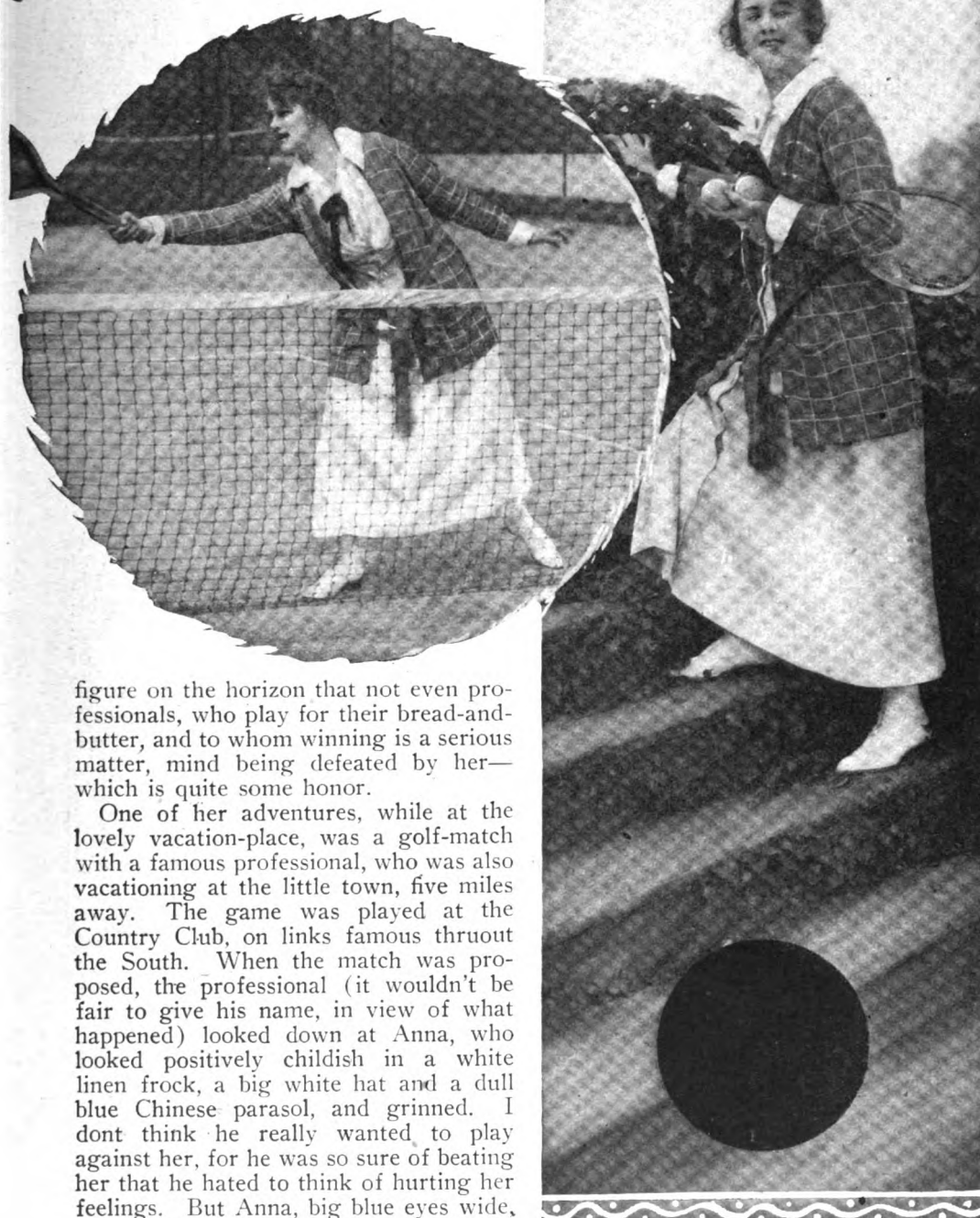


figure on the horizon that not even professionals, who play for their bread-and-butter, and to whom winning is a serious matter, mind being defeated by her—which is quite some honor.

One of her adventures, while at the lovely vacation-place, was a golf-match with a famous professional, who was also vacationing at the little town, five miles away. The game was played at the Country Club, on links famous thruout the South. When the match was proposed, the professional (it wouldn't be fair to give his name, in view of what happened) looked down at Anna, who looked positively childish in a white linen frock, a big white hat and a dull blue Chinese parasol, and grinned. I don't think he really wanted to play against her, for he was so sure of beating her that he hated to think of hurting her feelings. But Anna, big blue eyes wide, in a childish look of importance protested naively that she would like very much to play. So there wasn't anything else to do but agree.

Going home, after the match was proposed, she chuckled wickedly, and her

till I finish with him! Just you sit tight and wait!"

I'm sorry I can't tell you how the game—or match, which is it?—went the next day. But the truth of the matter is that



the back of the house. She set out resolutely thru the tangle of flowers, which, for all their confusion and profusion—perhaps because of it—formed a lovely place to spend a hot afternoon. She reached the man, spoke to him, and almost scared him to death, to judge by his expression when he whirled to confront her. Very formally she requested permission to use his telephone, reporting her trouble. He was most courteous, after he had recovered from his astonishment, and suggested that, as he had a car the same size and make of hers, he might be able to help her without her having to report to the garage the humiliating truth that she was unable to repair her car after all her boasting.

Well, to make a long story somewhat less long, the man helped Anna into his own car and whizzed back to hers, which he rapidly placed again in commission. Anna discovered that he was a very well-known magazine writer, whose work is a regular feature of some of the highest-class magazines on the market, and who has written several very clever books. His reason for "hermiting," he explained, was that he gave himself only one month away from New York every year, and that during that time he planned and mapped out the greater part of his work for the coming year, and, in fact, sort of took stock mentally, physically and spiritually. And he didn't want to be bothered by the people of Northern Pines, who had nothing to do but amuse themselves and who considered a real, live author as something to lionize, pet and drive mad.

Anna and the author became good friends after that, and she tells me that on her return to New York they met frequently. Which only goes to show that authors don't run from *all* women, and that there's always one in the lot for whom they will "lie down, roll over and play dead."

Another of her amusements during her all too brief vacation was horseback-riding. She used to spend whole days together off somewhere on Beauty, her saddle-horse, which came down from New York with her. The bridle-paths thruout the State were unusually fine, since the majority of the visitors there are fond of horseback-riding. I think Anna excelled most of them at their own sport, tho.

She went hunting once while she was South—her very first real hunt, I think. She enjoyed it immensely at the start. It was an opossum hunt, or, as they say down South, "a 'possum hunt." Therefore it started after dark. There was something weird and eerie in the scene—the crowd of people, all standing about in the light of a few meagre torches held by half-grown negroes; the dogs straining at their leashes, begging to be off; and over all the light of the Southern moon. Anna thrilled at it all, her blue eyes blazing with enjoyment, her pink cheeks pinker still, looking like an especially pretty boy in her riding-breeches, her long-tailed coat and the cap pulled rakishly over a mop of pale blonde curls. At last came the thrilling "They're off!" and the plunge into cool, dark woods, sweet-smelling with the dewy freshness of springtime. For a while it was all very thrilling and exciting. Anna loved it all. Then came the excited baying of the dogs as they "treed game." She looked up, as they pressed close, all eager for a sight of the hunted quarry. As Anna threw up her head the frightened, beady eyes of the opossum looked down at her, and so close she stood that she could see the hard breathing caused by its mad flight from its hereditary enemies, the dogs. Suddenly a sick wave spread over her, and she turned away, faint with the sense of tragedy overhanging the little, gray animal whom they, with their fierce, baying dogs, their insatiable craving for excitement, would

rob of its life, simply that they might have a moment's pleasure.

That was the first and last hunt that Anna Nilsson ever graced. She says that she didn't get over her feeling of horror and loathing for days. She doesn't understand what people call the "thrill and excitement" of hunting, and she doesn't want again to look straight into the eyes of some poor little frightened animal who has fought its grimdest fight against ignominious death and lost.

But I really think that the pleasantest part of Anna's golden month was the hours spent in the garden, among the roses, or, with a book, curled up in the apple-orchard, where the gnarled and twisted branches, not too far from the ground, made, with the addition of a sofa-pillow, a comfortable arm-chair. With a pocketful of apples and a new magazine, or book, she dreamed away long, lazy afternoons, gathering therefrom strength and new interest to throw into her work when she returned to New York, where her first work after her return was to be the featured star in a series of dramas under the direction of the Erbographe Company.

There is one thing certain, however—the leading woman of the Erbographe Company will certainly have to use an unusual amount of grease-paint, cold-cream and pink powder, for during her month's play-dacting Anna Nilsson completely forgot that there was anything like a camera in the world, with the result that she acquired a perfectly becoming and complete coat of tan that, no matter how becoming in real life, must be disguised for picture purposes—unfortunately.

But a little thing like sunburn doesn't bother Anna when it's the result of a lovely vacation. She merely carols gaily: "Life was made for laughter, and for outdoor sport, so what's the use of Southern sunshine if you have to be protected from it?"



SCENE FROM "PASSION" ("SEVEN DEADLY SINS"), MCCLURE



# The Gishes Go A-Calling and Find the Triangle Girls At Home



By JOAN BENSON

"DOT" GISH SAT IN THE CHAUFFEUR'S SEAT, WHILE—



DOROTHY GISH sat back patiently in the chauffeur's seat of her car. She had been waiting thus for half an hour. It was a bright, beautiful day, and Dorothy's soul longed for the

exhilaration of the drive down the road. The reason for her delay was not far to seek.

Near the picturesque old summer-house sat a slim, golden-haired figure. She was poring over the heavy volumes that lay on the table before her. Every now and again an expression of satisfaction swept over her piquant features, and she made a note on the tablet beside the book. In deep thought she raised her head and gazed at Dorothy with unseeing, dreaming eyes.

"For pity's sake, Lillian, how much longer do you expect me to wait? One would think that your life depended on writing that child's composition, or theme, or whatever she calls it. Your disposition is entirely too mild, but mine isn't, and I warn you—"

"All right, Dorothy; I'll come right this minute," laughed Lillian. "You really are a dear to wait so long. Wait till I get my hat." She disappeared into the house, and in less time than it takes to tell was beside her sister in the shining car.

Dorothy, restored to good humor, put

(Forty-three)

her foot on the starter, and they were off.

"Let's go by and see Clara Williams' rose-garden," suggested Lillian, and Dorothy, not caring where they went, just so they rode, obediently headed towards the rose-garden.

They did not see any one at the front of the house, so they got out of the car and went around to the back. Unobserved, they came upon the intrepid Clara, attired in overalls and stout boots, with her glorious hair neatly plaited into a heavy braid that hung down her back. She was busy with shovel and rake, puttering around the roots of her beloved rose-bushes.

"Good-morning, Miss Williams!" said Lillian, suddenly.

Clara did not look up. She went on arranging dirt with elaborate carefulness. "Oh, good-morning!" she replied absently, conscious only that she must answer.

The girls shrieked and descended upon her. "Tell us about the roses, Clara," they insisted, and Clara, finally realizing that she had company, waxed eloquent on the joys of rose-culture.

After a while Dorothy interrupted an



LILLIAN EGGED ON HER INSPIRATION

argument between Lillian and the connoisseur of roses. Lillian was insisting that Clara plant "some of those lovely Sunset roses," because they were her favorites, and Clara declared stoutly in favor of Maréchal Niel.

"The long, white road is before us, sister," said Dorothy, striking an attitude, and Lillian meekly followed her to the car. "Good luck to your roses, Clara," they called, and Lillian's voice came to her, "Think over the Sunset roses. They are exquisite." And the voices faded into the distance.

As they passed a particularly pretty home, Lillian caught a glimpse of black-and-white stripes on the lawn. "Hello,





THEY FOUND CLARA WILLIAMS POSING AS  
"THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

Louise Glaum!" she greeted the glimpse, and Dorothy stopped the car. Louise did not rise to speak to them. She was busily employed with her bull pup and a piece of steak just then. "Sit down, please, and talk to me. I am terribly at a loss when I am not working. I can't find anything to do," she said, with her attention still centered on the recalcitrant pup. "You seem rather busy just now," said Dorothy. Each of the girls appropriated a pillow and sank upon it.

Just then they heard the loud blowing of a horn, and the three looked up, to see Bessie Love grinning at them joyously from her car.

"Isn't this a gorgeous day?" she inquired. "I don't have to be at the studio until two o'clock, so I just ditched lessons and came for a spin. I adore it."

"Come and listen to Louise's new

gown. It'd make your hair run cold," called Dorothy.

"I never heard a gown talk, Dorothy," smiled Lillian.

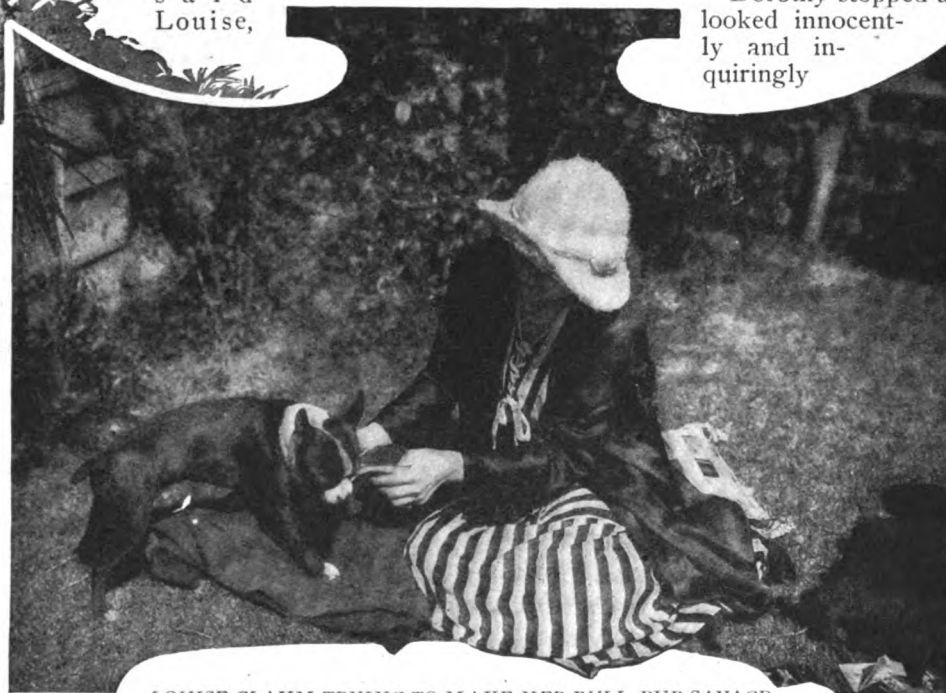
"Thanks, but I can't; I have only one stop this morning, and that's to tell a funny story to Norma."

"Tell us," suggested Louise.

"Norma has to censor it first," giggled Bessie. "I'm not so sure I ought to tell it." The engine gave a little whir, and she was gone.

"Let's go and hear it," said Dorothy. "Come on, Louise."

"I don't want to. I am reading a thrilling story," said Louise.



LOUISE GLAUM TRYING TO MAKE HER BULL-PUP SAVAGE

reveling in the sunshine on the grass.

They were spinning down the street, when they heard a call and saw Margaret Thompson

rolling on the



"MADGE" THOMPSON ROLLING ON THE LAWN EN FAMILLE

lawn with her two pets. They stopped at the curb, and Margaret flung herself down on the green, with a dog in one hand and a cat in the other. After they had commented on the weather and Margaret had confided a secret to them, which I will not reveal because it was really a secret, they waited a minute, while Margaret gave them each a beautiful white rose. "It is lovely," said Lillian, "but don't you adore Sunset roses?"

"I will hear that funny story of Bessie's," stated Dorothy, with a determined shake of her head. Accordingly, she gave the car more gas and it leaped ahead at, I am forced to admit, at least forty miles an hour.

A tall, black form stepped into the road before them, waving its arms wildly. Lillian gasped, "I knew you would do it!" and sank back into the cushions.

Dorothy stopped and looked innocently and inquiringly

at the man. "Exceeding the speed limit," he said tersely.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Dorothy, with a resigned air.

The man rubbed his chin reflectively. "Three dollars," he said finally.

Dorothy opened her bag and thrust some bills into his hand.

"Here's six," she said; "don't stop me when I come back." The car shot by the amazed constable and disappeared.

They stopped in front of the Talmadge home, where the lovely Norma had returned a bride. She had finished her first picture at the head of her own company, and her husband had brought her home for a rest before returning East to resume her work.

Inside they found Bessie perched on the arm of Norma's chair, and Norma was smiling up at her. Both Lillian and Dorothy knew that they were too late for the story. Norma turned her luminous eyes upon them. Norma's eyes always seem to have laughter lurking in the depths of them somewhere, and

(Forty-four)

the two girls felt that she was "awfully glad to see them," even before she told them so.

After the girls had asked a dozen questions about Norma's romance, and her work and her first picture, and had been assured that she really missed them, Bessie said, musingly, to no one in particular, "I wonder, if I go East on a picture, if I will return a bride——" The girls interrupted her with gales of laughter.



BESSIE LOVE PERCHED HERSELF ON THE ARM OF NORMA'S CHAIR

"You're too young to think of it," said Lillian, with a twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Just the same, I'll race you and win," said Bessie, daring them.

"You wont race me," said Lillian. "This same Dorothy Gish has been arrested once already this morning, and you dont inveigle me into any more races." She said it positively.

"Oh, come on," Bessie and Dorothy insisted, dragging her up. "Norma and I will race you and Dorothy."

Norma's big eyes were mournful all of a sudden. "I am dying to go," she confessed, "but I have a scenario to read and a million costumes to plan." Her smile suddenly flashed out at them. "I know; you come back here, and I'll have a plate of fudge for the winner." She looked so winsome and adorable as she said it that the girls, thus urged, went off at once.

"She should have suggested paying your fine," called Dorothy, as they started. "I've paid mine."

(Forty-five)

"We'll race to the Dalton bungalow," said Bessie, starting her car, and, with a shout, they were off.

It was almost neck-and-neck for the first half-mile—Bessie, hatless, her hair blowing wildly about her face, grimly leaning over her wheel—Dorothy, throwing laughing remarks to Lillian, who was wondering why she had allowed herself to be persuaded, and murmuring, "I hope they remember to put Sunset roses on my grave."

They passed the constable. He grinned at Dorothy and allowed her to pass unmolested, but he

"Hello!" she said, in a most pleased voice, and the three began talking at once. "We had the grandest race!" "I was arrested!" "What under the sun is that growing?"

Dorothy tried to answer all at once. "Oh, tell me about it. This, my dear Lillian," she said, dimpling up at the little figure, "is the dark secret of my life——"

"The green secret," interrupted Dorothy Gish.

The other Dorothy ignored the interruption. "I am about to confess. Look into the wire netting. Look into the runway. What do you see?"

"Leghorns," "Chickens," "Pullets," unhesitatingly came three replies.

"They are white Orpingtons," said Dorothy grandly. "And they are mine. This, my dear girls, is chicken-feed. They must have green. You see, this variety of chicken——"

"Help!" the girls laughed. "Who would have thought it of you? You frivolous, dancing flirt, you! To be domesticated enough to keep chickens! We just left Norma. She is making some fudge——"

Dorothy rose and flung the green indiscriminately to the hens. "I'll be with you in a minute," she said. "Norma's fudge!" She ran towards the house. "Go get into the machine," she called



DOROTHY DALTON AND HER GREEN SECRET

from the steps; "I need just my hat and coat."

When they arrived at Norma's they found her stirring a pot of brown liquid industriously.

"Norma!" exclaimed Lillian, descending upon her. "Dont stir it—it will turn to sugar."

"Too late!" cried Norma. "It's done!"



# Comrade Ruth

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN



art of lariat-throwing or riding, and every moment of her strenuous acting in those plays was thoroly enjoyed by her.

Her eyes are as blue and as deep as mountain lakes, and her auburn hair is perhaps responsible for the fascinating little freckles that are scattered about her nose and which most people think add to her charm. Typical of the out-of-doors girl is her slim figure, sturdy and as straight as a sapling oak-tree.

But there is another, very feminine part of Ruth Roland also, that enjoys pretty clothes, and love-stories, and chocolates as much as any ordinary girl, who has not the daring feats of courage to her credit that has this Moving Picture heroine.

She designs most of her own clothes and hats, and is deft and clever with her needle.

When asked what her principal characteristics were, she grinned a bit, almost boyishly, and answered gleefully, "Honestly, that's an awfully hard question to answer. I am always happy, always hungry, and I adore hats."

Being a woman, the hat part appealed to me most. So I questioned farther.

"I make a great many of my frocks, and some of my hats," she went on. "This one, for instance," taking up a perfect duck of a hat, with a bizarre but very attractive embroidery of heavy floss across the front; "I got the idea from an old Chinese picture, and an artist friend of mine helped me design it. Then he laid out this design across the front, and I embroidered it. Neither of us knows what it means—it may mean, 'Call for the laundry on Tuesday'—but it's very effective, isn't it? And so I just took the chance!"

And, you can take my word for it, 'most any woman would be willing to take the same risk.

She was born in San Francisco, California, on a lovely day in October, the year being eighteen hundred and ninety-three. She made her stage début as "Baby Ruth," a tiny toddler whose

childish grace was "adorable" and "the cunningest thing ever" to the many women who flocked to see her. She went to Honolulu, where she was "quite the rage," for a stock engagement that lasted six months. After the death of her mother, she was placed in school, leaving that safe sanctuary for the somewhat uncertain harbors of vaudeville for a couple of years. Then, by way of stock at the Belasco and Morosco theaters of Los Angeles, she drifted into the movies, first with Kalem, then on to Balboa.

(Forty-six)

SHE is a good pal, is Ruth Roland, with her sturdy, boyish handclasp, her wide, attractive smile and clear eyes—just the sort of a girl any man would like to take hiking thru the woods of a crisp October day, or to sit with, in the hazy glow of a camp-fire, swapping stories of travel and adventure. Keen and active, she is ever on the alert for anything that comes under the heading of sport, and those who know say she is a "cracker-jack" in any phase of it.

Her ready wit and quick retorts are equally well known and respected in the studio. That part of her which is Irish responds as quickly to repartee as does the trout to the fly on a rainy day. Perhaps it is the German in her that makes her dismiss the suffrage question with the naïve remark, "The men are doing it quite nicely enough to suit me."

Memories of the old Western pictures recall Ruth Roland, the most convincing of all those Western girls. Booted and spurred, in her wide sombrero and woolly chaps, she was a dashing, vivid picture of the real West, apart from all the shoddy melodrama that abounded so much in the imitations of it. Not many men could excel her in the



# Marguerite Clark Waltz

By MURIEL POLLOCK

## Marguerite Clark Waltz

By MURIEL POLLOCK



*Marguerite Clark*

Copyright 1917, M. P. Publishing Co.  
(All rights reserved)

## "MARGUERITE CLARK" WALTZ

By MURIEL POLLOCK

*Tempo di valse* *valse poco lento*

*poco ritard* *mf* *cresc.*

Copyright, 1917, by the M. P. Publishing Co.

## "MARGUERITE CLARK" WALTZ

*poco rit.* *Tempo!* *mf*

*piu lento* *mf*

*ritard*

## "MARGUERITE CLARK" WALTZ

FINALE *poco grandioso*

*ritard* *molto accel* *ff*

Cut this out, fold, try it on your piano, then order a large copy from your music dealer—or send 25c. to this office for a copy

(Forty-seven)



# A Picture Story of Vitagraph's Big Feature, "Womanhood"



Alice Joyce, as Mary Ward, an American girl, has been educated in Ruritania. At a court dance on the eve of her departure for her native country Mary's dance-card is a gage of rivalry between Baron Reyva and Count Dario.



While the courtiers are dancing, Marshal Dario, vice-regent of Ruritania, holds a secret meeting of his cabinet and declares a war of conquest against the United States. Ruritania, debt-ridden, but with a powerful navy and army, is ready to strike the blow against defenseless America.



Count Dario, the Marshal's son, warns Mary of the impending war, and, madly in love with the beautiful American girl, asks for her hand that he may love and protect her.



After a conflict of conscience Mary departs for the United States and is detained in the Philippines, where Harry Morey, as Paul Strong, the governor-general, rescues her from a runaway horse.



War has already commenced with the invasion of New York. Our hastily assembled citizen soldiers entrench themselves and fight a losing fight against the veteran Ruritaniens.



Lacking in ammunition, equipment, and training, our young men are slaughtered in the trenches. James Morrison, as Philip Ward, Mary's brother, is struck blind by a piece of shrapnel.



Then comes the most pathetic spectacle of all—the old and enfeebled Grand Army veterans trying to make a last stand against the invaders.



Philip Ward is brought home by his sister Mary, and his sweetheart, Peggy Hyland, as Alice Renfrew, who has been disfigured with an ugly scar, fears to meet him. When she learns that Philip is blind she rushes to him.



The President, realizing that a strong man must help him in the country's crisis, appoints Paul Strong "Director of Energies," with supervision over our vital military resources.



The verdict of hopelessly blind is pronounced upon Philip, and Alice, thru the greater love of compassion, is now ready to marry him.



Paul Strong's sister, Naomi Childers, as Jane Strong, is fragile and delicate, but she offers herself unconditionally to her country's needs. Attired as "Joan of Arc" she attends mass meetings the country-wide and enlists volunteers for the army.



Jane's influence has become so great that the Ruritaniens capture her and condemn her to execution in the streets of New York. The awful act spreads like a flame thruout the country.

(Forty-eight)



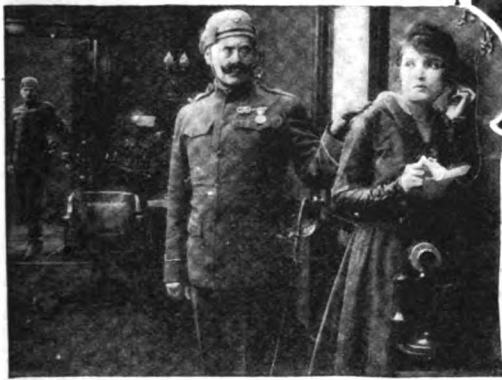
Mary Ward, too, has made the supreme sacrifice by becoming a spy in the military headquarters of Marshal Dario. At the risk of her life she manages each day to transmit information of the utmost importance to Paul Strong within the American lines.



The Ruritanians organize strikes among our foreign munition workers, and Mary, at the risk of being discovered and denounced, pleads with the strikers.



Baron Reyva has long suspected Mary of being a spy, and with a squad of soldiers tracks her to the strikers' meeting. The soldiers burst in and discover Mary with Paul Strong. Knowing that he has the girl in his power at last the Baron arrests her as a spy, and with Paul they are taken under guard toward the Ruritanian headquarters. On the way the escort is surprised by a detachment of Americans, and Mary and Paul are rescued.



Mary bravely returns to the Ruritanian headquarters, trusting in Count Dario to protect her. Without further evidence than the strikers' meeting, Baron Reyva dares not openly accuse her. He lays his trap carefully, and one day catches her red-handed telephoning thru a concealed instrument to American headquarters. With this evidence of her treachery in hand the Baron decides to play his own cards first.



If Mary will give herself to him the Baron promises that he will "forget" that she has been caught communicating with the enemy. Loathing him she repels him.



Realizing that Mary's life hangs by a hair and that her danger is becoming more and more pressing, Paul resolves to openly confront the enemy in the person of Marshal Dario. When Mary sees Paul alone and unarmed in the Marshal's presence she rushes to him, proving her own guilt.



In what appears her last moment of life and liberty Mary confirms her undying love of Paul Strong to him.



Paul is denounced as the American whom the enemy fear and hate most of all. Marshal Dario orders his instant execution, but when Paul states that the Ruritanian headquarters is surrounded by an invisible death in the shape of aerial torpedoes the Marshal orders his release. Count Dario, mad with jealousy, is on the point of killing him.



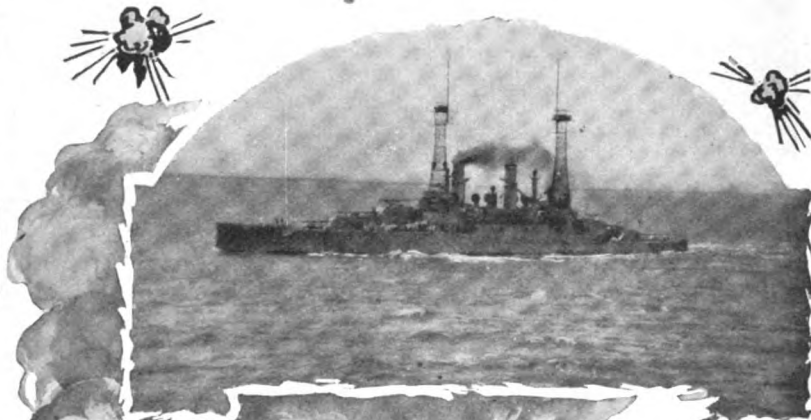
Rather than permit a cowardly act, Marshal Dario kills his own son, and knowing that Paul has outmastered him, allows Mary and Paul to depart unmolested.



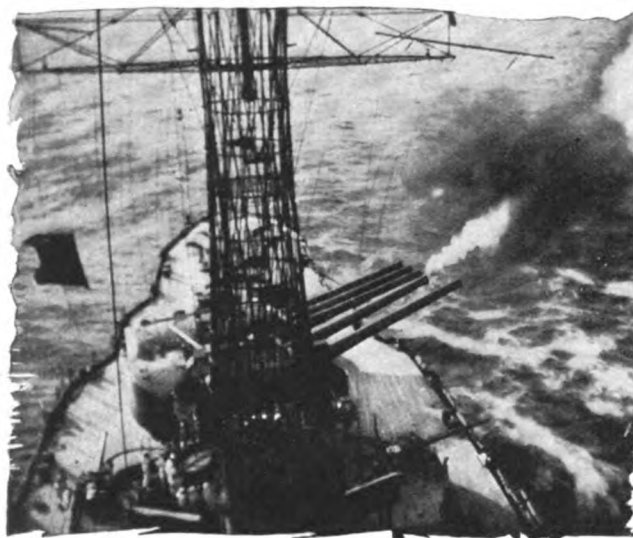


'The Marshal is left alone with his dead son.

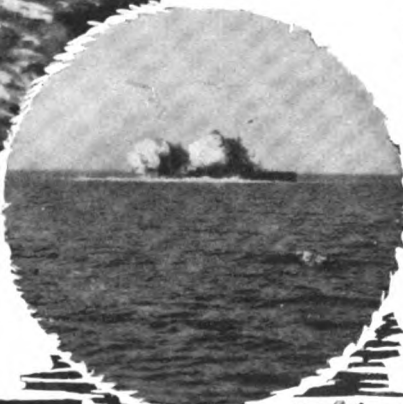
## America, Defeated and Humbled on Land and Sea, the Mockery and Slave of Her Enemy—



And in the meantime America, crushed, bleeding under the iron heel of her invader, has withdrawn inland and is making mighty efforts to raise and drill a new army. Under the genius and tirelessness of Paul Strong our battleships are assembled in the Pacific, and at last steam into the Atlantic for a trial of strength with the Ruritanian navy. It is a day of dread when the booming of the big guns as the fleets clash announces that the greatest naval battle of history has begun. The Ruritanian gun-fire proved more effective than ours at long range, and the American fleet gradually drew inshore seeking an avenue of escape. The victorious Ruritanian fleet followed, and then from the shore thousands of undersea "bugs" were suddenly released and directed against the enemy's ships. This new child of war consisted of small self-propelled tanks filled with oil that were released against the sides of the hostile fleet.



No sooner had the death-bearing "bugs" delivered their cargo, surrounding the enemy's fleet in a sea of oil, than the American fleet let loose their guns, literally burning up their opponents in a fiery grave.



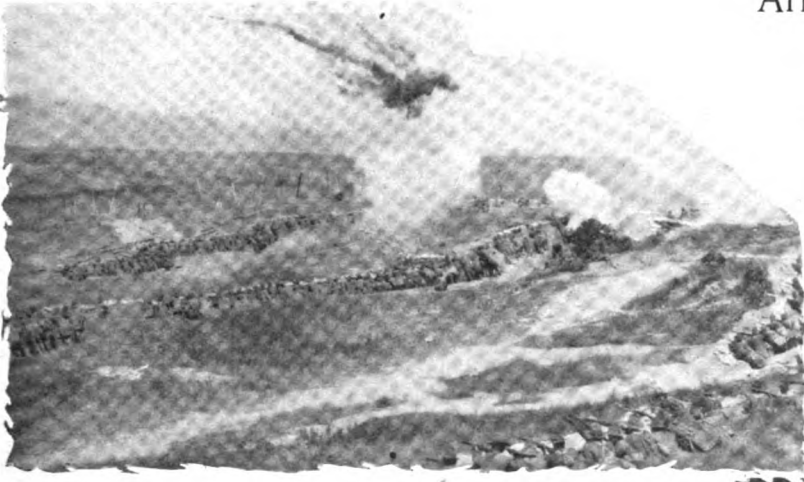
At the same time the huge army of defense was ready to move against the invaders. The lessons of the great war in Europe had not been lost. Our army was protected with immense howitzers that opened the battle at a range of twenty miles and kept up an unremitted fire day and night.



The military genius of Paul Strong was at last recognized, and he was given command of all of our field forces. Face to face with the Ruritanian grand army of over one million men, in command of Marshal Dario, Paul decides that it is wiser not to have his unseasoned army take the offensive.

(Fifty)

# Arises in Her Might and, with Genius and Courage, Crushes the Mighty Invader



The American army lay entrenched at the foot of a wide sweep of hills, protected by barbed-wire entanglements, transverses, trench mortars and every latest device of modern warfare. Over five hundred thousand men, including the reserves, lay in wait in the three rows of parallel trenches.



A terrific curtain of fire protected the Ruritanian approach, and under cover of it their first assault was successful, driving the Americans out of the first line of trenches.



Encouraged by the opening wedge, the enemy swept forward, driving the defenders into their second row of trenches and killing or capturing several divisions of our army. The deadly barrage fire in the meantime worked equal havoc among friend and foe. The Ruritanians concentrated the flower of their army in a final push against our last row of trenches.



The untried Americans fired at deadly close range until the rush of Ruritanians carried their army thru the last American defense. Newspaper reports of the defeat started a panic thruout the country.



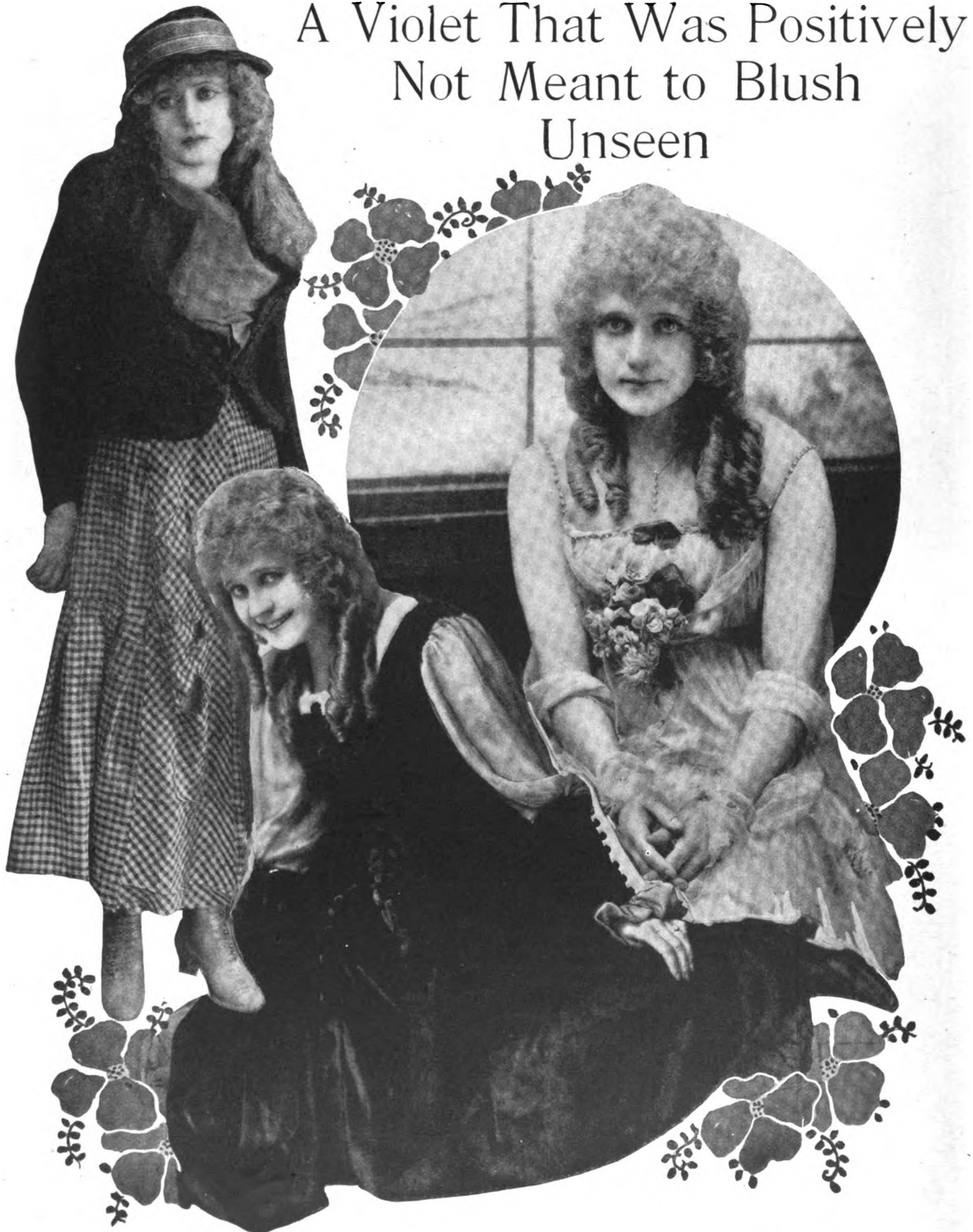
But Paul Strong's master tactics were ready to be sprung. The Ruritanians, surrounded on all sides by hills, were in a deadly trap. Regiment upon regiment of Americans arose from concealed trenches and masked guns poured in a deadly fire. In certain places thousands of the enemy were blown up with concealed mines. Surrounded with decimated ranks, Marshal Dario had fought his last great battle.



And in the end, like a gallant soldier, he surrendered himself and his sword to Paul Strong in the presence of our re-born great army of citizen soldiers.



# A Violet That Was Positively Not Meant to Blush Unseen



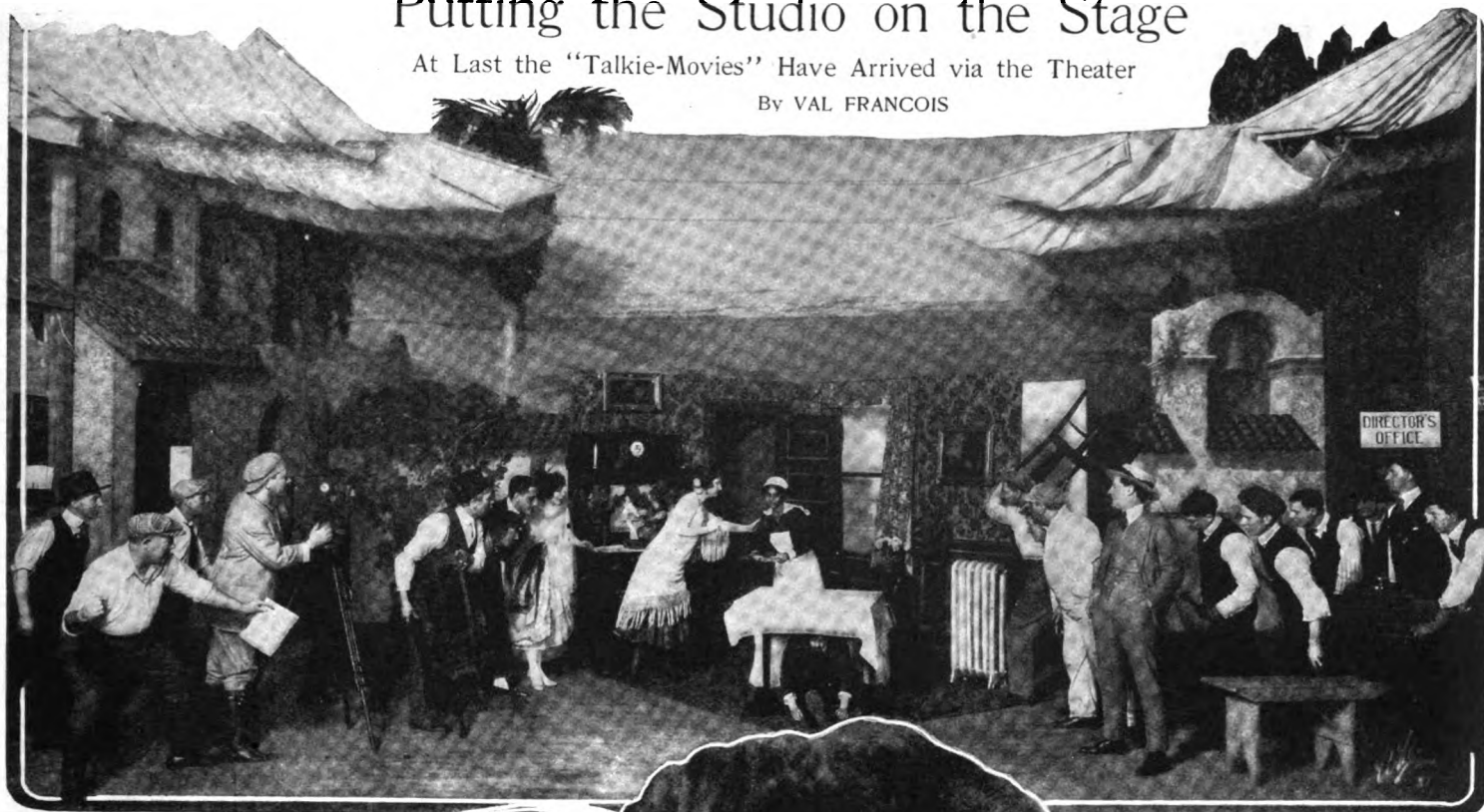
VIOLET MERSEREAU CHUCKLES BECAUSE SHE IS ABOUT TO BE FEATURED IN BLUEBIRD PHOTOPLAYS EXCLUSIVELY; AND SHE LOOKS A BIT EMBARRASSED BECAUSE, IN HER FIRST PRODUCTION, SHE CLIMBS INTO BOY'S CLOTHES—AN EMINENTLY CORRECT TUXEDO—FOR HER FIRST TRIAL IN TROUSERS

(Fifty-two)

# Putting the Studio on the Stage

At Last the "Talkie-Movies" Have Arrived via the Theater

By VAL FRANCOIS



SOME wiseacre once said that the stage consisted of a whole lot of oratory plus a little bit of action, and that Moving Pictures were a whole lot of action plus a little bit of literature. The wise one had a pretty fair idea what he was talk-

ing about. And then along came "Wizard" Edison with unlimited dialog added to the films by means of a talking machine. The "talkie-movies" had at last arrived!

But not so fast. There was a horse-fly in the ointment. The dialog of the screen players limited their range of action as well as the audience's imagination. A love-

scene ran something like this: Young man enters, discovers strangely beautiful maiden sitting by a brook, lifts his hat, says "Howdy-do?" and asks her if she is heart-whole. On receiving an affirmative answer, he avows: "I love you. Will you be mine?"

That's about all there was to the canned dialog. It shattered action, suspense, reality, imagination. So the "talkie-movies" were dropped and the stage and screen went their separate ways.

But now cometh John Cort, playwright and giggle-provoker, with his farce-comedy, "Johnny, Get Your Gun," which is holding forth at the

(Continued on page 65)

Photos by White



(Fifty-three)

GRACE VALENTINE





## Gray Hair and Safety

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Color Restorer is the original preparation for safely and quickly restoring the natural color to gray, faded and bleached hair in a few days. Leaves the hair clean, fluffy and natural.

**Free Trial Package** and special comb. Test it on a lock of hair. This test will prove more than anything we could say in an advertisement. Write now and be sure to tell the original color before it turned gray. Was it black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown? Regular \$1.00 size at your druggist's or I will fill your order direct. Clever imitators, not being able to imitate the preparation itself, have copied our labels almost word for word. To be safe and sure, remember the name. (112)

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Established 60 Years

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at Spring Valley, Rockland County, N. Y., consisting of 147 acres, including house, barn and other buildings, 2 apple orchards, 12 acres of woodland, with stream running through property.

Spring Valley is 32 miles from New York City, 7 miles west of Nyack and 7 miles east of Suffern, and is reached by the N. J. & N. Y. R. R. and a branch of the Erie R. R., affording 35 trains daily to and from New York. The railroad rates are, excursion \$1.30, monthly tickets \$9.45.

The atmosphere of Spring Valley is dry and invigorating, and persons affected with bronchial trouble obtain much relief in this part of the country.

Spring Valley has a High School which is fully up to the standard in every respect, also National Bank, Churches of every denomination, Tennis Club, Athletic Association, Royal Arcanum, Odd Fellows, Masons, Red Men, and Foresters, etc.

Spring Valley entertains more summer boarders than any other town on the line of the N. J. & N. Y. R. R. and is becoming the choice over all other localities as a place of residence.

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HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

# The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism,  
Timely Hints, Plot Construction  
and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathe Freres; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

## METHODS OF TEACHING PHOTOPLAY- WRITING—ARE THEY FAKES OR FACTS?

### Close-Views and Inserts

A great deal of absurdity has sprung out of the sweeping movement against Schools for the teaching of Photoplaywriting. As in the case of all reform movements, both the public and the reformers have become blinded to the real *casus belli*, and both the sheep and the goats have met the same fate.

One of the pioneer experts in photoplay technique suddenly reversed all of his erstwhile practices and made the startling announcement that "Photoplaywriting is something that cannot be taught or communicated in any way."

A photoplay magazine took up the clarion cry and thereafter excluded all "school" advertisements from its pages.

Scores of successful writers who had been taught in one school or another, or profited from the work of others more proficient than themselves, suddenly became aware that their knowledge was God-given and inherent.

Scenario editors, Picture mechanics and experts, Directors and other self-taught students of the Motion Picture who were still attending the school of experience, added their testimony with due solemnity: "It can't be did."

Thousands of illiterate persons who had been stung by plausible fakes sorrowfully added their wail and offered their vacant minds as indubitable proof.

Still other thousands paused just on the threshold of learning, suddenly overpowered with cold feet of doubt.

Now don't get the impression that I am against reform.

The report had gone abroad that there were "millions in it," and, naturally, the charlatan scented the sucker.

Schools sprang up like mushrooms, books of instructions swarmed like locusts, and that vast assemblage constantly on the lookout for the will-o'-the-wisp saw another "opportunity" to win fame and fortune with neither labor nor talent—only, "Just sign your name and send your money."

In the first place, there were—and are—only a small number of persons who are both masters of the art of Photoplaywriting and know WHY they are masters. In the second place, there are very,

very few of the aforesaid masters who are gifted to both tell and teach others HOW to master anything under the sun.

Hence the failure of all teaching when there is an incompetent teacher.

Let us grant then that, with a few exceptions, the schools were out-and-out fakes.

And pray what has all that to do with the question of whether or not Photoplaywriting can be taught? If the teacher is incompetent and the student illiterate, it merely resolves itself into the conclusion that that particular teacher can't teach the subject and that particular student can't be taught that subject.

On the other hand, what do you know about this: The book in which occurs the dictum "Photoplaywriting is something that cannot be taught or communicated in any way" is used as the textbook on photoplaywriting by the instructor teaching that subject in Columbia University!

And why the book at all, if the writing of Photoplays is a subject that "cannot be communicated in any way"?

All Knowledge in the world may be imparted by a master-teacher to an intelligent student. Any Technique in the world may be shown-how to all capable students.

No school or master on earth can give any, one Talent; but any good school or efficient master can develop talent. Success rests with the individual alone.

Photoplaywriting is no exception. If a school professing to teach this subject guarantees Success, then it is a fraud.

And so, whether it be the School of Experience—which in my humble opinion should be the post-graduate school—or another commendable School of Photoplaywriting, probably only one in a thousand of you, dear readers, will become the big Success in writing plays that sell, or one in a million of you will become a David Griffith.

### Plotting the Photoplay

The question naturally arises. What is a Plot? It may be answered by various definitions.

The Plot of a play is the cunning scheme devised by the writer, either to make the audience feel the reality of what he portrays, or to gratify their curiosity after having roused it.

(Fifty-four)

## Your Bunion Can Be Cured Instant Relief Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for 57,532 others in the last six months. I claim to have the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you a treatment FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you felt with them all—you have not tried my cure and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send you a treatment absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for a treatment, FREE, at my expense, because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 57,532 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and treatment will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope.

FOOT REMEDY CO.  
3514 West 26th St.  
Chicago



The Plot of a Play is the "working plan" used by the building author. It is the supporting framework which, after it has been clothed with the beautiful pictorial exterior, then becomes evident to none except the creator of it.

The Plot is the penciled canvas necessary before the artist is ready to set about filling in with color and scene the figures and expression that make the picture a complete work of art.

**Screenings from Current Plays**

Screen who had taken a terrible oath never to speak well of anything.

But when I do find a good play—and heaven is witness to the fact that I try—I want you to know about it.

I've just seen a splendid Photoplay!

"The Barrier," by Rex Beach.

There is not a single star in "The Barrier" to dazzle the story or blind the vision of a finite audience.

There are no magnificent show-estates borrowed for the occasion. In fact, there are comparatively few interior sets, and not a single one that I can recall that was anything but rough—and appropriate.

There was not a man in evening dress or a woman dolled up amidst a dazzling scene.

But there was A STORY that gripped your heart and held you fast to your seat and made you gulp down more than one sob, and finally put the nobleness of a character so deep in your heart that you will never forget it.

Yes, by all means go to see "The Barrier" when it comes your way.

**Something New! A Department of Questions and Answers**

Herein I am inviting you all to write and tell me your Problems.

I don't want your *personal* Grievances or History, but problems

*common to all readers.*

Or tell me the subjects of general interest that *you* would like to have me discuss in the general way.

Or ask specific Questions relating to Technique only, which I can probably answer in a few words.

**BUT PLEASE TAKE NOTE:**

I neither promise nor guarantee to answer any question or letter by letter.

I shall use my discretion in answering or discussing proposed questions or subjects.

I will read no manuscript nor promise the return of any material sent me.

Any service I render shall be thru this printed department only.

The continuation of this department will depend on the correct and effectual use you shall make of it.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS,

Photodrama Department, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Fifty-five)

To read this paragraph of my Department from month to month, one might opine that I was an Enemy of the



# Up from the Depths

The man had killed a man—he had met the girl—a stranger—at half-past one at Rooney's. A crisis came—and under the surface of shame, the souls of each stood forth to sacrifice—and to a better, cleaner life. To O. Henry it is given to see beneath the outer darkness—to the soul within. It's not the truth a man tells, but the spirit in which he tells it that counts. That is why O. Henry can write of things not always told, and yet have a clean, high spirit. He tells of those who would rather suffer hunger than be bad—and the others.

# O. HENRY

These pictures are from the film play, "Past One at Rooney's." The Vitagraph Company is now making films of all O. Henry stories—just one more recognition of the fascinating quality of his work.

From the few who snapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was off the press, to the 150,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful

volumes offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the man on the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—and hails him, with love and pride, our greatest writer of stories.

**To Those Who Are Quick**

# KIPLING FREE

Never was there an offer like this. Not only do you get your 274 O. Henry stories in 12 volumes at less than others paid for one volume of the first edition, but you get Kipling's best 179 short stories and poems and his long novel—without paying a cent. You get 18 volumes, packed with love and hate and laughter—a big shelf full of handsome books.

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why memorials to him are being prepared; why universities are planning tablets to his memory; why text books of English Literature are including his stories; why colleges are discussing his place in literature; why theatrical firms are vying for rights to dramatize his stories; why newspapers all over the country are continually offering big sums for the right to reprint his stories.



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12 volumes bound in green silk cloth and gold. Gold tops; illustrated; 274 complete stories; one long novel.  
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6 volumes. 179 stories and poems; one long novel; red silk cloth; gold tops.

## Send Coupon Without Money

You get both sets free on approval. If you don't laugh and cry over them—if you don't read and re-read and love them—send them back. Otherwise 25 cents a week pays for them all. Don't wait—send the coupon today. This offer is too good to last. It's only the avalanche of disappointed letters that made us extend it this long. Send the Coupon today—and be glad.

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Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 6-volume set of Kipling, bound in cloth. If I keep the books, I will remit \$1 per month for 17 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling set without charge. Otherwise I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

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The beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For this luxurious binding, change payments to \$1.50 a month for 15 months.

M.P.C. 4-17

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**And \$5 Each for the Next Ten**

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Think of some episode in your own life, in the life of another, or, if you possess the gift of imagination, write a story that is purely imaginative, but at the same time is TRUE TO LIFE, and send it in to us, to compete for one of the prizes set forth above. There is no entrance fee and anybody may compete. No manuscript will be returned unless it is accompanied with a stamped, addressed envelope. The scripts that win prizes will become our property.

We Demand Only One Condition:

### Limit Your Story to Five Hundred Words

Millions attend the Motion Picture theaters nightly. To satisfy the ever-increasing demands of these millions of movie fans, the great producing companies must have stories. Several of these film corporations, who are exceedingly anxious to please the movie patrons, have acknowledged to us that they need stronger plots. We want to encourage the art of plot writing.

### Absolutely No Technical Skill Needed

All the big studios now employ writers who work out the stories into scenes, and put them in proper shape for the screen. But there is a great dearth of stories. The companies must have new plots, new ideas, new incidents, and they are obliged to depend in a great measure upon the public. Moreover, the studios are now willing to pay big prices for plots alone. The price is constantly rising, and, at the present time,

**From \$50 to \$1,000 is Being Paid For Plots Alone**

Your story may be incomplete—lack dramatic interest, suspense, climax, surprise, novelty, characterization or any of the other elements that go to make up a salable dramatic story. If you think so you may submit it to us for criticism. For a fee of \$1.00 we shall be happy to point out to you the defects in your work, indicating why certain things should not be done, and suggesting others that will materially improve your script. In other words, we shall be glad to collaborate with you in turning out a strong and appealing tale. This work will be done only by well-known scenario writers, who have had studio experience, including the editors of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

In addition to an honest, upbuilding criticism, we will mail you a list of producing companies, to whom you can submit your story in case you do not wish to enter it in this contest. You may enter your story whether or not it has been criticized, but under no conditions will we answer questions regarding the merits of stories. Thus we shall be treating all writers alike. **CRITICISM OF YOUR STORY IS ENTIRELY OPTIONAL WITH YOURSELF.**

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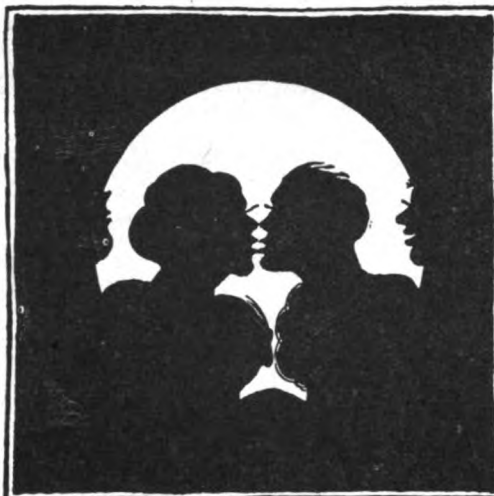
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## MOTION PICTURE DEFINITIONS—By HARVEY PEAKE



**CLOSE-UPS.**—After two lovers have held hands in a darkened picture theater for an hour or more, the desire to kiss each other often becomes so great that they instinctively lean forward and perform the rite before they realize what they are doing. The increasing proximity and final meeting of their lips causes this to be called a "close-up."



**SPLIT REELS.**—After a gay club-man has reached a certain stage of intoxication, he always desires to go to a picture show, so he forthwith sets out for the nearest cinema. Of course his reeling condition brings forth a refusal of admission, but, nothing daunted, he happily caroms off for the next theater, where he meets the same fate. And this follows with all the rest of them. These various pauses in his cork-screw progress give to his pedestrianism the name "split-reels."



**SPECIAL FEATURES.**—When a film theater advertises special features, and you are moved to go because of this, you are naturally disappointed if they do not appear upon the screen. However, they are not always found there. If you should be seated next to a woman with cross-eyes, a crooked nose, a flat-iron jaw, red hair and a mouth like a crack in a dried lemon, you may be sure the management has not lied, but that you have been in very close proximity to the "special features."



**CUT-BACKS.**—When a woman with a hat full of plumes refuses to take it off in a picture theater, it is regarded as perfectly legitimate for the man back of her to get out his pocket-knife and eliminate as much of the overgrowth as possible. As the greatest destruction always occurs at the rear of the head-piece, the affair is referred to as a "cut-back."



**FADE-AWAYS.**—If an usher should show you to a seat in a darkened Motion Picture house, and you should occupy it for two hours, only to find when the lights were turned on that you had been sitting between your divorced wife and a man to whom you owe \$10, you would quickly get up and disappear. This is what is known as the "fade-away."



**A SIX-PART MOVIE.**—Should a half-dozen children enter a picture playhouse at the climax of an afternoon's performance, and proceed to climb over you to seats, only to find after a minute's occupation that they liked those in front better, and then, after having tried the second choice, to come to the conclusion that the six in your row were best, after all, and so climb back over you, to the keen discomfort of your feet and knees, and the loss of the point of the play, plus your temper, you are having a fine example of a "six-part movie."

(Fifty-six)

## "Dad" and "My Boy"

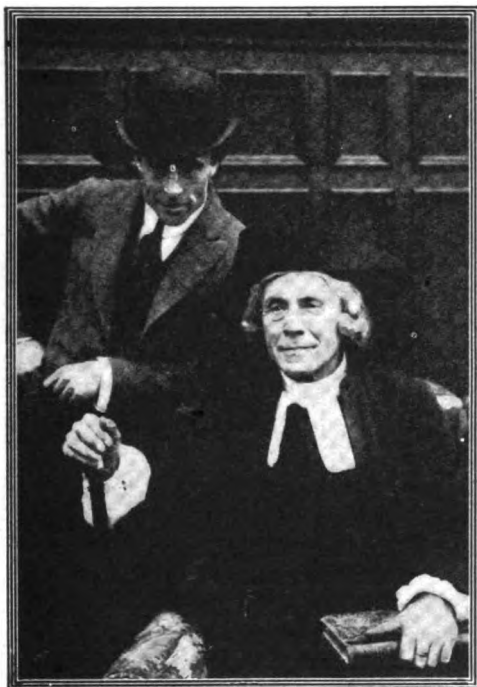
How the "Old School" Works with the New

By G. T. BINDBEUTEL

**S**TUDIO turmoil, sputtering lights, directors with throbbing veins in their foreheads, the passing and repassing of stars, and nervous extra people, and stage managers, and assistant stage managers, and the cast director, and the electricians, and—

It was a great relief to find one tranquil, hooded spot in the big Thanhouser studios in New Rochelle, and there, moving about with a calm reflected in the actions of camera-man and other attendants, the lovable old "Vicar of Wakefield," or Frederick Warde, the dean of American actors.

At one side of the camera, in everyday attire—no collar "peeling off," no anger showing in gesticulations, no shouting of



FREDERICK WARDE AS "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD," AND HIS SON AND DIRECTOR, ERNEST WARDE

commands—there was his father's director, Ernest Warde. "Dad" and "my boy," as they call each other.

Now and then "my boy" shook his head—horizontally or vertically—"Stop" or "Go on"; or he would suggest that certain business be shortened; or make certain that the camera was solidly planted, as he is unusually careful about details.

"My boy saves me so much fuss and worry," Frederick Warde remarked. "When I began my first Motion Picture work I was distressed by the sudden shocks the camera-man gave me. But Ernest, who had played with me for many years, and knew both the dramatic and photographic demands, arranged a scope of action for me that removed the disturbing difficulties. We—"

And then the son called, "Dad!"

(Fifty-seven)



Photo by Hoover

MAY GIROCI AS LITTLE "GEORGE WASH" IN "THE FALL OF A NATION"

## Bubbles

By K. A. BISBEE

Great stars are often dimmed when brighter ones rise.

Some actor's leading part is leading a forlorn hope.

The camera-man is conversant with the daily grind.

• Some actors screen their faults.

All the world's a stage—for the Moving Picture director.

Movie fans are a breezy lot.

Moving Picture actors have to look their part.

You cannot put "punches" in a scenario if you put too many in your stomach.

Where there's movies there's hope.



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## City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron to Make Beautiful, Healthy Women, and Strong, Vigorous Men

Now Being Used by Over Three Million People Annually

Quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anæmic men and women into a perfect glow of health and beauty—often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 200 per cent in two weeks' time

It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen, that a number of physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron.

Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:

Dr. King, a New York physician and author, says: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron."

Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anæmic men and women is pale, the flesh flabby, the muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked is responsible for another grave iron loss.

Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, says: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away habit-forming drugs and nauseous concoctions and take Nuxated Iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippé, consumption, kidney, liver and heart troubles, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood."

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with a blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man;



F. King, M.D.



E. Sauer, M.D.

in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was care-worn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron.

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time, simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the fray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."



S. Jaques, M.D.

**NOTE.**—Nuxated Iron is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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Only 50 cents a pack, in handsome telescope box, mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. (One-cent stamps accepted. If a 50-cent piece is sent, wrap it in folded paper and enclose in envelope in your letter. An unwrapped coin sometimes cuts thru the envelope and is lost in the mails. It is perfectly safe also to send a dollar bill by mail.)

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## Marjorie Rambeau At Home

(Continued from page 39)

Rambeau over many miles of Alaska's white carpet. Among the many interesting things Miss Rambeau has done, I discovered, was to spend a winter sealed up tight in Dawson.

"What do you like best about your home?" I asked her.

"As a matter of fact, you know," she continued, "I do not have a great deal of time here. My home life, these days, consists of arriving here about eleven-thirty, or later, in the evening, after the performance, bidding my home a pleasant good-evening and good-night all in one, and the next morning, about nine-thirty, bidding it an equally pleasant good-morning and good-by in the same breath. Yes, my time is pretty well occupied. I am down at the studio each morning, made up and ready for work, just about the time many folks I know are turning over for a final cat-nap. I'm down there until five in the afternoon. After that I have nothing to do but to come into town—the studio is down on Long Island—have something to eat, and go over to the theater to make up for 'Cheating Cheaters.'

"And on matinée days it is similar, only more so. Then I get up a bit earlier, leave the studio a little after twelve, and am at the theater by one-thirty, with nothing to look forward to but two performances of the play and the fact that I must be up bright and early and on time at the studio the next morning.

"I enjoy the outdoors," she went on, "and whenever we leave the studio to take an exterior, I absorb all of the good, fresh, clean country air I possibly can, and consequently I frequently come back to town refreshed rather than tired."

Miss Rambeau, you can infer, is a very sensible as well as a very charming young lady.

## Arthur Was Quite a Kellermann

The Lubin Company journeyed to the Maine coast one summer to get scenes for a picture entitled "Rosie's Rose." Arthur Johnson and Harry Myers were the rivals for Rosie's hand. In the scene they were to quarrel, fight and upset the boat, etc.

"I was the captain," relates Howard Mitchell, "and, when I ordered them to desist, I tumbled overboard—not in the scene. We were all expert swimmers and soon reached the upturned dory. When we arrived on shore the director pointed to the 'smother' covered water. 'You might all have been lost,' he said. 'We'll try it over again near shore.'

"'Why not rehearse the scene in a bath-house?' suggested Johnson, sarcastically."

(Fifty-eight)

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Dorothy Gish	Blanche Sweet	Geraldine Farrar

— and 32 others

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Post Office Box 49 New York City

## The Cut-Back

(Continued from page 37)

it fair for me to ask her to sacrifice so much for so little? No, it was not. I would be a brute if I permitted her to do it. I would be the most selfish thing in the world. The public, society, the custom—even God Himself—would not sanction such a marriage.

"There would come times, I believed—even tho we were happy—when she would have a longing for the atmosphere of wealth she would have left behind her. She might be too heroic to mention these things, but, nevertheless, they would come.

"No, I could not permit her to make this sacrifice for me. I, myself, did make it. And when the train reached Albuquerque I didn't get off, but continued on to the Pacific Coast. When I arrived there I wrote her a letter and explained."

"Did she take it hard?" inquired the salesman, anxiously.

"I think she did," replied the priest, slowly. "They always do. But, do you know, I've often noticed they get over it."

"What did you do then?" asked the other.

"I returned East and entered the priesthood."

"And what became of her?" continued the salesman, thoughtfully.

"She married a year or so later."

"Rich man?"

"Yes, he was a son of a big Eastern steel magnate. They've got three children and a beautiful mansion on Fifth Avenue, just above the Ritz."

The salesman had listened to every word of the story, which had burned into his very soul. Finally the priest arose.

"I'm awfully glad to have met you—er—er—Mr.——"

"Hobart Henley," replied the other.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Henley," said the priest. "I am Father Thomas Malley, of the Church of St. Anthony, Harrisburg. Are you going all the way thru to California?"

The young man hesitated a moment. Then, as he shook the hand of the father confessor, he replied:

"I'm—on—my—way—er—er—to Universal City. I'm going into pictures."

"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier"

One day Howard Mitchell was riding thru the grounds at Fort Myer, Va., on horseback. He was dressed in officer's uniform for a picture. The men saluted, and Mitchell responded.

On a lonely road, going back to his quarters, six privates presented arms, and Mitchell was scared; he believed he was about to be arrested and perhaps shot for impersonating an officer.

When he arrived at the hotel I asked him casually: "How do you like riding with the U. S. cavalry?"

He swelled with pride. "Well," he said, "I can beat a bullet on horseback."

(Fifty-nine)



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**EDUALC MC.**—Barbara Tennant is with the Thanhouser Company. Irene Wallace is with Selig. Lillian Walker has been getting \$500 a week, but expects \$1,000 hereafter.

**MADGE S.**—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. Maurice Tourneur directed "A Poor Little Rich Girl" with Mary Pickford. I enjoy the sad plays, too—bees extract honey even from the bitterest flowers.

**GWEN, KINGSTON.**—"Broncho Billy" (G. M. Anderson) is engaged in the theatrical business in New York City. H. Cooper Cliffe was the father in "Extravagance." Margaret Anglin was born in Canada in 1876.

**INQUISITIVE.**—He laughs best who has the finest teeth. I must decline to discuss questions pertaining to religion. The United States flag was adopted by Congress April 4, 1818.

**EARNEST QUESTIONER.**—William S. Hart is with Triangle Western Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Always glad to hear from you. Rollin S. Sturgeon is going to direct Gail Kane for American.

**RED HEAD.**—You can reach Flora Finch, 729 Seventh Ave., New York. Arthur Lehman was Raoul in "The Scarlet Runner" (Vitagraph). Sydney Ainsworth was Wilcox in "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

**EDELWEISS.**—But we should never do wrong when people are looking. Fritz de Lint is still with Metro. You dont mean it?

**HULA HULA.**—You are wondering why we dont have "Chats with the Players." Dont you see them every month? A rose by any other name, etc. In asking for players who play in a serial, please give the title of the episode rather than the name of the serial—just a matter of file system.

**OLGA OLONOVA.**—Shirley Mason is the sis-

ter of Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath, and her former name was Leonie Flugrath. Some fresh, uncooked fruit should be eaten at each meal, or at least once a day, in the form of fresh fruits or fruit juices, lettuce, raw cabbage, cucumber or other salads.

**DEVILISH DONALD.**—Yes; Betty Compton played the part of Mrs. O. U. Henry in "Sea Nymph." "Birth of a Nation" was taken in California and in the South. Marguerite Courtot was Norma in "Rolling Stones." I have never in my life said a bitter thing of any one who did not deserve it!

**KATINKA.**—The most famous diamonds in the world are the Braganza, the Dudley, the Florentine, the Great Mogul, the Hope, the Koh-i-noor, the Nassac, the Orloff, the Pigott, the Pitt or Regent, the Saucy, the Shah, and the Tsar of the South. Wallace Reid has brown eyes and light brown hair, and is 6 feet 2. I dont think scars caused by small-pox would show up on the screen except in close-ups. I never throw bricks, only compliments. Get it?

**BOB WALKER AD.**—Of course you're not a bore. You want a picture of Robert Walker in the Gallery. Attention, Editor, please.

**CHICAGO READER.**—Titles of plays are decoys to catch patrons, hence they must be attractive. Yes; May Allison was the sister in "A Fool There Was." Thanks for yours. *Non mi ricordo.*

**HELEN L., YOUNGSTOWN.**—Frank Lanning is with Fox. Vivian Rich has gone with the Frankenburg Co. No; Matt Moore is not married.

**ESTHER E. S.**—Hire a hall. If you can talk as well and as ceaselessly as you write, a fortune awaits you on the Chautauqua Circuit. Who said pictures weren't elevating?

NOTABLE SCENES FROM "THE SCARLET LETTER" (FOX)



"SHE WILL NOT DIVULGE HIS NAME!"

(Sixty)

# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

**WILLIAM L. RADIO.**—I cant advise you on how to get thin. Consult Flora Finch or Mrs. Vernon Castle. Naomi Childers isn't playing just now.

**B. L. C.**—You know it is necessary to sign your complete name and address. You liked Mary Miles Minter in "Barbara Frietchie." We published her picture in Dec. 1915 and Dec. 1916 Magazine. I'm sure you will be pleased with the cover this month.

**YFONOMEUTRA PUSIELA.**—You say my note made me seem so unutterably real and human that you thought you would pester me again. I appreciated the pepper branches very much indeed. Released on the State Right plan means that, instead of renting a film to a theater direct from the producer's regular rental exchange, the producer sells the film to an agent outright to be released in certain States. Some films are rented for \$25 for one night; the newer pictures rent for more. It was announced that Charlotte Burton was going to play opposite Henry Walthall, but now I understand that Doris Kenyon is going to play with him. You say there is something about Francis Bushman that reminds you of Alan Hale. Thanks for the P. S.

**WALTHALL ADMIRER.**—You have me wrong. In fact, you haven't me at all. And if you haven't me at all, you cant have me wrong; hence, you must have me right. But, right or wrong, I am not the man you think I am, and am proud of it. Henry Walthall was born and educated in Alabama. He had been on the stage for seven years before joining pictures.

**HELEN S. T., PITTSBURGH.**—Just because you are pretty is no reason for thinking you can become a great star. That reminds me of the hen who sat on a brick and thought she was a bricklayer. Send for a list of manufacturers.

**JUNE B.**—Thanks for the fee. You can reach Mrs. Dessez in care of us. That magazine you refer to is very reliable.

**VERA L. L., SAN FRANCISCO.**—Being a trifle hard of hearing in my left ear, you had better keep on the right side of me. Dont call me harsh names when I cant get at you! Max Linder said that bargain days in Chicago reminded him of the trenches. Guess not.

**HELEN P., CHANUTE.**—Chaplin seems to be as popular as ever, in spite of what Rochefoucauld says, "Those who have but one sort of wit are sure not to please long." And where did you get that scandal from? Fate gives us our parents, but choice gives us our friends, thank heaven!

**NANCY LEE McR.**—How do I know what makes Wallace Reid so wonderful? Dont marry the man your mother wants you to marry. Marry the man you want, but try to want the right one, which will probably be the one your mother wants you to marry.

**CATHERINE OF ARAGON.**—I admire your literary style. Well, we get a letter from you asking us not to have any more write-ups of a certain player for a while, and the same kind of a letter from another reader asking for more write-ups on that same player. We cant please everybody all the time.

**INEZ, NFLD.**—Things move fast in the picture business. At twelve a girl wants to get in; at thirteen she gets her parents' consent; at fourteen she tries; at seventeen she succeeds in getting in; at eighteen she gets a part; at nineteen she wants fame; at twenty she wants wealth; at twenty-three she wants a husband; then she wants a baby, and thus endeth the reading of the lesson. Ten years! Most any of the stars will write to you personally. You have the wrong cast on that Edison.

**LAURA S., BROOKLYN.**—You say that the difference between a potato and a soldier is that one shoots from the eye, the other from the shoulder. Marguerite Clayton and Edward Arnold got married ten times in "Is Marriage Sacred?" That ought to make Solomon and the ancient sultans turn green with envy.

**BETSY, SEATTLE.**—Cleo Ridgely is not married now. I am no fish, yet you say you drop me a line. Conway Tearle is still playing. He is as charming as ever.

**MAE MURRAY ADMIRER.**—I am glad you are so good-humored. Good humor is the sunshine of the mind which makes all things tolerable. You want to see Mae Murray's picture on the cover. Look up January 1917 Magazine and the July 1916 Classic for pictures of her.

**FANNIE A., FARRELL, PA.**—St. Augustine, Fla., is the oldest city in the U. S. and was founded by Spaniards in 1565. Of course I still live on buttermilk when I can get it, and when I cant get it I am content with sour milk—there isn't much difference.

**INEZ, NFLD.**—You here again! Influenza germ was first discovered in Vienna, Jan. 21, 1890. I haven't heard from Grace Van Loon for some time. That was an old Biograph. Jack Conway and Lillian Gish in "Captain Macklin." Warren Walt was Jake, the Brute, in "The Inner Brute." No, we get all our paper direct from the mills, and it costs us about \$25,000 a month.



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(Sixty-one)



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MRS. H. I. P.—The hardest thing in this world is to win a good husband. The second hardest thing is to keep him won. Arthur Hoops opposite Mary Pickford in "Esmeralda." Perhaps you mean Walter Craven, who played the part of Silas Welch. Thanks for your good wishes.

ELSIE K., SYDNEY.—Thank you kindly for the "Season's Greetings." Clara K. Young is playing in "The Easiest Way."

DESIRE.—It depends upon whether the story is copyrighted or not. Paul Gordon was Hubert in "The Pretenders." Fritz Brunette is still with Sellg. Better put on your chains—you're skidding.

BERT B., UNION.—No, they are not the same characters in those serials. Can't see where Pearl White and Ruth Roland resemble each other. "What would movies be without eucalyptus trees; the villain's sneer; the heaving chest and the rolling eyes; the knocker, who goes to the show every night and knocks every night; the boarding-house keeper who is always cruel and unkempt, and the Far West? Where'd the author send the hero if it wasn't for the Far West?" So Balboa says.

G. U. STIFF.—Marguerite Gibson was Leila in "The Island of Desire." Anna Luther was Miss Needham. And why do you call me Augustus? Trying all names until you hit the right one?

INEZ.—*Fama nihil est celerius.* 'Tis true. "Perils of Pauline" was the first film produced in serial. Betty Gray and Vivian Prescott in "Woman Against Woman" (Biograph). Irene Warfield and Gerda Holmes in "The Voice in the Wilderness." Yes; Madeline Travers was the girl in "The Closing Net."

BEATRICE.—They do say that Douglas Fairbanks' salary is about \$15,000 a week, and that he makes his own films under the direction of John Emerson.

DOT, SARANAC.—Yes; Mary Pickford has gone to the Coast to do "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

GEORGE C.—George Elliott in "The Scrub." Patrick Calhoun was Pietro in "A Rose of Italy."

AUGUST, SAN PEDRO.—Irving Cummings is going to play opposite Virginia Pearson.

They say that Vitagraph will enlarge their Western studio and cut down the productions in the East.

ALLAN, BUFFALO.—Sobeit. Lou-Tellegen in "The Black Wolf." Sorry, but I didn't see it. I doubt whether King Baggot is playing just now. Tully Marshall is still with Lasky. Joseph Kaufman doesn't play any more. He is a director. H. B. Warner was born in London in 1876, Frederick Warde in 1851, Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass., in 1882, and Lou-Tellegen in Amsterdam in 1885.

INEZ.—You seem to have a monopoly this month. Viola Dana was the girl in "On Dangerous Paths." Hobart Henley was Peter in "The Flight of a Night." Helen Dunbar is with Metro. Leah Baird is with Universal. Alfred Vosburg is with Triangle. Harry Pollard was John, and Margarita Fischer was Mae in "The Quest." She is with Art Drama.

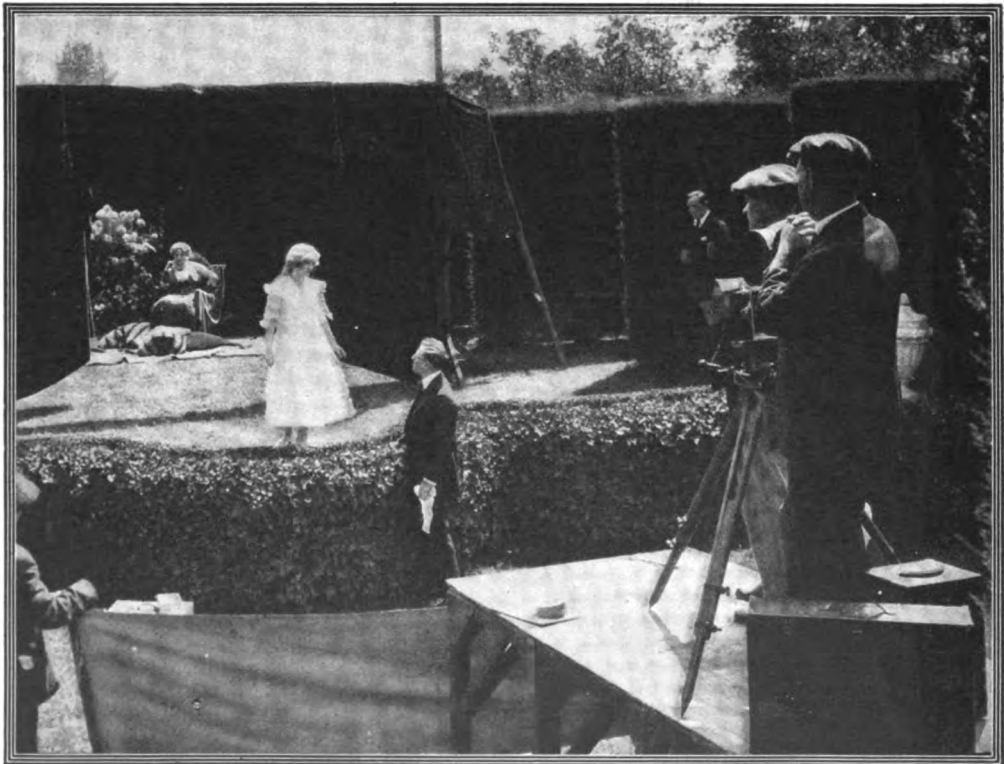
ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—Dorothy Bernard was Alice, and Jack Sherrill was Thomas in "The Accomplice." Misfortunes never come singly; they're always married.

FINLEY.—Arthur Albertson was Bruce in "The Argyle Case." Mary Alden played in it. I admit that I was wrong. So, since a fault confessed is half redressed, this public admission and my apology to you, milord, should make us square.

JULIAN, CANARSIE.—Lillie Leighton is with Lasky. Watch out for "The Boonton Affair" for King Baggot and Irene Hunt. Mildred Platz was the little girl in "The Courage of Silence." Well, an inquisitive person is a creature naturally vacant of thought and hence moved to seek outside assistance.

BARBARA, TOLEDO.—"Damaged Goods" is a reissue. Richard Bennett plays the part of George Dupont. Eugene Pallette is with Lasky. He plays the part of Dick Larmier in "Each to His Kind." Yes, but a promise is a debt which we often forget to pay. Marin Sals is Barbara, and Ronald Bradbury is Fernandez in "The Dominion of Fernandez," of "The Girl from Frisco."

SOCRATES.—Wallace Reid played in "The Golden Fetter." Dont you recognize him as the same who played for Biograph years ago? Send for a list of film manufacturers.



HERE IS MARY MILES MINTER ABOUT TO BE CAUGHT IN ACTION. JAMES KIRKWOOD, HER DIRECTOR, IS GIVING HER FINAL INSTRUCTIONS. NOTE THE CANVAS LIGHT-DIFFUSER IN THE FOREGROUND AND THE ADMIXTURE OF NATURAL IVY-COVERED WALL AND ARTIFICIAL HEDGES

(Sixty-two)



**C**HARLIE CHAPLIN has subscribed for \$150,000 worth of the new English "Victory" loan. The cabled announcement that Charlie had robbed his own bank account for this princely amount created great excitement in Trafalgar Square when the results of the subscriptions were read to the crowd.

"Doug" Fairbanks has just returned to New York from a flying vacation at Saranac Lake. Skis, skates and ice-boats supplied "Doug" with the necessary thrills and tuned him up for his attack on his first picture under his own management.

Vitagraph has a treat in store for lovers of O. Henry's immortal tales. Beginning in March, the "O. Henry Players" will produce "Past One at Rooney's," and then proceed to march right thru each volume and capture each delectable story.

The irrepressible "Doug" Fairbanks has discovered that starting a new Motion Picture company is not a bed of roses, especially if one does not "clean house" when bidding adieu to previous connections. His former company, the Majestic, is suing him for \$250,000 for breach of contract and also is seeking to enjoin him from "playing in his own back yard."

Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman are rounding up the final episodes of "The Great Secret" and will soon go back to presenting five-reel features. Mr. Bushman, by the way, is a director of no mean ability, and usually collaborates with Director William Christy Cabanne in directing and in the selection of photoplays.

After having "drifted apart" for nearly two years, it is reported that Earle Williams and Anita Stewart will soon reappear together in some coming features. This is good news indeed—they are ideal opposites.

During April you will discover most of your familiar stars twinkling in new plays. Marie Doro will render "Heart's Desire"; Blanche Sweet, "Tides of Barnegat"; Pauline Frederick, "Sleeping Fires"; Kathlyn Williams and Theodore Roberts, "The Cost of Hatred"; Olga Petrova, "The Waiting Soul"; and Harold Lockwood and May Allison will be seen in "The Secret Spring."

"Studio blindness," that pernicious eye-strain peculiar to the overhead lights, has attacked almost the entire George M. Cohan cast, now producing "Broadway Jones." Mr. Cohan, Marguerite Snow, Crawford Kent and Ida Darling were compelled to retire from the studio and to seek darkened rooms until the eye-strain wore off.

H. B. Warner is now at Cape Hatteras to "shoot" some scenes for his coming ten-reel adaptation of "God's Man," the novel by George Bronson Howard that created such a furore in the New York courts when Judge Corrigan sued its author for libel.

Dorothy Gish has arrived in New York from the Coast and announces her resignation from the Triangle Company. Her sister Lillian will shortly follow. Neither has yet announced her plans for the future.

After six months of unremitting day-and-night work in "Within the Law," "The Courage of Silence" and "Womanhood," Alice Joyce has packed her Indestructo and fled to Florida for a bit of balmy beach and her long-lost coat of tan.

A pair of screen stars have made their first public appearance together—no other than Anita Stewart and Douglas Fairbanks. The Motion Picture Exhibitors' ball at Coney Island was the occasion, and Doug-

las led the fair Anita thru the mazes of the grand march.

Following its series, "Is Marriage Sacred?" the Essanay is going one stronger with "Do Children Count?" Baby Mary McAllister will be the child-star in the new series.

A real "sensation" bomb has been thrown into the Los Angeles film camp with the report that Francis Ford is to re-marry his divorced wife, Elsie Ford. The decree of divorce is less than nine months old, and the fact that they are about to start all over again has caused great rejoicing among their many friends.

Friends of "Fatty" Arbuckle tendered him a farewell banquet recently, prior to his departure for New York and his new studio connections. Roscoe will travel across the continent like a prince in his private car, "Vagabondia."

Anna Luther has left Fox and has joined the Ince forces. Another prominent Ince recruit is Sylvia Bremer, who played on the stage in support of Grace George in "Major Barbara."

Little Shirley Mason has decided to make McClure Pictures her permanent abiding-place. As soon as "Seven Deadly Sins" has completed its run, its heroine will start work on a new serial.

Lewis Selznick, the film magnate, recently testified before the New York State investigators that "no brains are needed in the picture business." Just to prove it, the story is current that he cabled to Charles Dickens, asking for rights to all his novels. It is to smile!

The recent rainy season on the Coast drove most of the film favorites into new hobby pastures. Marjorie Daw took sketching lessons; Wallace Reid developed quite a talent in oil painting; Charlie and Sid Chaplin, as well as Mabel Normand and Helen Gibson, cavorted on skates at the Ice Palace, while Vola Vale has mastered the ukelele and Bessie Love has gone in strongly for vocal training.

Ruth Stonehouse has finished her first picture, both as director and lead. "Rosalind of Redgate" is its title, and now the fair and overworked star has hopped into her touring-car and disappeared for a short surcease from toil.

Edith Storey has been "mixing in" by leading the Chamber of Commerce Bal Masque at Oakland, Cal., with the mayor as her dancing partner. 'Tis said her costume was a "stunner," especially imported from New York.

Antonio Moreno is adding a new and unique accomplishment to the varied art of pantomime. For the past month, while filming "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop," he has been on location with a group of full-fledged Indian chiefs. They have taken kindly to the handsome, athletic young actor and have taught him the mysteries of the Indian sign-language.

Mary Anderson has received her long-expected moss-green Hupmobile. Her old machine was too small for both her and "Bullets," her Airedale acting dog; hence her new eight-passenger "jitney."

Poor Max Linder, after doing his first comedy, "Max Comes Across," has been stricken ill and is confined to his rooms in the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago. Max has survived so many films and so many battles that we trust his illness is only a temporary setback.



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Jack Vosburgh has been cast to support Mary Miles Minter in her next production, "Environment." Mr. Vosburgh recently completed his first American studio picture as the juvenile lead in "My Fighting Gentleman."

Charles Murray, the Keystone chuckle-extractor, recently had an exciting and profitable experience. Charlie is an honest-to-goodness deputy sheriff, and on his trip from New York to Los Angeles he recognized a well-known desperado, for whose capture a \$500 reward had been offered. Charlie had the train stopped in Arizona, turned his capture over to the local authorities and boarded the train again just \$500 ahead.

It is now quite well settled that Geraldine Farrar will, at the closing of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, speed across continent to appear in another feature production for the Lasky Company.

Frank Mayo, shining light for Balboa, has just joined Universal to star in Bluebird productions. And, in the meantime, Margaret Landis, after an extended vacation at her home in Tennessee, has rejoined the Balboa forces.

And here comes another star of the first magnitude frisking off on her own hook. Ruth Roland announces that on or about March 1st she will probably organize "The Ruth Roland Film Company" and produce her own big features in her own little studio.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are still sticking to their joint New Year's resolution—each to write one personal letter a day to some sick child in a hospital.

Tom Moore, known to fame as the husband of Alice Joyce and as a tried and true leading man, has been engaged to support Mae Murray in her next Lasky production.

During blustery and fog-wreathed March the stars will not be in hiding. Mabel Taliaferro will shine in "The Barricade"; Frances Nelson will disport in "The Beautiful Lie"; Viola Dana will encompass "The Mortal Sin"; Constance Talmadge twinkles in Betsy's Burglar"; Robert Harron sparkles in "A Young Gentleman of the Old School"; Wilfred Lucas constellates in "A Love Sublime"; and Crane Wilbur (recently vacationing) will scintillate in "The Eye of Envy."

Pauline Frederick and her all-star company, which includes Thomas Meighan, Frank Losee and Pedro De Cordoba, are in Savannah, Ga., taking exterior scenes for the forthcoming "Sapho."

Richard Travers, Essanay star, doesn't believe in doing things by halves. He has just taken unto himself a wife and has left Chicago to seek an engagement in New York.

In an elaborate restaurant scene in Theda Bara's latest picture, "The Tiger Woman," the actors were served with fried oysters and juicy, broiled steaks—real food! "Taint like the good old days, Hamfat, is it?"

Marguerite Clark sped away to Watkin's Glen, N. Y., last week for a fortnight's vacation. This little rest is the bridge between "The Fortunes of Fifi," recently completed, and "The Valentine Girl," her next production.

Speaking of being miscast, Henry B. Walthall's next feature will be "Burning the Candle," a powerful arraignment of the liquor habit. Walthall has never touched a drop in his life!

William S. Hart is busy on a new Western drama, "The Square-Deal Man," and, of course, has another new leading woman. This time she is Mary MacLvor.

## Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

"LITTLE MARY" has arrived. It is not necessary to state her other name is Pickford—every one knows it. With her came Mrs. Pickford and Lottie. If any

doubt as to the little lady's popularity in the profession existed in any person's mind, that person should have witnessed the reception at the station when the train pulled in.

Jack Pickford has joined the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and, with Owen, Tom and Joe Moore in our burg, little Miss Mary will have lots of male relatives as well as a sister and a mother and, yes, a mother-in-law, around.

Grace Cunard and her husband, Joe Moore, have taken the jolliest little bungalow on Harold Way and are leading the simple life. Grace contemplates selling the big home on the mountain.

Lots of big-bugs being paged around the Alexandria Hotel lobby and the Los Angeles Athletic Club this day. "Mr. Freuler," "Mr. Laemmer-lee," "Mr. Kessel," "Mr. Baumann," "Mr. Zookore," are among the other strange names on the lips of the call-boys. Soon will be added others, we are given to understand.

Chester Conklin, Keystone funny man, has been on the sick list and had to let one picture go by. Chester is the kindest man, and all his pals are sorry he was "took sick." Getting better, tho.

Mention of Keystone reminds me that pretty Ora Carew has a big, black, new horse and is taking lots of early morning exercise these fine days. Looks awfully cute in her riding-togs.

Two real nice ladies have been out of pictures thru illness. Helen Holmes was close to peritonitis and was in the hospital, and Myrtle Stedman has left bed for the first time for two weeks. Heart trouble in the latter case. Both actresses received lots of comforting messages and flowers.

The Kalem studio has grown out of all knowledge, and Glendale welcomes the many strange faces. The company contemplates housing all their companies at the Glendale plant. Marin Sais says it is like visiting a foreign country. But Marin need not worry; a fall from a horse once put her nose out of joint, but no person could do that.

Gail Kane is making lots of friends at the American studios, where she is being directed by Rollin S. Sturgeon. She makes an occasional visit to Los Angeles and finds it a bit more lively than Santa Barbara.

It is quite hard to catch Kathlyn Williams. She seems to start one feature almost before she has finished the last one, and the stories carry her off to different parts of California. One thing is sure, she is not only busy, but happy, and she never looked better than she does right now.

Henry Otto, the director, is mourning the loss of his mother. His loss is a very real one, for Henry was the best of sons and always had his mother with him. We are deeply sorry for him.

Another severe loss was the mother of Claire McDowell, of the Universal. The two were the closest companions.

Margarita Fischer, the Pollard Picture Play star, spent a whole week in Los Angeles with her mother. She says she earned the rest, and thinks her last starring vehicle, "The Devil's Assistant," is a great feature. She left Harry Pollard cutting the film.

Jay Belasco and Billie Rhodes are to appear in comedies under the supervision of Al. E. Christie for the Mutual. Christie will continue his other comedies at the same time. They are a mighty good-looking young couple and should prove most attractive in the bright comedies the one and only Al. has made his very own.

Dustin and William Farnum have been visiting brother Marshall in Arizona, and the latter is a very sick man. Meanwhile, Directors William D. Taylor and Frank Lloyd are cutting and assembling film and preparing new stories for their popular stars.

(Continued on page 68)

## Putting the Studio on the Stage

(Continued from page 53)

Criterion Theater, New York. All its farce, to say nothing of the comedy, is borrowed from the screen. It is a plot of misadventures in a movie studio. So it remained to remake the "talkie-movies" into the "movie-talkies" rightly to blend the stage and the screen. An added blending of the two is the appearance of Grace Valentine, a recent Famous Players leading-woman, as the co-star of the stage-play.

The action opens in a Los Angeles studio, where Johnny Wiggins, an unsophisticated cowboy, is engaged to "double the stunts" for the leading-man, or, as Johnny says, "to start in where the hero leaves off when he gets cold feet."

Johnny balks at nothing, until the director backs him into a set of "soup-and-fish harness" and orders him to do a high "sassiety" scene. Johnny takes one desperate flier at a dress-suit and fancy table manners, then "jumps the job."

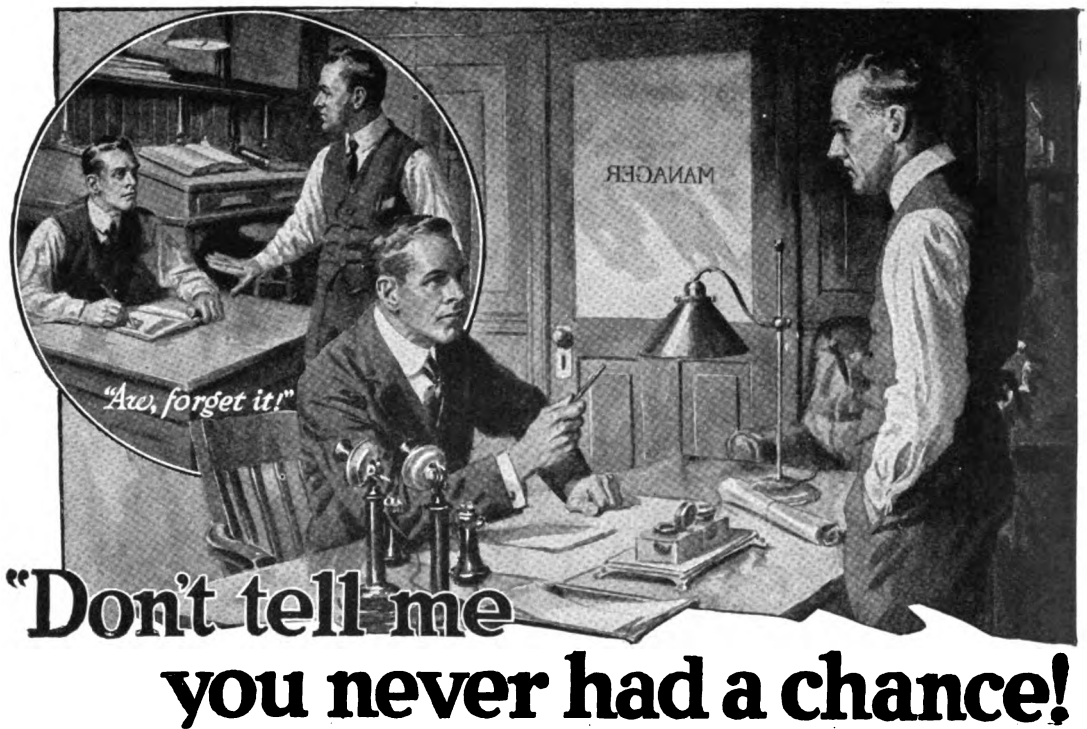
Just at this time comes a "S. O. S." call from his ranch partner, who is temporarily detained in "durance vile." Being guardian for a young sister who has inherited too much money, which a gang of society grafters are taking away from her faster than the speed laws permit even in New York, his partner appoints Johnny "deputy brother" to "Go East, young man," and do the rescue stunt in the impromptu play, "Saving Sister."

Johnny never had any "she-folks," and all he knows of "sassiety" was acquired in the movies; but luckily the girl has not seen her brother since she was a tot of three years, so Johnny "gets away with" that part of it, and springs his studio etiquette on a Long Island house-party—with hilarious results. Finally he is obliged to resort to real range rough-stuff with rope and gun to prevent a titled fortune-hunter from eloping with the heiress—and wakes up to find himself a regular hero. But then he has to "spill the beans" by marrying the parlor-maid, who he declares is "the finest filly on the ranch and the only one with the sense of a cow-pony." Consequently Johnny's social career is queered, but a hot lot he cares, as he hikes back to Montana with a brand-new bride who can do flip-flops and fry flap-jacks of the kind that mother wouldn't make if she could.

So in the end "Johnny, Get Your Gun" becomes "Johnny, Get Your Girl" and the final flash looks like the typical five-reel finish.

Charleston, S. C., is famous for its pride and antiquity. There's nothing, given a chance, that the proud natives won't claim for their town. When Marguerite Clark was there, recently, working on "Snow-White," she was struck by the beauty of the sunset. "Oh, how wonderful!" she whispered, awe-struck. "Not bad for a little town like Charleston," answered a complacent native. (We don't believe this, for, in the first place, no native would admit, under torture, that Charleston is a small place!)

(Sixty-five)



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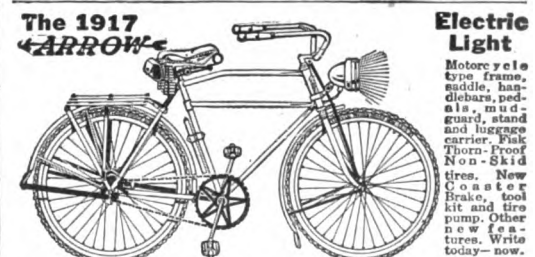
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## The Classic Cover Girl

Like Peter Pan, She Didn't Want to Grow Up—Now She's Crazy To

By VAL FRANCOIS

**I**N unreeling the film of Mary Miles Minter's two-by-four life, the subtitle writer dwells upon the following:

She's Fourteen Years Old—The Youngest Full-fledged Star! She Went on the Stage by Accident—Age Three Years! She's Crazy to Grow Up!

Let's sit down and watch her life-picture at its most dramatic and wishful moments.

The scene opens eleven years ago on the stage of Wallack's Theater, New York, during the first reading of "Cameo Kirby." A hundred or more little girls sat in the orchestra, and Arnold Daly walked about among them. "She's too big," he condemned; "this one's too old; this too thin; this too fat!" At last he came to Margaret Shelby. "She's pretty and—but too old," and he passed on.

Margaret thought, like a flash, of her three-year-old baby sister. Scene 2 is a close-up of a telephone, with Mrs. Shelby frantically phoning her house. Scene 3 shows the flabbergasted Irish cook starting out pell-mell from the Shelby home with toddle-toes Mary. Scene 4: Their arrival at the theater, with the subtitle from Arnold Daly's lips—

Just the Fairy Kid I've Been Looking For!

And that is how Mary was hurled from the cradle to the stage—quite by accident. Her chrysalis stage career ran thru several years, clinging to the skirts of Eleanor Robson in "Salomy Jane," and with Charlotte Walker in "The Warrens of Virginia."

Suddenly the chrysalis parted, and Baby Mary, the tiny twinkler of the "Milky Way," emerged a full-fledged star in "The Littlest Rebel." She shared the applause with the Farnums and monopolized the tears.

That was a lifetime ago to her—those few years since—and now she shares a fruit-and-flower-bowered bungalow with mother and sister in Santa Barbara, and has been the heroine of miles and miles of shadow plays.

Youthful charm is the secret of Mary's success; she's just a winsome, beautiful kid romping thru her parts. But here's the surprise package. Mary is her own worst critic. She's tired of seeing herself exploited as Miss Innocence, and is crazy to grow up overnight, if added skirts and make-up will help.

"I'll show them," she threatens, un-mindful of the charm of youth; "I'll show them I can play heroines, with love-affairs, and big emotions, and diamond stomachers, and—and—jealous husbands!"

But the clock of Mary's youth refuses to run faster—thank heaven for that!

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

## "And Then They Were Married"

(Continued from page 17)

worried mother, who dies, leaving twin daughters; then she is the twins themselves. Miss Madison says she has been a bride for the screen so many times that the real ceremony would be powerless to thrill her. But here is the strangest part of all: she is a bride in real life, and the ceremony was packed with thrills and sentiment. Cleo Madison was recently married to Don Peake, a Los Angeles gentleman, and, strangest of all, they were wedded in the very room of the Mission Inn, at Riverside, Cal., in which she posed for the "Trey o' Hearts" screen wedding.

Isn't Marguerite Clark an alluring vision, playing bride in that shimmering fabric of old romance, "Silks and Satins"?

In this thrilling romance of modern America and eighteenth century France she plays a delightfully sympathetic rôle. In this scene she is about to marry, at her father's command, a man she does not love. Artistically and beautifully gowned in a wonderful creation of costly lace, she is ready for the sacrifice, when she discovers, in a secret drawer, a diary of a relative, a beautiful and wilful girl, who, many years before, had faced the same difficulty. The experiences are all faithfully recorded, and by the time the present-day bride-to-be has finished the last page she has decided to defy her stern father and marry the man she wants. "And then they were married," proving that romance is not dead yet.

Nazimova has given us, in "War Brides," one of the most portentous and sorrowful weddings the world has ever known—a bit of real life, the decree of decimated Europe that its young girls must marry soldiers called to the front that the children of the earth may continue to be born. This is a marriage stripped of all save the savage brutality of science—love shorn of its affection, sanctity; even its bridegroom hurried to his doom. The appealing illustration of Nazimova as Joan, the peasant, preparing for her wedding, was omitted from the photoplay in the cutting and is the only pictured record in existence of Nazimova in bridal dress. Nazimova, as a war-bride, carries heavy emotions to the pinnacle of stress. The scenes in which she warns the other girls of the village who are about to sacrifice themselves, and in which she saves her little sister from marrying a brute, "by order of the king," probe deep into the holiest sentiments. The drama is a world-tragedy, and not for the sullied war-brides were there "blind ways provided the heart-weary player in this pageant-world to drop out, letting the main masque defile by the conspicuous portal." As long as the sun rises and sets, wedding-bells will tingle the air and the pulse, and in life's mirror—story, drama, screen—the bride will pace down the shadowy aisle to meet her waiting mate.

(Sixty-six)



Miss Cleo Ridgely, of the Lasky-Paramount Films, is one of the beauties of the modern photoplay who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Since Sarah Bernhardt began the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream over twenty years ago, this preparation has been a favorite of theatrical stars.



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## PITHY PARAGRAPHS FROM THE PACIFIC

(Continued from page 64)

David Horsley has his studios working full blast once more, and Crane Wilbur with his five-reelers and George Ovey with his one-reel funniments are busy all the time. Mr. and Mrs. David are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a new daughter; weighed 8½ pounds, she did, when the stork flew off. Ma and daughter doing nicely, thanks. Three to David's credit now. *That* ought to please Mr. Roosevelt.

Big new stage and lots of fresh faces around the Balboa studios. Bert Bracken, Edgar Jones, Henry King and the other directors all at it, and Will E. Ritchie knitting his brows how to handle stories for the bunch of them, even with a big staff under him. President H. M. Horkheimer is buzzing around the lots and is everywhere at once; keeps his smile working, too.

Litigation is in the air. Mary McLaren, the Universal actress whom Lois Weber put on the movie map, wants her contract torn up; Balboa want \$50,000 from Ruth Roland for alleged breach of contract; and rumor has it that the Majestic Company are after "Doug" Fairbanks to prevent his working for any other concern. There are others pending, too. Not safe to write of them just now. They might get after me, and I hate

law courts—so stuffy, and the lawyers ask such rude questions.

Monroe Salisbury, back from San Diego, has gone to make a feature for the Balboa Company. He is still being seen in "The Eyes of the World," in Los Angeles, but the film is slated to move on.

Much activity at the Vitagraph studios, where, Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno say, there is no rest for mortal souls. Miss Edith retires to Beverley Hills and Moreno to the Athletic Club every evening after work.

## HEARD IN THE DARK

HE—How do you like my new armlet, Phyllis?

SHE (coily)—Oh, just as comfy as usual. (And she nestles back to view the picture.)

Stuart Holmes was singing, with more vigor than melody, when June Caprice stopped him, the light of battle in her eye.

"Have you got that song at home?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Stuart, innocently.

"You know what it says at the chorus?" she demanded.

"No," returned Stuart, still more innocently.

"It says 'Refrain.' Why don't you take its advice?" was June's wicked answer.

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To those interested in Motion Pictures there is a no more interesting diversion for the long winter evenings than the collecting and mounting of players' portraits.

Thousands of readers of the **Motion Picture Magazine** are now enthusiastic portrait collectors, and their rooms and dens are decorated with hundreds of players' portraits, framed, passe-partouted or mounted in ingenious designs on cardboard to meet the various tastes of their owners.

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Fannie Ward  
Cleo Ridgely  
Marie Doro  
Vivian Martin  
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Myrtle Stedman  
Lenore Ulrich  
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Pauline Frederick  
John Barrymore  
Owen Moore  
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Billie Burke  
Viola Dana  
May Allison  
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Francis X. Bushman  
Harold Lockwood  
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Valli Valli  
Mrs. Sidney Drew  
Sidney Drew

Ethel Clayton  
Carlyle Blackwell  
Mollie King  
Muriel Ostriehe  
Jane Grey  
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Ruth Roland  
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## Movie Chess Puzzle Awards

Thousands of Answers to the Fascinating Game

THE Movie Chess Puzzle, as announced and explained in the December 1916 **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC**, brought a response from our readers with literally thousands of answers. Many of them wrote us that they and their friends spent many evenings of enjoyment working out solutions and that it has proven the most fascinating puzzle that has ever been devised. The rules were simple; and the amount of ingenuity that the contestants displayed was simply astonishing. The Contest Editor, who spent many long evenings checking up and proving the long lists of players, sends a hand-shake to each and every Movie Chess puzzler; his own enjoyment was keen at the skill—and, yes, genius—displayed.

And now for the prizes. The rules clearly stated that the contestant who submitted the largest number of correct names of players should win first prize, and so on thru the various other prizes. Here is the honorable list:

First Prize, \$10—Frances F. Heichhold, 107 Front Street, Clearfield, Pa.

Second Prize, \$5—C. E. Fisher, 1144 Market Street, Williamsport, Pa.

Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Prizes—Subscriptions to **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC**, won respectively by Mary E. Rouse, 1942 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Mary E. Quinn, 17 Cedar Street, Myrtle Beach, Milford, Conn.; F. Matthew, 669 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Elmer E. Sanderlin, 2622 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and Frank A. Davis, Chester, Vt.

Dozens of others came very close to the winners, and we regret exceedingly that lack of space does not permit our publishing their names. Many submissions were remarkable for the neatness, ingenuity and artistic taste displayed by their contributors, and, while the number of correct names fell short of the winners, we think that most of these beautiful creations, paintings, drawings, cut-outs, et cetera, deserve honorable mention, and here are the names on the honorable mention list:

Frank Chism, Albion, Ill.; Helen R. Boofor, 153 West Bridge Street, Oswego, N. Y.; Miss T. Hendrickson, 182 Saratoga Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frank W. Holt, 611 Ludlow Street, Hamilton, Ohio; Miss H. F. Trimble, 2406 Elsinore Avenue, Walbrook, Md.; Miss May L. Carpenter, 401 Fourteenth Street, West New York, N. J.; Miss Fannie Clement, 6B Montague Street, Charleston, S. C.; Carl E. Austin, 526 North Temple Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Alice E. Southerly, 21 Oberlin Street, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Dorothy A. Guier, 20 Pine Street, Concord, N. H., and Miss Mary Schneider, Clinton, Mo.

The visitors were being shown thru the insane asylum.

"What ward is this?" they questioned, as they reached a ward that seemed empty.

"Oh, this is where we keep the censors of public morals and Motion Pictures."

"But where are they?" queried the visitor.

"Under the bed," answered the guard, "hiding from the anger of the populace."

(Sixty-eight)

# STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

**Hippodrome.**—"The Big Show." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined.

**Playhouse.**—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

**Century.**—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater.

**Cohan and Harris.**—"Captain Kidd, Jr." A sparkling comedy, full of laughs and heart-interest, with a sprinkle of delightful adventure, superbly acted by a company that could hardly be excelled, including Charles Brown, formerly of the Vitagraph.

**Cort.**—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. Courtenay Foote, the lead, as a universal flirt, very good. The whole cast strong.

**Gaiety.**—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

**Cohan's.**—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not so winsome as those in "Daddy-Long-Legs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

**Longacre.**—"Nothing But the Truth." A clever farce which William Collier makes uproariously funny from curtain to curtain.

**Etinge.**—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

**Bandbox.**—"The Lodger." A delicious English comedy that is really funny, adapted from the novel by the same name.

**Empire.**—"A Kiss for Cinderella." A dainty fantasy with Maude Adams as Cinderella, a girl of dreams. Sparkling, clever and full of delightful sayings all thru.

**Fulton.**—"Ception Shoals." A powerful drama in which the charming Nazimova does some effective dramatic work.

**Mazine Elliott.**—"The Little Man." A good one-act play, contrasting Nietzsche's individualism with humanitarianism, in which humanitarianism wins.

**"Magic."** In every way a high-class comedy, replete with fine wit, satire and good English. O. P. Heggie, lead, with strong supporting cast.

**Harris.**—"The Yellow Jacket." Chinese fairyland done in a real Chinese way by American players. Interesting, clever and artistic.

**Globe.**—"The Harp of Life." A clever and interesting comedy with a few sobs, in which Laurette Taylor acts an exquisite bit of mother-love in a unique characterization.

**Criterion.**—"Johnny Get Your Gun." A first-rate musical comedy with a movie foundation. See page 53.

**44th Street Theater.**—"Joan the Woman." One of the best films that has ever been done, featuring Geraldine Farrar.

**48th Street.**—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

**Astor.**—"Her Soldier Boy." A fine, tuneful musical comedy with Clifton Crawford, Adele Rowland and other stars.

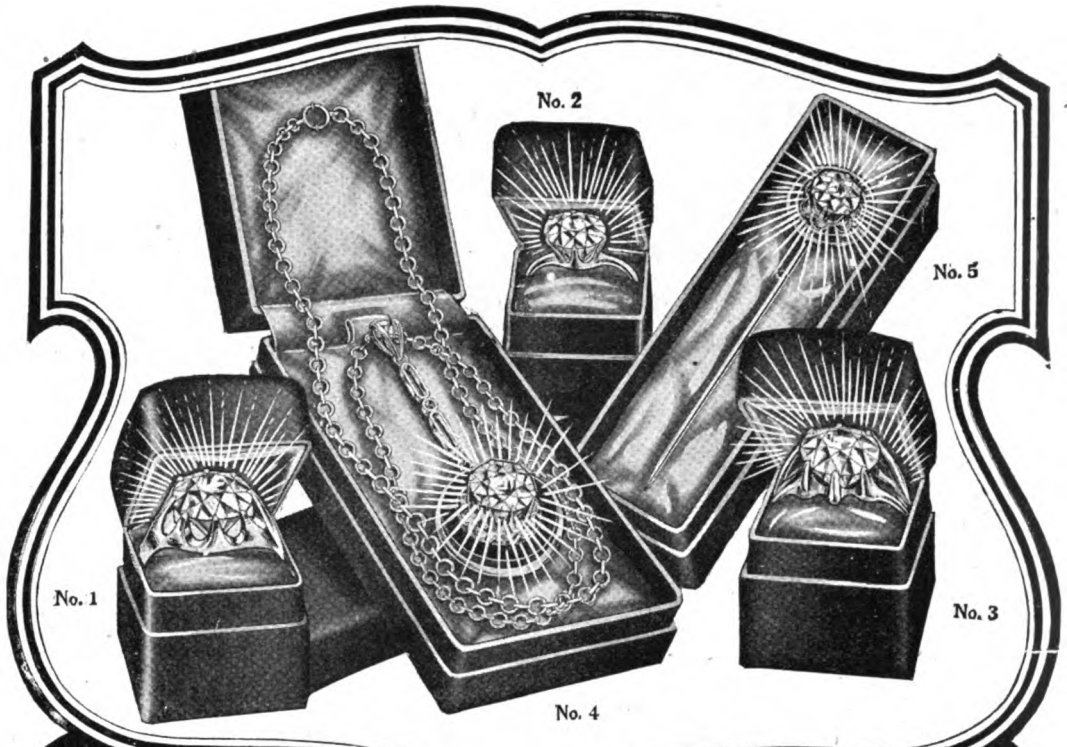
**Belasco.**—"Little Lady in Blue." Frances Starr in a charming, romantic comedy.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Show of Wonders." A delightful conglomeration of a little of everything for everybody, mostly music. "Submarine F-7" is an attractive feature.

**Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.**—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

**Rialto.**—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

(Sixty-nine)



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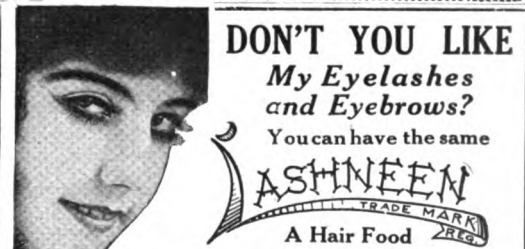
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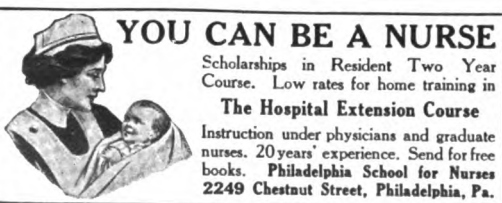
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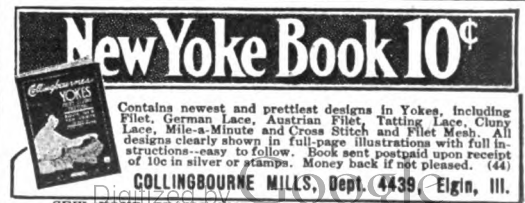


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# How I Raised My Earnings from \$30 to \$1000 a week

## *The Story of a Young Man's Remarkable Rise, as Told by Himself*

THREE years ago I was earning \$30 per week. With a wife and two children to support it was a constant struggle to make both ends meet. We saved very little, and that only by sacrificing things we really needed. Today my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a \$25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, wherever I care to, and I do less work than ever before.

What I have done, anyone can do—for I am only an average man. I have never gone to college, my education is limited, and I am not "brilliant" by any means. I personally know at least a hundred men who are better business men than I, who are better educated, who are better informed on hundreds of subjects, and who have much better ideas than I ever had. Yet not one of them approaches my earnings. I mention this merely to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education and to convince my readers that there is only *one* reason for my success—a reason I will give herein.

One day, a few years ago, I began to "take stock" of myself. I found that, like most other men, I had energy, ambition, determination. Yet in spite of these assets, for some reason or other I drifted along without getting anywhere. My lack of education bothered me, and I had thought seriously of making further sacrifices in order to better equip myself to earn more. Then I read somewhere that but few *millionaires* ever went to college. Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie—not one of them had any more schooling than I had.

One day something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of no great consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover myself. Along towards dawn I resolved to try an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to put it "over"—that I would not be "afraid" of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt.

I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to "give" me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—to *demand and command what I wanted*.

But how shall I begin? What shall I do first? It was easy enough for me to determine to do things—I had "determined" many times before. But this was a question of will power, and I made up my mind that the first step was to muster up enough of my own will power to stick to and carry out my determination.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject, and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will. So, with a directness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a little later in my investigation I encountered the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce, had just completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body"! My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of Training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no super-developed powers, save that of my will. And to further prove my contention let me cite one or two instances I have since come across, which seem to show conclusively that an indomitable will can be developed by anyone.

One case that comes to my mind is that of a young man who worked in a big factory. He was bright and willing, but seemed to get nowhere. Finally he took up the study of will training, at the suggestion of Mr. W. M. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert of the Willys-Overland Company, and in less than a year his salary was increased 800%. Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the North-

western Life Insurance Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Just a short time after receiving the methods in will development suggested by Prof. Haddock, he felt that they would be worth from \$3,000 to \$30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from \$40 a week to \$90 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. These are but a few—there are many other equally amazing examples which I personally know about. And aside from the financial gain, this training has enabled thousands to overcome drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has authorized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 150,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christenson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-J Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.













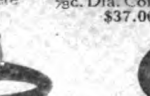


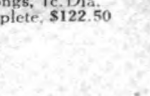

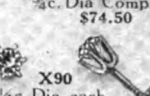




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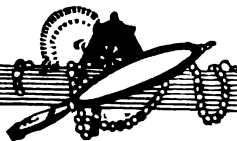
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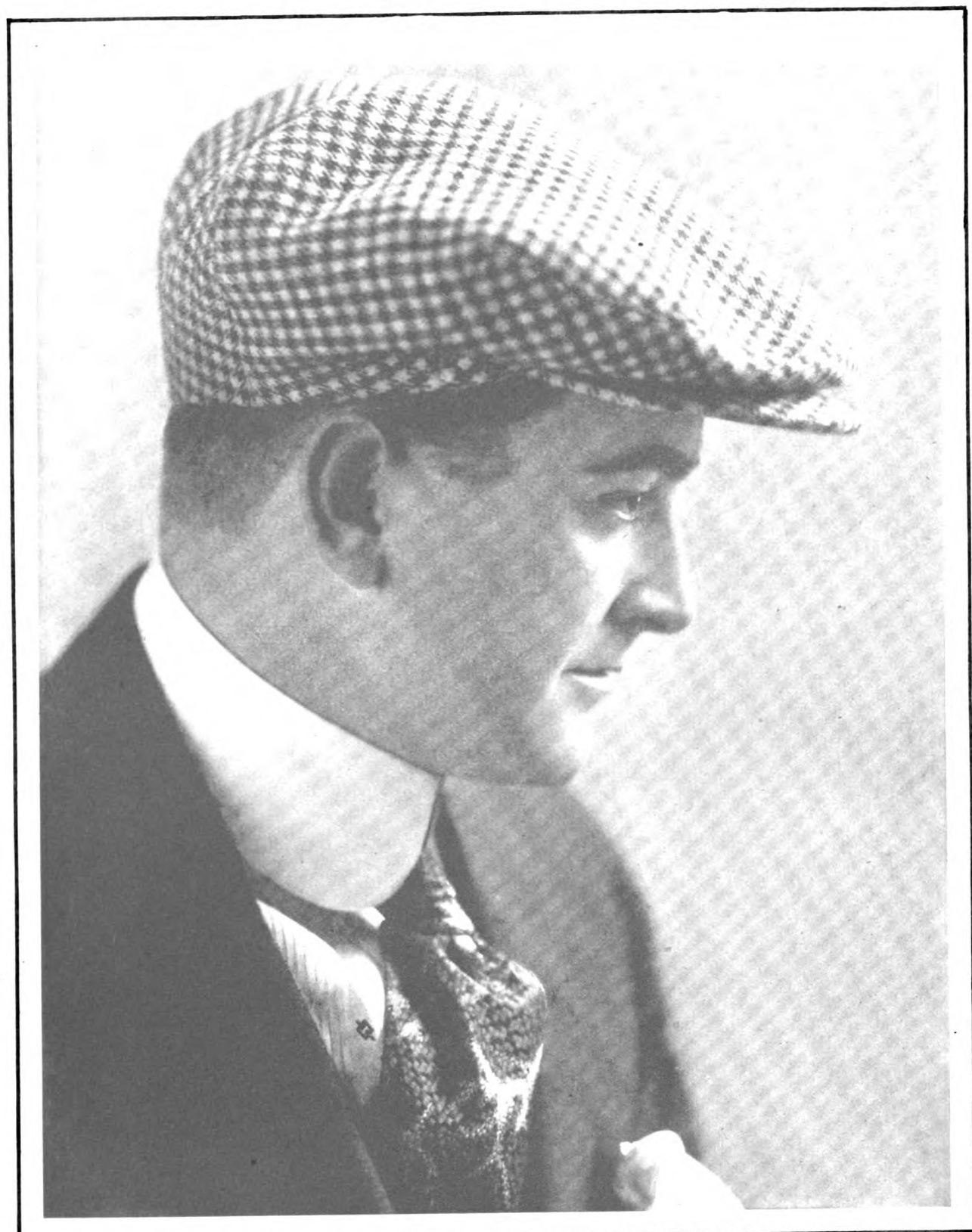


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KATHLYN WILLIAMS  
(Morosco)



# The Screen Venus

Have You a Perfect Figure?

By L. E. EUBANKS

NEARLY every discussion of woman's form involves comparisons with the ancient statues of Venus. Just why it would be hard to say, for the fact is that there are many, many living women who "out-Venus" Venus. There are several of these statues, but the two most famous for beauty of contour are the Venus de Milo and the Venus de Medici.

Motion Picture actresses who aim at physical perfection—and all sensible ones do, of course—are usually referred to the Venus de Milo's measurements as a guide. They are told that the nearer their proportions coincide with the statue's the better their figure is. To me, and others who have studied anthropometry, classic and modern, for many years, it seems that this advice should be qualified. Laying aside the fact that there is always a physical individuality which should not be too much altered, we can point out many defects in the Venus de Milo. Her legs are unnaturally long, particularly the lower leg, her bust is too large for her hips, and her ankle is not large

enough for her height and (estimated) weight. Admittedly, the general contour of the statue is good, and when we find women whose measurements agree with those of the Venus, they impress us as beautifully formed. Annette Kellermann, "Neptune's Daughter," has all of the Melos statue's good points with but few of its defects. Like Michelangelo's "Dawn," the Venus de Milo conceals many unnatural qualities in her pose; a living woman of exactly the same proportions would show in action certain imperfections of the sculptor of that remote day. In this comparison, the weight of the Venus is only an approximation, as are also the arm measurements. You will doubtless recall that this celebrated statue was armless when found.

## VENUS DE MILO

Height.....	5 ft. 4 in.
Weight.....	140 pounds
Neck.....	12 1/4 inches
Bust.....	39 inches
Waist.....	26 inches
Upper arm.....	12 inches
Forearm.....	9 3/4 inches
Wrist.....	6 inches
Hips.....	38 inches
Thigh.....	22 1/4 inches
Calf.....	13 1/4 inches
Ankle.....	7 1/4 inches

## ANNETTE KELLERMANN

Height.....	5 ft. 4 in.
Weight.....	137 pounds
Neck.....	12 1/4 inches
Bust.....	37 inches
Waist.....	26 inches
Upper arm.....	12 inches
Forearm.....	9 1/2 inches
Wrist.....	5 7/8 inches
Hips.....	37 3/4 inches
Thigh.....	22 1/4 inches
Calf.....	13 inches
Ankle.....	8 inches

The Venus of the Screen must needs be a blending of types. She cannot be of the extremely soft and voluptuous type, for she often needs strength and hardihood. She cannot be too muscular or wiry, as this detracts from femininity. The maturity of a Juno as seen in Betty Nansen, the perfection of a voluptuous Venus like Virginia Pearson or Audrey Munson, the Diana-like grace of Edith Storey, the Psyche-like girlishness of Viola Dana—all must contribute to the figure of the Motion Picture Venus.

While every type of womanly beauty has its admirers, there seems ample evidence that the great weight of preference among "movie fans" is for a medium-sized figure. Madame Petrova, with her queenly height and slender figure, has countless admirers, but so





ANN PENNINGTON

ANNETTE KELLERMANN

VIOLA DANA

has Viola Dana, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," with her scant five feet of stature. Striking an average between these types would give us a height of

EDITH STOREY



about five feet three inches; and inquiry will show that most of our screen beauties stand close around this mark. In weight, they range from 90 to 150 pounds, averaging about 120 pounds.

With this height and weight, 5 feet 3 to 4 inches and 120 to 125 pounds, we could estimate the other measurements of a well-proportioned woman, say 20 years of age, as follows. Remember, we are discussing the best all-purpose figure for the screen; a representative of purely sensuous beauty would not be exactly the same. The measurements given below of the Venus de Medici furnish an interesting comparison:

#### THE SCREEN VENUS

Height.....5 ft. 3 to 4 in.  
Weight.....120—5 pounds  
Neck.....12½ inches

Bust.....35 inches  
Waist.....25 inches  
Upper arm.....11 inches  
Forearm.....9½ inches  
Wrist.....6 inches  
Hips.....36 inches  
Thigh.....22 inches  
Calf.....14 inches  
Ankle.....8¼ inches

#### VENUS DE MEDICI

Height.....5 ft. 3 in.  
Weight.....130 pounds (estimate)  
Neck.....12½ inches  
Bust.....36 inches (estimate)  
Waist.....27 inches  
Upper arm.....11½ inches  
Forearm.....10½ inches  
Wrist.....6½ inches  
Hips.....36½ inches  
Thigh.....21 inches  
Calf.....14 inches  
Ankle.....7¾ inches (estimate)

Numerical guides are often unsatisfactory. Sometimes two figures that measure approximately the same will give distinctly different impressions. A woman of especially large bones,



VIRGINIA PEARSON



AUDREY MUNSON

Mary Fuller and Lottie Pickford look well at 5 feet 3 inches, because of their small bones. Thus the framework has to be considered in deciding the proper weight for any height.

From ancient times to modern days, sculptors have preferred as a standard of measurement some unit drawn from

standing 5 feet 3 inches, may look thin and angular at 125 pounds, whereas Mae Murray at that height and 10 pounds less in weight is not at all thin. Also,

VALESKA SURATT



MARGARITA FISCHER



ANN PENNINGTON

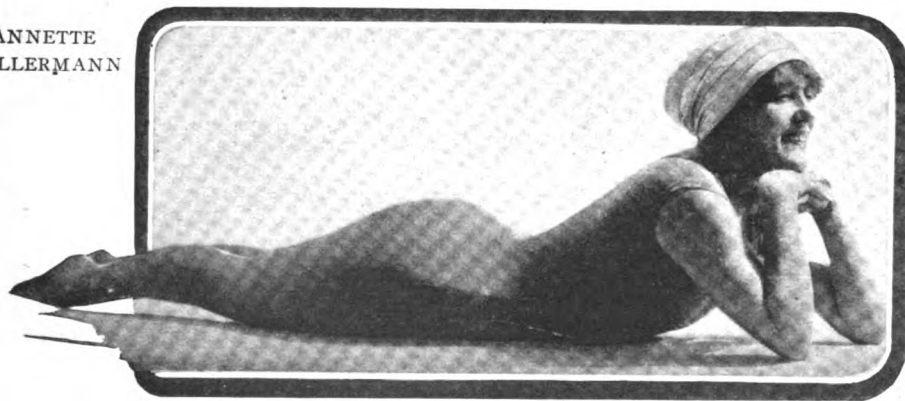


her hand, and from six to seven times the length of her foot. Her arm

MARGARITA FISCHER



ANNETTE KELLERMANN



(Seventeen)

each figure measured. This is the logical system of determining correctness of proportion, tho, of course, it leaves unanswered the question of what constitutes the ideal type. The unit most used is the head. The ancient sculptors required both men and women to stand eight heads in height. This is one of the objections to the Venus de Milo; she has half a head too much height in her legs. Modern Venuses are  $7\frac{1}{2}$  heads tall, and present-day artists prefer this, tho the ideal man is yet gauged on the 8-head basis.

Our Screen Venus, then, will have a height of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  heads— $7\frac{1}{2}$  times the height of her head. Other tests of height, popular, but scarcely so well established, are: ten times the length of her face, nine times the length of



span should be equal to her height. It is correctness of parts that gives the ensemble perfection. Tho the Venus de Milo has several fine features, the smallness of her head as compared to the breadth of her shoulders would spoil the general effect were there no other faults. It is not so much a mathematical matter as one of harmony of parts, proportion—"poetry of line," as one sculptor has termed it. Femininity should be expressed, but never fragility. The muscular development must be such as to give evidence of strength, grace and beauty, without hinting at the rugged, knotty physique of a man. The joints must be smooth and rather small; angularity is ruinous, all the parts must melt into each other in long, soft curves.

The head should be small, but always proportionate to the shoulder-breadth. The neck should be rather long than short, and the shoulders sloping, but full. The upper and lower

limbs should taper, but not extremely. The breasts should be rather small, but the chest must be full and indicate lung power and vitality. A small waist is desirable, but it must not have a pinched appearance.

The perfect thigh is firm, round, and relatively massive. When our creation stands erect with knees together, the thighs will touch each other in practically their full length. The calf, wherein many women otherwise well formed are deficient, must carry enough muscle to make a difference of from  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches between it and the ankle. The ankle should be trim and neat, but not so small as to give the figure a weak appearance.

So far, I have seen no photoplayer with remarkably fine arms. Audrey Munson's are good, but hardly perfect, as I see it. Olga Petrova uses her arms with a simple grace that is charming, but the arm is not all it might be. When swimming becomes as popular

with our actresses as dancing is, we may expect good results.

The foot must harmonize in size with the ankle and calf, and with the height; instep should be high, heel small and not long, toes well formed, nails small. In most feet famous for beauty the second toe is the longest.

As a fairly reliable guide and a stimulant to further study of this fascinating subject, I append the following chart of the requirements at different heights. The figures were prepared after careful examination of the ideals of various American institutions:

Height	Weight	Neck	Bust	Waist	Biceps	Forearm	Wrist	Hips	Thigh	Calf
5 ft.	100	11½	31	22	9½	7¾	5½	32	19	12
5-1	106	11¾	32	23	9¾	8	5¾	33	20	12½
5-2	112	12	33½	24	10	8¼	5¾	34	21	13
5-3	118	12¼	35	25	10½	8½	6	35	22	13½
5-4	125	12¾	36	26	10¾	8¾	6½	36	23	14
5-5	132	13¼	37	27	11	9	6¾	37	23½	14½
5-6	140	13½	38	28	11½	9¼	6¾	38	24	15
5-7	156	13¾	40	29	12	9½	6¾	40	25	15½
5-8	166	13½	41	30	12½	9¾	6¾	41	26	16

## Twenty-five Dollars in Prizes Offered for the Best Solutions of the Following Charades

HERE are twenty-four charades done in verse by Miss Adeline A. Smith. Each one represents a player. Twenty-five dollars in prizes will be awarded to the readers who successfully discover the twenty-four hidden names, as follows: For the best solution, \$10; for the second best, \$5; for the third best, \$3; for the fourth best, \$2; for the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth best, \$1 each. By "best" we do not

mean merely accuracy; neatness and artistic merit will also be considered in case there are several who all find the correct answers. We cannot undertake to answer any questions regarding this contest. The contest closes on June 15, 1917. The winners' names and correct answers will be published in a subsequent issue. Address all answers to Puzzle Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1  
From her simple little name  
Take away the great big SEA,  
And you'll have a merry little bird  
Of rare ability.

2  
My first implies a distance,  
To my second add a BEE,  
And you'll void it of all feeling—  
My WHOLE'S an artist of degree.

3  
My first is earth's concretion,  
My second a dwelling-place,  
My WHOLE a talented actress  
Of rare and winning grace.

4  
His name suggests an organ  
Called the fountain-head of love;  
Take away the leading letter and  
Find what he's master of.

5  
My WHOLE means any district;  
Remove the little DEE,  
And at once a struggle will arise  
For a screen actress good to see.

6  
My first is anybody's purse,  
My second to have won,  
My WHOLE is a screen actor  
Of talent and good fun.

7  
Her name is called a color;  
If the end you'll throw away,  
'Twill change into a little jot—  
She's an actress of the day.

8  
My first will aid a locksmith,  
My second a woman's name,  
My WHOLE reveals an actor  
Enjoying PHANTOM FAME.

9  
Her name will cause a pleasant taste;  
Take away the first and last  
And find how small it will have grown—  
She's a screen actress of cast.

10  
His name is part of summer;  
Take away the AY and YOU,  
And you'll have a rather windy blast—  
My WHOLE'S an actor true.

11  
My first sounds like a bleating,  
My second a college cheer,  
My WHOLE is a screen actress—  
A reputed vampire dear.

12  
His name sounds like a monarch,  
But, without the little GEE,  
We all become related to  
One of screen ability.

13  
My first is destined to impair  
Whate'er it comes in contact with,  
My second will open a locked door,  
My WHOLE'S an artist (this is no myth).

14  
My first denotes a fight as great  
As any one has ever seen,  
My second's within a tallow light,  
My WHOLE appears upon the screen.

15  
My first creates much happiness,  
My second is wealth untold,  
My WHOLE'S an actress fair as any  
In screenland's magic fold.

16  
My first is of sombre color,  
My second a cooling spring,  
My WHOLE a noted actor—  
May he long enjoy his fling!

17  
Her name means winter's advent,  
But the present will soon appear  
If from the WHOLE you take the ESS—  
She's surely a talented dear.

18  
His name to some will mean a fish,  
To others a streak of light;  
Without the ARE he tells you, yes,  
He enjoys a good screen fight.

19  
My first is to be in a fury,  
And my second denotes oneself,  
My third is a child of the sterner sex,  
My WHOLE a charming screenland elf.

20  
My first is the prickly, sticky end  
Of a plant called a common weed,  
My second will span a river,  
My WHOLE'S one of screenland's creed.

21  
My first would furnish a dreadnought  
With Yankee fighting blood,  
My second means to relate, inform,  
My WHOLE'S an artist—need we say he  
is good?

22  
My first is to send by any express,  
My second is one of the human race,  
My WHOLE is a movie actress  
Of conceded screenic grace.

23  
My first will signify the price,  
My second's a telephone call  
In the good old English style,  
My WHOLE an actor known to all.

24  
Without the last two letters  
His name's symbolical of sadness,  
But worry not—he's on the screen,  
Depicting skill and gladness.



MAY ALLISON

NOWADAYS, when the pampered screen favorite "does a scene" in a boudoir, or bedroom, she insists on having a word to say about the construction and arrangement of the set. Some of them are exceedingly finicky about it, too. And one is sometimes led to wonder whether or not they really know what they are talking about. There are some who do, of course—their own homes and boudoirs prove that. So here's a peep into a few of their boudoirs, that proves the exceeding good taste and discrimination of some of the players.

For instance, lovely little May Allison, with her golden curls, her blue eyes, her splendid, exuberant youth, has a boudoir almost as charming as she is herself. First of all, it is girlish—in keeping with her youth. The walls are covered with ivory-and-pink-flowered paper; the rug carries out the same delicate colors. The curtained doorway is brave in pink-and-ivory cretonne, and the big, comfy, chaise-longue sports the same colors. The furniture is ivory-white, picked out in delicate gold. A polished copper breakfast-tray, all complete, adds a note of bright color to the room, and the last touch of charm is May herself. The maid's expression of rapture may be caused by the huge jar of American beauties, but I've an idea it's the ivory-and-rose-and-gold Georgian beauty in the foreground that elicits this admiration.

The very antithesis of May Allison's pink-and-white bower of girlhood is Valeska Suratt's black-and-white boudoir. Black and white, please know, is typical of screen vampires, just as flower-papered walls and dainty, white furniture typify youth and innocence and golden curls. Why this should be so must ever remain a mystery; but true it is, nevertheless. Returning to Miss Suratt's gorgeous den of iniquity—it is here she plans the devastation of men's lives and the wrecking of their homes—we find a splendid example of the effectiveness of black and white for boudoir use.

The carpet is black, with a rare, dull note of white; even the hangings that cover the

# A Peep Into Their Boudoirs

By CAROL LEE

walls are black and white. The furniture is ivory, with a delicate stencil design in black. The bed-linen is white, with an elaborate monogram in black, and the counterpane is in black and white. Miss Suratt carries this black-and-white idea even to her own negligée, which is of soft, heavy white silk, with a bizarre design in black. Not a single note of any other color is



VALESKA SURATT





LILLIAN GISH

permitted in this room—not even a flower, altho Miss Suratt is passionately fond of the lovely blossoms.

Probably one of the most expensive and elaborate sets ever shown in a picture is that used in a recent Triangle, "The House Built Upon Sand." This bedroom set is valued, by its millionaire owner, at twenty thousand dollars. It is constructed of Italian walnut, and is decorated with hand-painted figures of delicate coloring in gold leaf and enamel. The design is of pure Louis XV style of laque de Venise. The bed is the most beautiful, single object of the entire set, which consists of dressing-table, chairs, a small, elaborately worked table and a small footstool. The hangings of the set are of dull rose-colored velvet, and the carpet is soft and thick, harmonizing with the hangings. All these lovely colors and

shades, of course, will be lost in the screening. But rose-colored velvet will be an exquisite gray on the screen, and so on. Still, the Triangle Company evidently believes it worth while to surround temperamental little Miss Lillian with harmonious, exquisite colors. The effect on the players makes it well worth while.

But even the cruel, deadening eye of the camera cant spoil the beauty of this lovely bed. When this scene is shown on the screen, there are going to be lots of feminine "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" that dont concern themselves with the silken, hand-embroidered sheets and velvet covers, or even with Miss Gish's stunning negligée and cap. Methinks this lovely bed will "star" in this particular scene.

Then there's Theda Bara's boudoir. I suppose you expect it to be something weird and Oriental and bizarre—something in keeping with her personality. If you do, you'll be disappointed—pleasantly, I hope—for in real life



ANITA STEWART



THEDA BARA

Miss Bara isn't a bit like the cruel, designing creature that scenario writers would have you believe. She is that rare thing—a woman who has an intelligent appreciation for antique furniture. She can recognize a fake antique as far as she can see it; while, on the other hand, she has unearthed many quaint, lovely things that had been relegated to a dust-filled attic. Consequently, her home is a treasure-house of splendid, old-fashioned Chippendale and Sheraton bits, many of which would do credit to the collection of any millionaire "furniture-fancier."

The most noticeable thing about Miss Bara's boudoir is the huge, old-fashioned and very valuable dressing-table. It is an antique that Miss Bara prizes highly. The huge, oval mirror is upheld by carven figures on either side.

Anita Stewart's lovely home at Brightwaters, New York, is full of charming nooks and corners—Anita designed it herself—but perhaps her "den" is the most charming. At any rate, it's the one she likes best. The walls are cream-white, and the furniture follows this color, as does the carpet, which boasts unexpected touches of rose-color in its border.

A big, white couch, chintz-covered, lures one to "forty winks." There is a huge window, curtained in chintz to match the couch, with snowy under-curtains, and a window-seat piled high with fat, important-looking cushions. And, by the way, please note the "darling" pajamas in which Anita is smiling at you. Be it known that this is absolutely "le dernier cri" in slumber-wear. My Lady Débutante's rest would be troubled and broken were she forbidden to wear such a garment—soft, silken, and dainty. They come in all the newest shades—palest pink, blue, mauve, and so on. Anita's are pink, and, as Miss Fifth Avenue would say, "most attractive!"

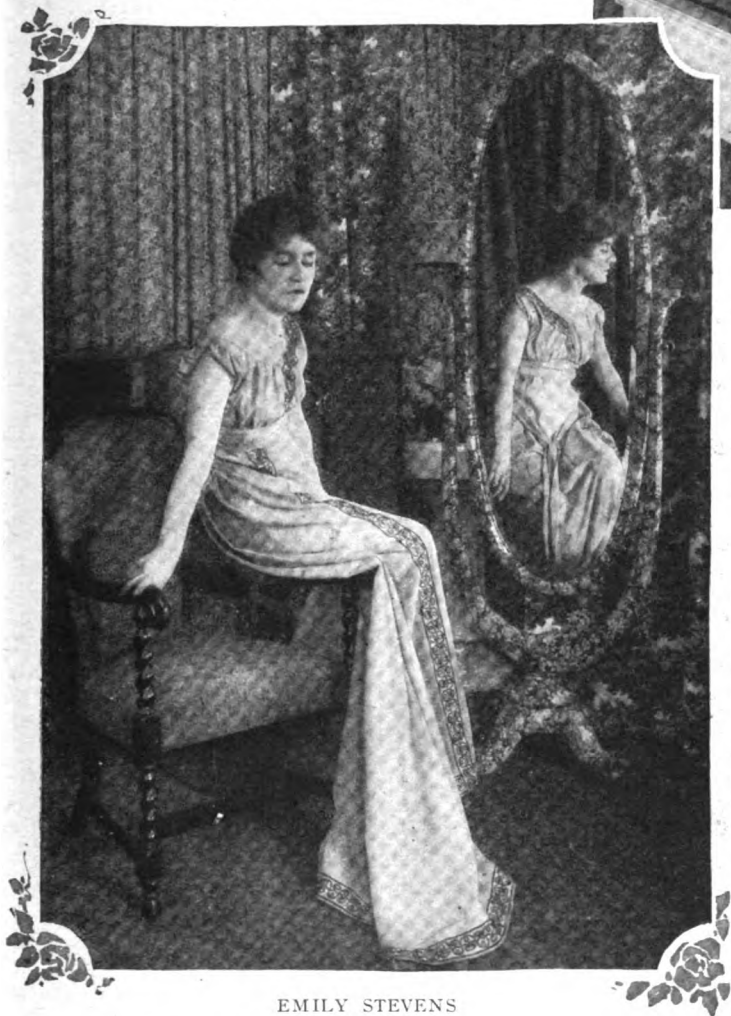
It's hard for a girl, who doesn't know whether she's a "vampire" or an ingénue, to choose a boudoir that will be expressive of her screen personality. That is the position



GLADYS BROCKWELL

the same quaint blue-and-yellow pattern as the lamp-shade. Big, comfy wicker chairs, cushioned in blue and yellow, invite one to rest comfortably. And Gladys wears a boudoir robe that is comfortable as well as pretty—pale yellow crêpe de chine, embroidered in blue.

If you have seen Emily Stevens on the stage in "The Unchastened Woman," or in pictures in "The Wager" or "The Wheel of the Law," you will expect something out of the ordinary from  
(Continued on page 66)



EMILY STEVENS

in which Gladys Brockwell found herself, recently, when she was furnishing her lovely California bungalow. Gladys thought she was an ingénue, but D. W. Griffith showed her that she was a "vampire." Then Fox claimed her, and she has been alternating between the very sweet, as in "One Touch of Sin," and the *very, very* bad, as in "The Honor System."

So she very sensibly decided to furnish her boudoir, not to express anything but a quiet, restful beauty. It is charming and restful in its cool, girlish simplicity. The wall-paper has a border of yellow roses, on a yellow-and-gold background. The furniture is of French-yellow enamel; the Austrian shirred curtains are of crisp white, with an over-drapery of soft, sun-shot silk. The tall wicker lamp is painted yellow, and the shade is of quaint, dull blue and yellow. The dressing-table, with its big sensible mirror, has a glass top, under which one glimpses a cover of cretonne in

(Twenty-one)



VIVIAN EDWARDS



# ~ ~ Ann Murdock ~ ~ A ~

THE Editor of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC handed me the following interesting clipping:

Miss Ann Murdock, the Charles Frohman star, who is about to appear on Broadway in her latest success, "Please Help Emily," has been chosen to play the star part in the first Motion Picture written, produced and exhibited under the McClure trademark. Miss Murdock is not new to pictures, having already starred on the Metro, V. L. S. E. and Paramount programs.

"Our readers want to know more about Ann Murdock than that paragraph tells. Ask her for more light upon her pretty self," he said.

I obeyed—editors "have a way" with them! I found

grace that added me to her long list of admirers.

My first question: "Do you like movies?" was a terribly trite one; but she answered with an interest that made me think I had made a very original query.

"I think they're great. I was a movie fan before I dreamt of acting for them. I go whenever I can—even when I'm 'on tour' I often snatch a half-hour around train-time to see the films."

I next asked who her favorites were.



Ann Murdock an immensely busy young person. In her new Frohman play, "Please Help Emily," she was just beginning to scintillate on Broadway, and that in itself seemed a brilliant enough achievement to justify her in taking things easy.

Ann Murdock, however, thought otherwise. Here is her average day, as outlined for me:

First, she's up by "yellow candle-light," and out to the studio to spend the day going thru the star rôle of charming Betty Howard for the McClure play, "Envy."

Then she rushes from the studio to the historic Lyceum Theater to become the appealing heroine of "Please Help Emily."

Yet, in spite of her activities, the name MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC proved an "open sesame" for me in securing a generous portion of her time, and she took my pestering her with questions with a

"I like the girl stars best. I could name a half-dozen that I love to follow over the 'celluloid trail.' And now that I'm doing pictures myself, how I can feel for them when I see them going thru their adventures! There are not 'beds of roses' by any means! They work hard for their success, and

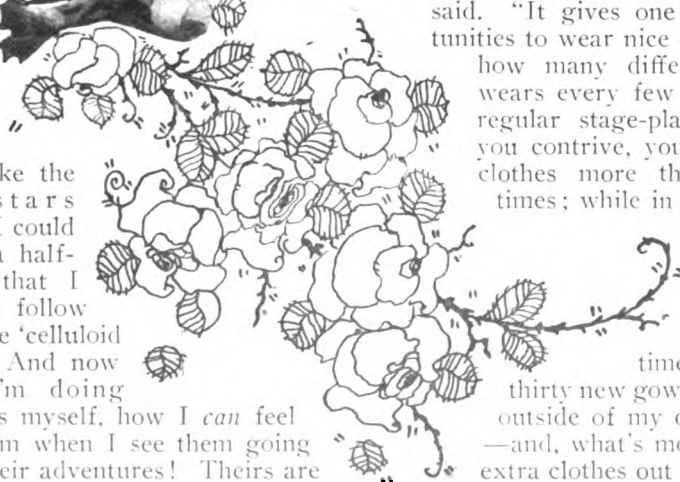
Photos by Ira Hill

it's their conscientious, day-in-and-day-out work that won them their high places."

Miss Murdock was wearing a charming gown, and its becomingness led me to touch upon a star's costumes.

"That's one reason why I'm proud of the movies," she said. "It gives one abundant opportunities to wear nice clothes. Why, look how many different costumes one wears every few feet of film! In a regular stage-play, no matter how you contrive, you can't change your clothes more than three or four times; while in a picture-play, that takes several weeks to photograph, a star can wear dozens of dresses. I sometimes buy twenty to thirty new gowns for one picture—outside of my own regular clothes—and, what's more, I pay for these extra clothes out of my salary. "You see," she added, "clothes are so important to a girl, on or off the screen."

By JOHN OLDEN



(Twenty-two)

# Night & Day Star

I knew some of our readers would want to know the names of her costumers, and so I slipped this important question in. Mostly, it's Lucille and Bendel.

I asked her next about her stage and photoplay experience. Her stage career, I found, began six years ago. Charles Frohman—"the greatest man she ever knew"—called her his "Baby Star." Three years of her stage experience she spent as a star.

Then she did three feature pictures: "The Royal Family" for Metro; "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" for V. L. S. E., and "Where Love Is" for Paramount.

My next question: "What do you do when you aren't working?" brought a ripple of laughter.

"There aint no such thing' as leisure for me," she said. "I used to ride horseback, and swim, and work in my garden. I've won prizes for swimming—against boys, too. Now, whenever I can snatch a minute, I spend it in my garden or motoring. When I motor it's chiefly from the studio to the theater, and then to my Riverside Drive apartment or to my country place. I'm a

or restaurant; have never been to a cabaret, and have never seen the Castles dance."

Then we spoke of "Envy," her new McClure play. This feature film, I found, is one of the seven five-reel pictures, being released in order by McClure Pictures, each picture

for me, appealed to me immensely. It brings a new note into the film drama.

Miss Murdock was enthusiastic about her part. "You see," she said, "McClure

Pictures are going to be kept up to the same high standard as are the McClure publications.



strange girl in some things. I hate hotels; have never been in a Broadway hotel

(Twenty-three)

exemplifying one of the Seven Deadly Sins.

The theme of the series, as Miss Murdock sketched it

McClure editors know what kind of stories take with the public, and that means that their stars will be cast in popular parts. Then, too, I'll have every facility for doing my best work.

"Have you heard," she said suddenly, "that I'm the first star engaged by McClure Pictures? You know, in the Frohman offices I'm called their youngest star, and it's a refreshing change to be known as McClure's oldest star, even if I am young in years."

"You love your rôle," I suggested.

"I adore it," she said. "In it I'm a young American girl who becomes a star thru her own efforts. This girl is smart and right-up-to-the-minute, and yet there is a little touch of pathos in her character that is very appealing—you know, I do so love to cry just a little."

I felt it would be criminal to take any more of Miss Murdock's time, so I hurried off. And as I went out I said to myself that the next best thing to being this beautiful young stage and screen star was to enjoy an intimate chat with her.





MARGUERITE CLARK

MARGUERITE CLARK.

"Your favorite flowers?"  
 "The Marguerite and 'Wildflower.'"  
 "Particular abhorrence?"  
 "'Mice and Men.'"  
 "Favorite color?"  
 "'Snow White.'"  
 "Favorites in the films?"  
 "Famous Players."

GERALDINE FARRAR.

"Who is your hus——"  
 "Oh, please dont interview me! It will be only the same story to Tellegen."



MR. AND MRS. LOU-TELLEGEN

## Brief Interviews With Much-Inter- viewed People

By ELEANOR CHASE

MARY MILES MINTER.

"Nationality?"  
 "I am an American."  
 "What are your attributes?"  
 "'Dimples,' 'Faith,' and 'Youth's En-  
 dearing Charm.'"  
 "Walk much?"  
 "Miles!"  
 "Favorite poem?"  
 "'Ages may come, and ages may go,  
 but I am fourteen forever.'"  
 "Do you and your company have much  
 in common?"  
 "Yes; our tastes are Mutual."



Photo by American Co.

MARY MILES MINTER

"Favorite wood?"  
 "Kirkwood."  
 "Disposition?"  
 "Mary."  
 "Is Mary Miles Minter your real  
 name?"  
 "No. When I am twenty-one I Shelby  
 Juliet."

FRANCIS FORD.

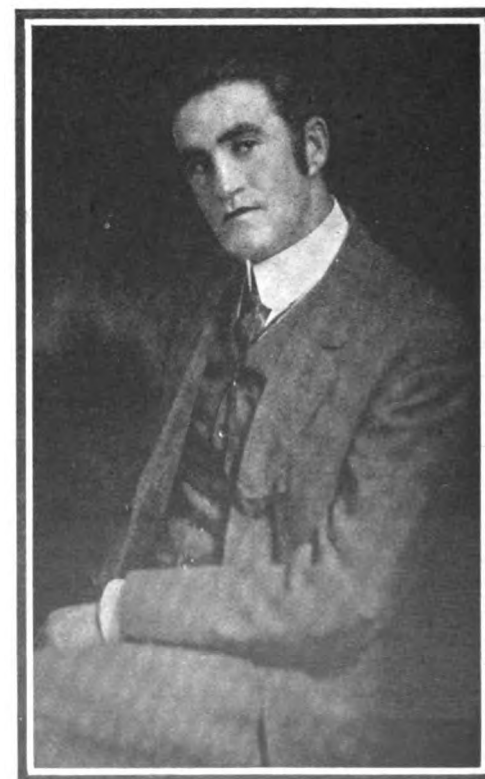
"Did Henry name his car after you?"  
 "No—but he auto."  
 "How will you disguise yourself at the  
 next Moving Picture ball?"  
 "I will wear 'A Purple Mask.'"  
 "Are you ever idle?"  
 "No; but I am the idol of a thousand  
 fans."



MARY PICKFORD

MARY PICKFORD.

"Are you happily married?"  
 "Yes—but my husband is always  
 Owin' More."  
 "What would you choose as your  
 favorite car?"  
 "I should Pick Ford, of course."  
 "What do you think of the stage?"  
 "'Less Than the Dust.'"  
 "You are as pretty as a picture. Are  
 you naturally active?"  
 "Yes—I am a Moving Picture."



FRANCIS FORD

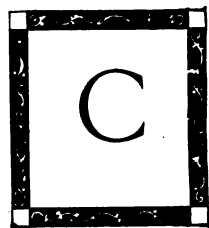
(Twenty-four)

# The More Excellent Way

(Vitagraph)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Scenario of CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY



CHRISSEY DESELDEN gazed up into Neyland's purple face as a vestal virgin might gaze at a leering satyr strayed into her white temple, panting from the vinous rout of Pan. She knew, in a vague, impersonal fashion, that he had been drinking, but her senses seemed suddenly to have taken the place of her brain, and she could think only in terms of touch and

with a convulsive sprawl of limbs, lay quite still.

Chrissey's shriek brought a scurry of guests—John Warburton at the head—from the drawing-room. The shaking girl, hands twisted on her breast, with the shameful figure at her feet, met their curiosity dazedly. It was quite evident that she could not cope with the situation, and already the fluid poison of suspicion was distilling from the significant glances of the women.

"Neyland slipped and fell, I suppose?" said Warburton, quietly. "No wonder you're startled, Chrissey. But he's only a bit stunned, I fancy——"

He took her hand in a strong, steady clasp, and led her thru the French doors into the drawing-

to self-control, and was laughing and talking as tho nothing had occurred, parrying the curiosity of her guests with the artistry of a woman of the world.

But after they were gone her gayety slipped from her like a discarded garment. She sank into a great chair before the open fire, looking oddly small and pathetically helpless—a child puzzled by a grief only half-understood. The heart of the man watching her lifted on a swell of tenderness that was almost maternal.

"She cared for that drunken cad!" he thought heavily. "Why is it that a woman all spirit always chooses a man all carnal to idealize? I should have protected her better——"

He drew up another chair close to Chrissey's and fumbled for his cigarette-case with determined matter-of-factness.

"I've been thinking over a plan lately," he began, cheerfully casual. He did not glance at the face at his shoulder. "Of course I don't know how it will strike you, but—it seems to me it would be a good thing if you and I got married——"



IN THE BEGINNING THE YOUNGER MAN'S LOVE HAD BEEN DEAR TO GIRLHOOD'S DREAMS

sight and smell. Those gloating fingers sliding up her bare arm, the glazed eyes and heavy breath on her face—and this was the love she had worshiped in her shy, sacred dreams!

"Chrissey—you go to my head like champagne—wonderful wine-woman!" he was whispering, with thick tongue. "Do you know how beautiful you are? I will teach you——"

His hand had slid down the swell of her shoulder, hot and quivering. Her face blazed with the leaping crimson fires of shame, and she struck him full in the eyes with one small, clenched hand.

"Oh—oh—how could you!" she cried desolately. "You have killed the man I loved!"

His arms flopped grotesquely in the air, clawing for equilibrium, as he fell to the floor, striking his handsome, dark head against a jardinière of palms, and,

(Twenty-five)



THE SHAKING GIRL, HANDS TWISTED TO HER BREAST, MET THEIR CURIOSITY DAZEDLY

room, the other women fluttering about them like a flock of gaudy parrots. She felt his gaze, and it cleared her dizzy brain like a strong, bracing wind. Always, since she had come to this great house, as his ward—a slight, pale, frightened child—his will had led her like a kind, steady hand thru the crises that had set her feet to stumbling. Now in a moment she had passed from hysteria

He stooped to light his cigaret with a splinter of wood from the blazing log, and his strong, rather stern features were etched like a cameo against the leaping light. Her eyes traveled to them in amazement and paused in troubled contemplation. She had never thought of love in connection with her guardian; she could not think of it now; but he was speaking of love——



"It would be a sensible arrangement," he was saying calmly across her tempestuous thoughts. "I could protect you from—unpleasant scenes, like that to-night, and I would feel easier about your future if I knew you would be provided for—whatever became of me. And"—a rare smile flashed across his dark face as he looked whimsically across at her—"I would try to make you happy, my dear."

"You have always done that," cried the girl gratefully, swaying toward him on the breath of impulse; "but you don't love me—that way—"

The smoke-wreaths quivered between them, hiding the pain and tenderness that twisted his face. When they cleared he was smiling quietly as before.

"There are different kinds of love, Chrissey," he said. "Don't worry about my feeling for you, dear. Of course I don't expect you to care for an old codger like me; but we're good friends, aren't we, little girl? And we'll be good married friends—"

Suddenly his plan beckoned her hurt, hunted spirit like a refuge. She had poured out before Robert Neyland all the worship of her golden dreams of romance, all her sacred girl-love, and he had come down from the god-pedestal she had built for him, and lo! she had seen not the august features of her idol, nor even the lineaments of a man, but the rolling eyeballs of a gluttonous beast. If that were love she loathed it. It seemed to her that the touch of his hands had soiled her unspeakably. And now, as her bruised soul shrank thru the void of disillusion under a dark sky violent with lightning-flashes of grief and shame, she was offered a quiet sanctuary of peace and protection—

John Warburton guessed what was passing in her mind. He had not lived nearly forty years without understanding women as much as a man may. The strong love he bore for this girl beat at his lips, demanding utterance in passionate phrases and burning words, but he forced them back resolutely. Kindness was what she needed now.

"Well"—he tossed his cigaret into the flames and turned to her, laying one hand gently on her fair hair—"what do you say, dear? Don't be afraid of hurting me by a 'No.' I shall understand just how it is and we'll go on as we are. Of course I know I am twenty years older than you, and perhaps some younger man—"

She shuddered violently and laid one small, cold hand on his.

"No—no! I hate men—except you!" she cried. "Love frightens me—it horrifies me!" She looked up at him, a hint of mischief in the blue depths of her gaze. "But I—wouldn't mind a—'sensible arrangement'—"

He bent and touched her fingers with his lips, tho every nerve in him cried out to seize her in his arms and hold her close and kiss her sweet, full lips and shadowed throat till he must stop from very weariness.

"God helping me, I'll make you glad of your decision," he said quietly.

Chrissey thought, as she went up-stairs a little later, that she was already glad. Drugged with emotion, she sank into a deep sleep that held her until late the next morning. Her maid wakened her to say that Robert Neyland was in the library. She thought she was still glad when, pale and proud, she faced his haggard misery from the doorway, forbidding him with a gesture to come closer.

"Well?" The frozen syllable brought the color to his white face like a blow.

"Chrissey! I've come to ask you to forgive me—I hate myself when I think of last night—"

The bitter acid of shame had cut deep lines in his handsome face. She had believed that her love for this man had died at the moment of its desecration, but now she knew it was not so. The sudden blood swept her rigid body like a flame, and her own voice sounded far away and muffled.

"If you have anything to say to me I must refer you to Mr. Warburton, to whom I am to be married."

The words said themselves without volition. She saw that for a moment they carried no meaning to him. Then his face was convulsed with fury.

"You don't mean that—you can't! You love me—I saw it in your eyes last night—"

He was at her side, hand grasping her arm, and the touch recalled her to herself. She struck him from her with a gesture of abhorrence.

"There is another kind of woman for love like that!" she said. "Take it to one of them!"

And she was gone. A week later she and John Warburton were married. She made no protest when he urged an immediate ceremony, and his heart interpreted her silence in the language of his own longings. He could not guess that now she was fleeing to the shelter of his name, not from Neyland, but from her own soul.

The sun was setting on her wedding-day when the great touring-car which had brought them from the city took a final turn of the mountain road and drew up before a handsome hunting-lodge, perched on such a breathless elevation that its veranda actually hung out over a sheer cliff two hundred feet high. Warburton enjoyed the amazement on her face, as she turned from her first survey to meet his eyes. "I wanted our honeymoon to be as near the stars as I could bring it!" he whispered, as he helped her out of the car. "You will be neighbor



A WEEK LATER  
MARRIED, SHE MADE  
IMMEDIATE CEREMONY, AND HIS HEART  
THE LANGUAGE OF

to the other angels here, sweetheart!"

He had never called her that before.

She glanced up at him and caught the ardor of his gaze, with a sense of creeping chill about her heart. She tried to shake it off, as she followed the maid up-stairs to her room, but something in the bridal look of the gray enamel and rosebud chintz frightened her. She sent the maid out and gazed about the dainty room with quickening breath.

"He couldn't mean— But of course not!" she tried to reassure herself. "'A sensible arrangement.' Oh, he is a good

(Twenty-six)



CHRISSEY AND JOHN WARBURTON WERE NO PROTEST WHEN HE URGED AN INTERPRETED HER SILENCE IN HIS OWN LONGINGS

man—not like——” Neyland’s name was on her tongue, and suddenly Chrissey began to tremble. But Warburton’s deep voice calling her to supper steadied her. She fluffed up her hair and went down, taking her place across from him with a conscious little air that brought a smile to the dark face opposite. The meal passed in silence. When it was over they went into the great living-room, with its casement windows opening onto the sheer arch of the moon-washed sky.

“Candles?” asked Warburton. “No. What could be a better light for us

(Twenty-seven)

than that——”

He gestured toward the silver bar of moonlight across the floor, and again the chill of a great dread swept her. She sat, half-crouched in a wicker chair, watching the vastness of the view beyond the casement with wide, frightened eyes, conscious of his nearness, his shaken breathing close by. A meteor shot across the sky like a red torch flung by an unseen giant hand, and Chrissey shivered and sprang to her feet.

“I—I am tired. I think I will go to bed.” She tried to speak naturally.

“Very well,” Warburton answered, “I will come up-stairs presently.”

She saw the red spark of his cigar

shake in his shadowy fingers. In her room she leaned against the door, with great gasps, as tho she had been running.

“What shall I do?” she moaned. “What shall I do if he comes?”

The man below heard the light tread of feet overhead, with a strange sense of humility that so much of human joy should be given him. He had always been a stern, silent creature, even when a boy’s first vagrant yearnings had come to him. Fastidiousness rather than virtue had kept him clean of the common vices, and now he thanked God for it. In spite of his forty years, it was a boy’s shy heart that he carried up-stairs on his wedding-night—a boy’s breathless wonder and awe as he turned the handle of her chamber and stood within.

“Chrissey!” he said, his voice broken with tenderness. “My wife! Look at me, dear——”

For she had covered her face with her hands. At his words she lifted it, and he cried out as tho her look struck his naked soul.

“God! You’re — afraid of me——”

“Yes! yes!” she shuddered hysterically. Her bosom rose



“YOU CAME BECAUSE I CALLED YOU! I ● WANTED YOU TO COME!”





FOR A MOMENT HE FORGOT HIMSELF.  
HE HAD WAITED SO LONG—SHE WAS  
SO BEAUTIFUL!

on the  
tide of her terror, under the lacy negligée.  
"I didn't know you meant—*this*. You said we would be friends! I don't love you *this* way! I don't love you *this* way!"

For a moment he forgot himself. He had waited so long—she was so beautiful! Her beauty and her nearness went to his head, and he caught her close in his arms, with inarticulate murmurs.

"Chrissey—sweetheart! Kiss me—"

He felt her body trembling and quivering, like a trapped, wild thing, against his, and the stark terror in her eyes shamed him. In an instant he had loosed her and stepped back, folding his arms. "I didn't mean to frighten you, dear." He tried



to speak calmly. "But I love you so. You don't know how I love you, little girl!" She pressed her hands into the soft swell of her bosom convulsively. "I didn't want you to love me! If you take me now I shall hate you to my dying day! Oh, be merciful and go—go! go!"

He closed his eyes to veil their agony and stood a moment very still, then turned to the door.

"Don't—worry," he said quietly: "I shall never come back until you invite me. Perhaps some day you will feel differently. Good-night, dear; sleep well."

The next morning, when she crept, white and spent from a sleepless night, down into the living-room, she found a note on the mantel-shelf, telling her that he had gone back to town. Relief swept her, then gratitude. She had never come so near loving him as at that moment.

"Ah, he is a good man," she thought.

(Twenty-eight)



"CHRISSEY—MY WIFE—— GIVE ME YOUR LIPS, DEAR HEART—IT IS OUR WEDDING-NIGHT"

"I wish I could give him what he deserves." Desolation caught at her heart. "Life is so hard to live! I would rather die——"

"Breakfast is served, madam." The discreet maid in the doorway did not appear to notice anything unusual in an abandoned bride breakfasting alone on the morning after her wedding. Chrissey caught a glimpse thru the parted curtains of a blue-and-white breakfast-table, temptingly spread, and the thought of death receded in her mind.

A week went by and she had no word from Warburton. She took long tramps thru the mountains and began to get back her poise. But the honeymoon solitude of the place, the covert suggestion of her daintily bedecked chamber, the memory of her wedding-night, were working a subtle change in her soul. Undreamed-of emotions assailed her—sensations she had never felt before. She was restless, at once profoundly sad and ecstatically happy. In this frame of mind Robert Neyland found her when he rode up to the veranda-steps three weeks later.

(Twenty-nine)

At the sight of him she jumped up from the rocker, in which she had been day-dreaming, with a cry—whether of joy or protest she did not know herself. But she did not run away.

"Why did you come?"

Neyland sprang up the steps to her side. On his handsome face recent dissipation had set an impress that she did not see. The awakening of emotional life within her had blinded fine perceptions. She only knew that the old fascination this man had always had for her was awake now and clamoring in every nerve.

"I heard that you and Warburton had separated," Neyland said, coming straight to the point. "Is that true, Chrissey?"

She did not answer, and he caught her wrists in a grip that shot thru her like sweet pain.

"I've been in hell, Chrissey—in the nethermost hell!"

His passion shook her. "I tried to drown the thirst of you in whisky, but it's a part of me. It will go with me till I die! But I wasn't going to see you

again—and then some one at the club said Warburton had left you, and I came; I'd have ridden here today in spite of all the devils of hell to ask you whether I had a chance of you still!"

It was not Chrissey Warburton who answered, but a primitive woman, swept by strange, strong, primal winds of passion.

"Robert—you came because I called you! I wanted you to come! I know what love is now, and I love you——"

"He taught you what love is!"

"No—no!" cried the woman who was and was not Chrissey. "He did not teach me, Robert!—do you understand?—he did not teach me, but you shall——"

Below them, in the road, a man with gray-sprinkled hair and stern, dark face watched their kiss, curbing his soul with an effort that knotted the swollen veins on his forehead; then, very slowly, he approached the steps.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting," said John Warburton, gently, "but I should like to speak to you a moment, Neyland, if you please."

He did not glance at his wife as he came up the steps, and Chrissey, her face quite gray, shrank from the two men, moving backward until she was crouching against the wall. Neyland met Warburton's level glance, an ugly purple in his cheeks.

"Well? What have you got to say?"

he asked defiantly.

"You're a dog in the manger—don't want her yourself, and——"

"That's a lie," said the older man, in the same, gentle voice, "and I'm going to half-kill you for it; and after that we'll have a little chat, and then I'll finish the job——"

Thruout the fight that followed, the woman never stirred from her place against the wall, but her eyes followed every blow and the nails of her clenched fingers bit into her palms. She lived a long time in those few moments and learnt from them the wisdom of slow years. At their ending, her husband faced her across the prone figure of the other man.

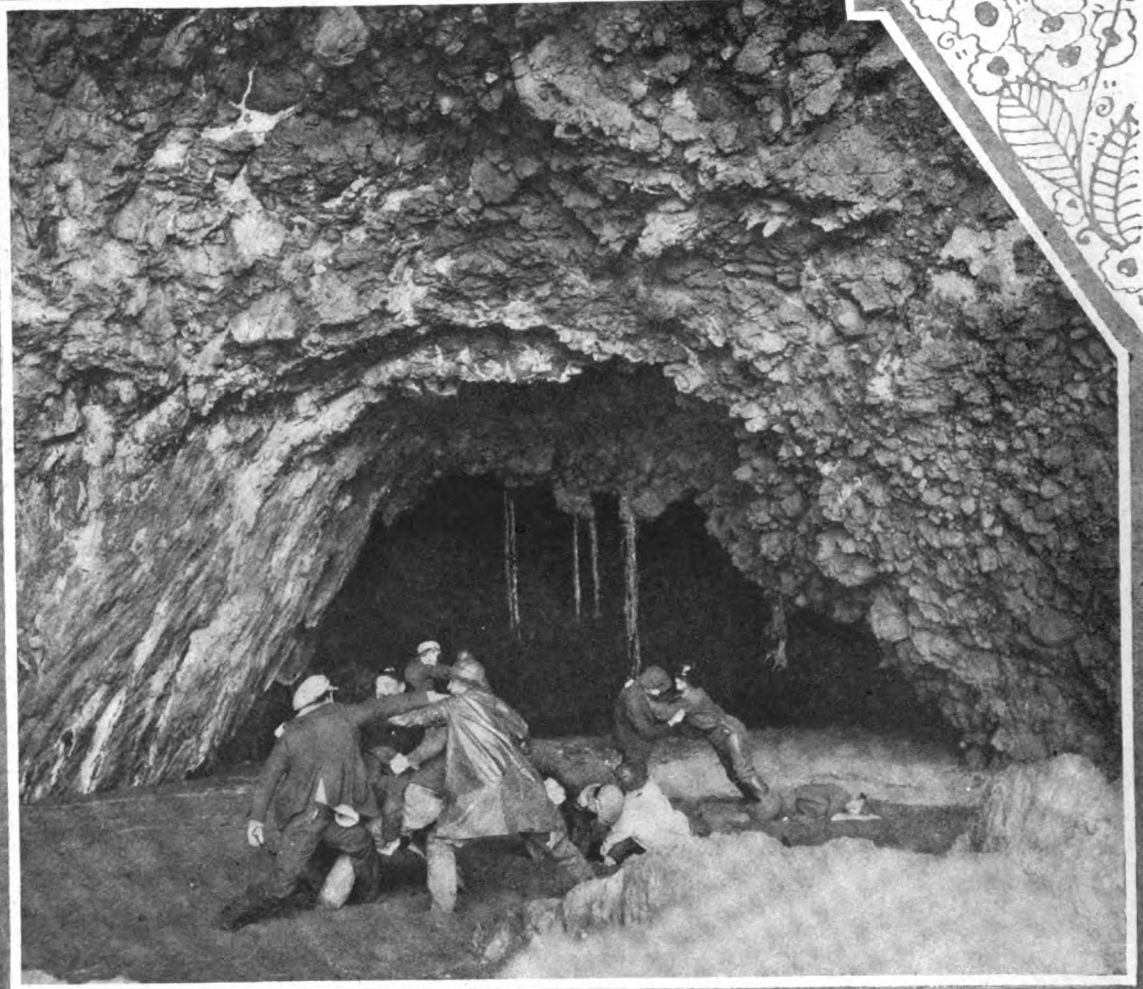
"I take it for granted that you love—this!" He touched the inert heap with a contemptuous boot. "I don't admire your taste, Chrissey, but I suppose I overrate the value of decency and manliness in a woman's eyes. You shall have a divorce and marry him; but until you get it, remember you are still my wife!"

A stain of red touched her cheeks under the lash of his scorn. She did not meet his eyes.

"I will remember——"

(Continued on page 66)





# Out With the

From Alaska to Borneo, in South-  
Locates the

By PAUL H.

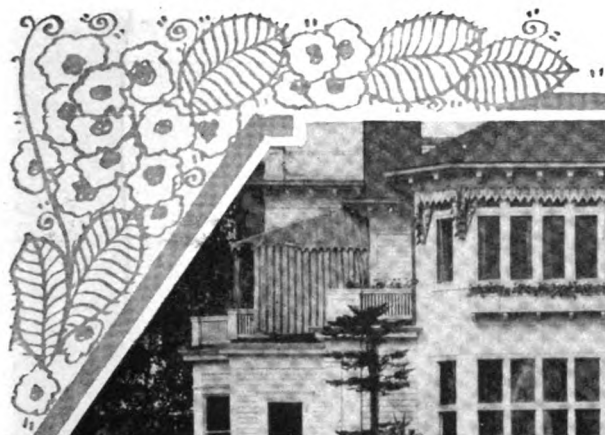


THE BEACH IS ALWAYS A ROMANTIC SETTING FOR LOVE-AFFAIRS



WHAT would the Moving Picture man do without the ocean and the mountains? And how could he get along without the city streets, or the little towns and deserted farmhouses, and a thousand and one other locations? He can use them all, and often all on the same day. We have all noticed how prominent a part the ocean beach plays in the settings of Motion Pictures. For, along the ocean, with a strip of beach and sea, with a few jagged rocks sticking up along the side-lines, wonders of artistic photography can be secured. We may find on Tuesday that the beach is the romping place for a group of water-sprites in a picture of fairyland; on Wednesday the same sands are inhabited by

(Thirty)



# Location Man



ern California, with the Man Who  
Outdoor Scenes

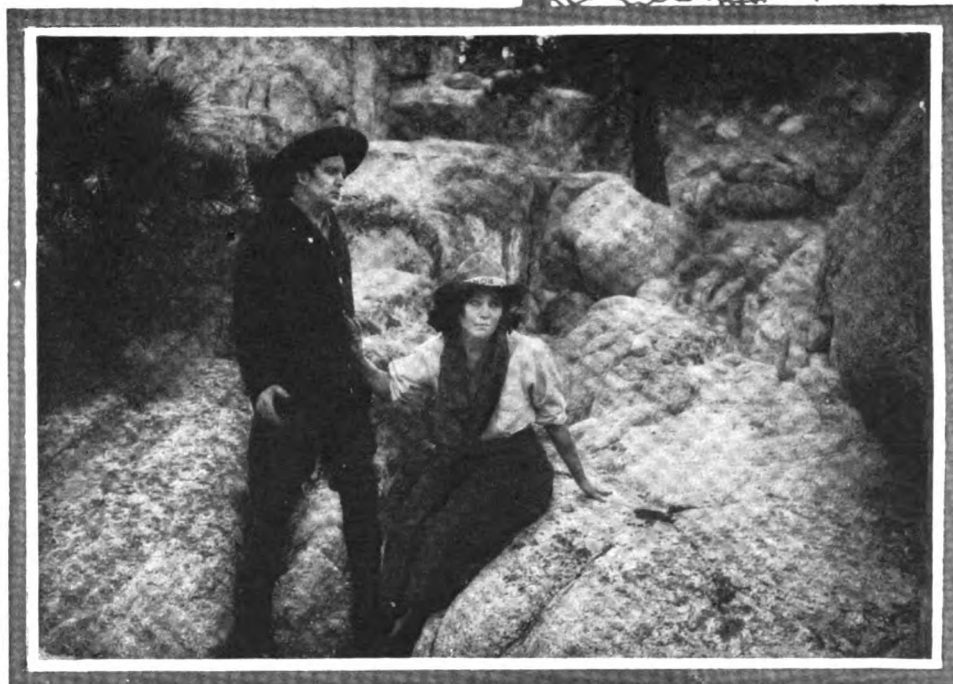
DOWLING

duck-clad tourists and summer girls; Thursday it figures in an automobile run-away and comedy duckings; Friday there is a shipwreck and the actors are cast away on a desert island, and on Saturday the same sands are the scene for the landing of a party of explorers or an attack of savages upon a toothsome missionary.

On the successive days of the week, the shore at Santa Monica may represent beaches in Holland, South America, Northern Ireland and Borneo. If we have a river thirty miles from the studio, it may be a quiet place in Vermont on Saturday of this week, and on next Monday a dismal spot in the Florida everglades or along the Amazon.

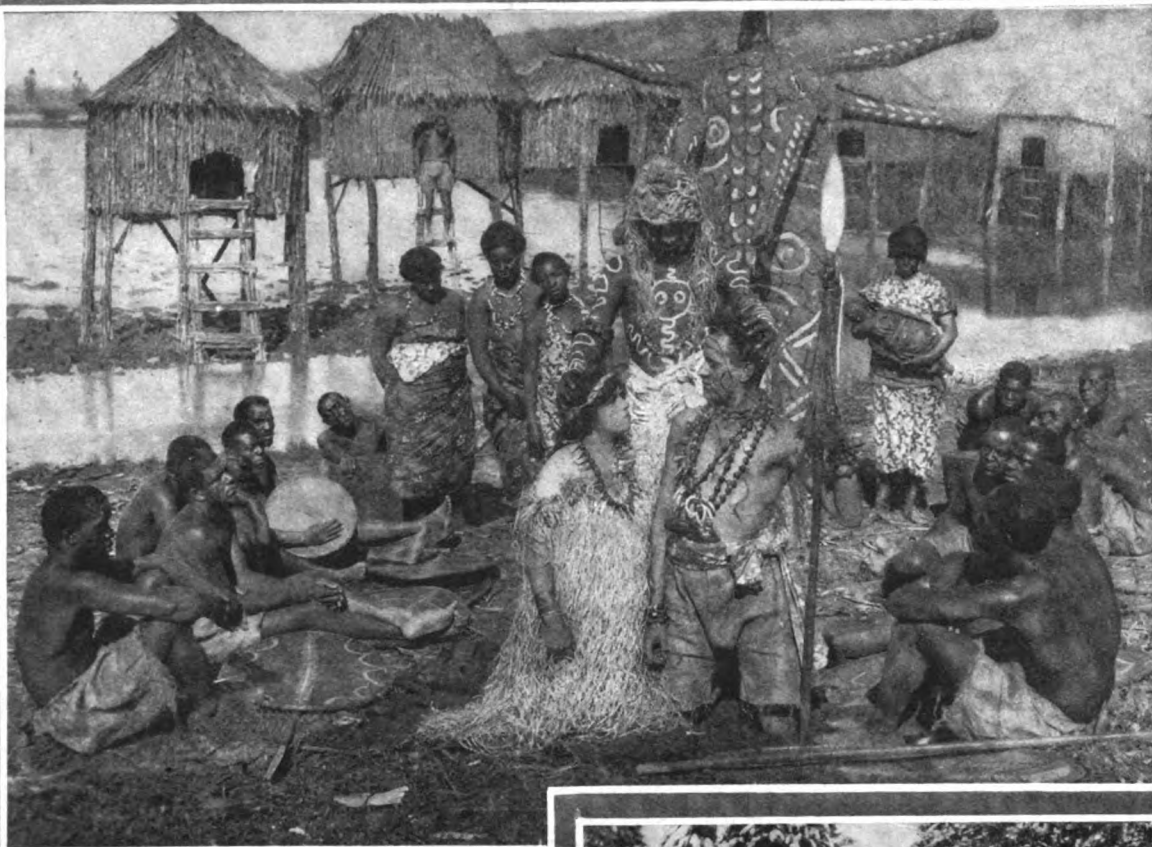
So our geography is garbled to fulfil the demands of the Moving Picture fan.

(Thirty-one)



DRY CREEK-BEDS MAKE FINE ARIZONA LOCATIONS





ONE DAY IT IS A  
SOUTH AFRICAN  
EQUATORIAL VILLAGE  
ON SANTA MONICA BEACH

Our company automobile carries us up a mountain road. Three miles up the trail we pass a little clearing where a group of Indians are burning the house of a settler. Farther on, the lonely daughter of a placer-miner is drawing water from a spring; and still farther up, a little later in the day, we will be photographing our own leading man in the rôle of Pan tooting his pipes as he sits in a wild and rocky retreat.

The location man of a Moving Picture studio is not the only one who has to keep his eyes open for appropriate settings for the pictures. Directors, camera-men, extras, general managers and office force are frequently called into consultation when some particular location is necessary. For instance, one company needed a place to stage an automobile wreck. It had to be a location where the driver could run his machine off the road and plunge into water above the depth of the car. A location man and a director jumped into a company automobile and scoured the country all the way from Santa Barbara to a point south of the Mexican boundary line before they found a place which could possibly be used. They talked to landowners, railway magnates, newspaper men and farmers all along the line of their two-hundred-mile journey. After they had searched the southern half of California, some one finally hit upon a place but twenty miles from Los Angeles

BEAR VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, IS A  
FAVORITE PLACE TO CATCH REAL SNOW



where the scene could be staged perfectly. A road was found which ran along the ocean immediately next to deep water. The scene was staged and the car leaped from the road and buried itself in twenty feet of water. But for weeks previous every person around the studio had been consulted in the effort to discover the right place.

A director never has a vacation. If he takes his family for an outing in the country on a Sunday afternoon, he cannot possibly forget his work. He has not gone more than a mile from town when out comes his note-book and he is

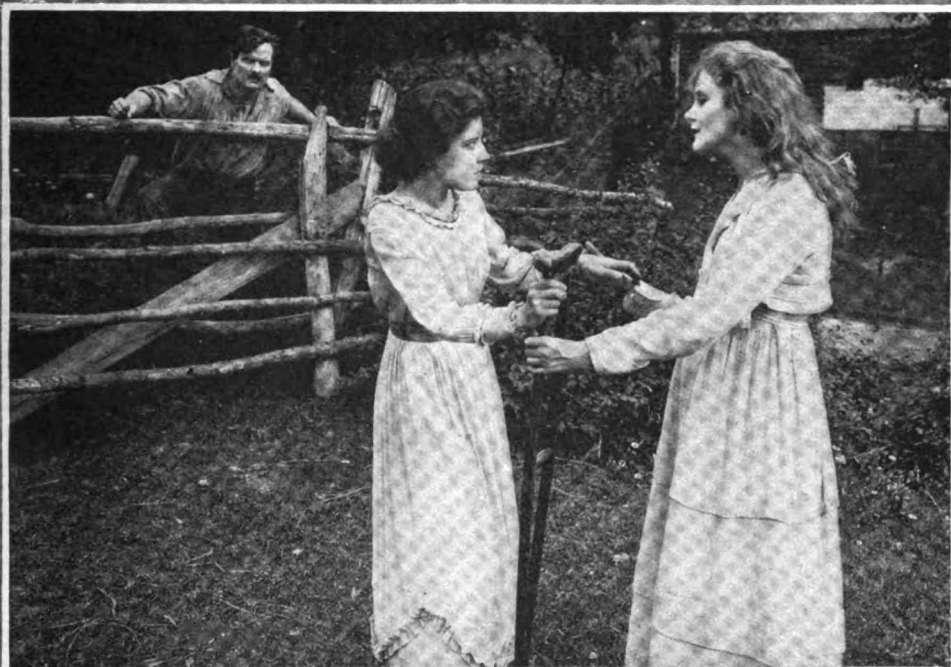
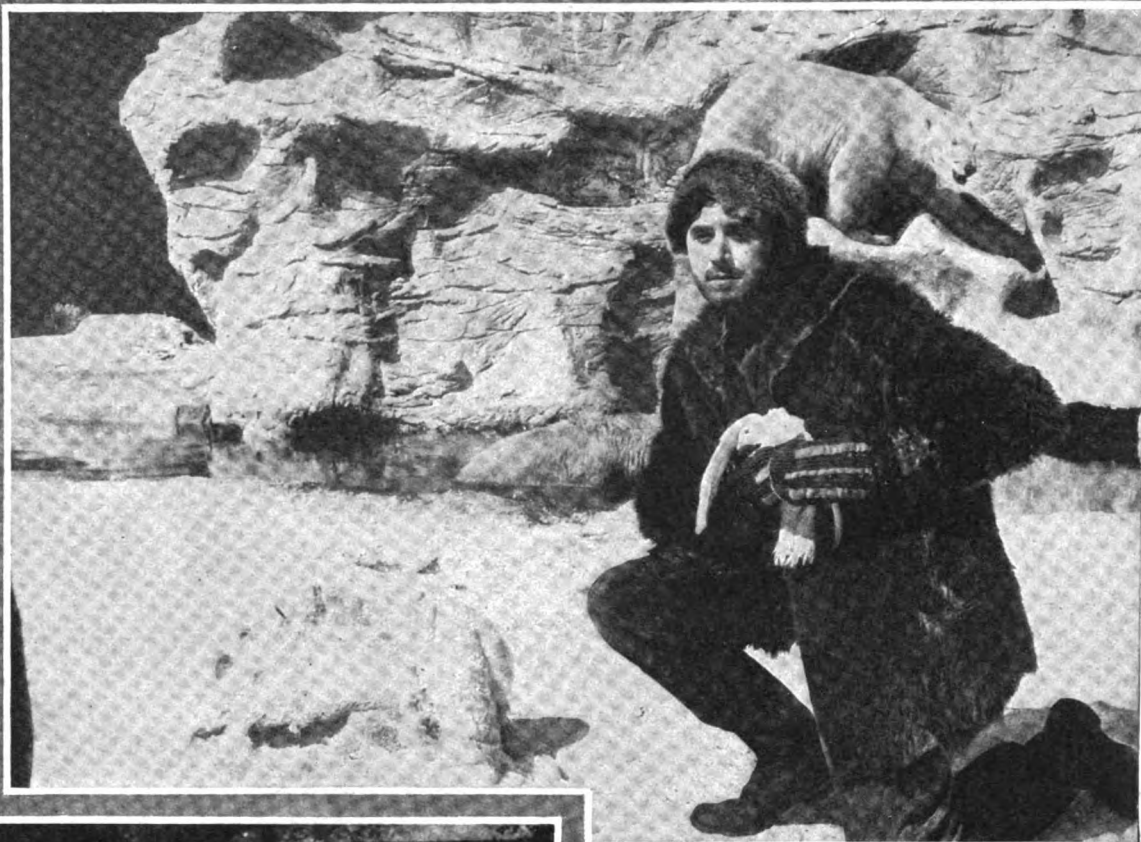
them, will suit admirably for a scene in darkest Africa or the New Hebrides Islands. Let the director hit upon a location at "Nigger Slough." He will have the prop-men erect a few rude huts of rushes, construct some native boats and a totem pole, and everything is

(Thirty-two)

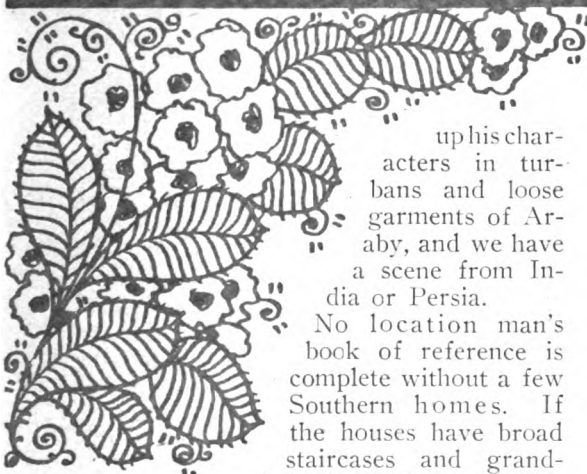


ready for the coming of the camera and the black-skinned natives who are to act in the picture.

But, of course, the costumes and the people can do a good deal toward adding the proper atmosphere to a "jungle" location. What might appear a suitable grounds for a Sunday-school picnic, with the infusion of numerous half-clad natives, an explorer in a cork helmet and puttees, and women in dresses of woven reeds, looks like the innermost depths of the Dark Continent. Or let him take the same or a similar location and rig



PASTORAL SCENES ARE EASY  
IN A LAND OF PERPETUAL CROPS



up his characters in turbans and loose garments of Araby, and we have a scene from India or Persia. No location man's book of reference is complete without a few Southern homes. If the houses have broad staircases and grandfather's clocks in the big

hallways, so much the better. The location man stands in great indebtedness to the millionaires about town who have spent thousands of dollars on their landscape gardening. For to the picture man, the sunken gardens, lily-ponds, the Japanese tea-house, the palm-drives and the rose-bordered garden paths are always useful. The location man uses countless different entrances to houses, thousands of driveways and lawns. He is always on the watch for striking new residences whose owners will permit their occasional use for the making of a movie.



THE NEXT DAY IS AN ICE-FLOE IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE—BUT THE TEMPERATURE REMAINS THE SAME

The Moving Picture director must bring the Arctic zone to Southern California for a scene in which his polar bears and his explorers in fur caps have prominent parts: How is he going to do it? For Southern California is warm and there is very, very little ice, except that which costs about fifty cents a hundred pounds. Arctic scenes bring up the greatest difficulties, for the prop department and carpenters are under the necessity of rigging up icebergs to plant in the body of water which is to be used. They must also rig up cakes of ice for atmosphere in the foreground. But these studio prop-men and carpenters are a clever lot and they can do almost anything within the realm of possibility.

Some of the most realistic "farthest North" scenes have been staged in mid-August under a tropical sun in the land of sun-kist oranges and perpetual prunes.

Moving Picture audiences now demand realism à l'outrance. If a scene on the Arno in Florence is to be shown them, a hastily covered bridge and a few "fronts" are now out of the question. A facsimile of the Ponte Vecchio, with its quaint overhanging shops and its border of ancient palaces, must be built to order. As a last resort, there remains the alternative of sending the entire company eight thousand miles to Florence itself—but, needless to say, that is a far different question.



# That Allison-Lockwood ~ ~

THERE! you perked up your ears at that, didn't you? I suppose you thought, "Aha! at last we'll find out all about these two. I'll bet a cent they're married!" Well, I'll bet a cent—several of them, in fact—that they're not! You American movie fans are insatiable match-makers. To think of the years that have passed, during which you have tried so very, very hard to marry off every interesting couple in screendom! There were Carlyle Blackwell and Alice Joyce. You were sure they would get married. Well, they did—but not to each other. Alice Joyce came East and married good-looking, debonair Tom Moore. And Carlyle Blackwell stayed West and married lovely Mae Hartman, a sister of Gretchen Hartman, the famous Biograph leading-woman.

Then you tried to marry Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne. And the unavailing efforts you have directed towards Anita Stewart and Earle Williams! I verily believe that that is the reason Vitagraph

put those two stars in different companies, to spare the gray hairs of the Answer Man.

Well, anyway, here's a story on two of your newest "match-made marriages."

Harold Lockwood is big, bronzed and good-natured. May Allison is lovely, slim and blonde, and with a disposition as sunny as her hair. I don't deny but that they would make an absolutely stunning couple—but why not be satisfied to be "stunned" by them on the screen, and let their private lives be lived as they see fit?

Out in California, Harold Lockwood has a pretty bungalow

on earth ever became of that bed of spring onions he planted that never came up. He is also exceedingly fond of fishing, and



not far from the Yorke-Metro studio, where he spends his working hours. His "back yard" is a garden, where he raises all manner of splendid vegetables for "home consumption." He spends a great deal of time here, listening to the radishes and lettuce grow, bending a fatherly eye upon the turnips and string-beans, and wondering what

WHEN HAROLD WANTS A FISHING CHUM MAY WILL ALWAYS "TRAIL ALONG"

is always terribly excited when the director finds that he must go somewhere up in the mountains for "locations." Harold always has a faint hope that there'll be a trout-stream somewhere handy. If there is, the assistant director, whose duty it is to see that everybody is in the scene that belongs there, always knows that the nearest trout-stream will yield up the handsome leading-man.

And, by the way, H. Lockwood is a (Thirty-four)

A LITTLE ROMP LIKE THIS IS JUST GOOD FELLOWSHIP—NOTHING MORE



# Affair by Roberta Courtland

please place on record the fact that she isn't in love with nor engaged to him. He backs up her statement, too.

They are pals, chums, what you will. On the screen, their love-affairs are many; in real life, they are nil.

May is a Southern girl, born and raised in Georgia. At sixteen she went on the stage, to support her mother. She was a chorus-girl for one season, but by her earnest efforts to learn and her determination to succeed and proceed in her

chosen profession, she was soon given the rôle of Beauty in Henry W. Savage's production of "Everywoman." But you know her life story, so why retell it?

She also has a bungalow in California, where her mother lives with her and looks after her. May's garden is principally flowers, with a few inoffensive and inconspicuous vegetables tucked about here and there. She adores pets and has a number of them. But I think the favorite is a tiny, coal-black kitten. He's so very, very black that May says he makes a lump of coal look pale by comparison. His eyes are frankly yellow, and they wear—again according to May—a continually surprised expression, as if the wickedness and bigness of the world were a perpetual source of wonder to him. He always greets May on her arrival at night, and stands on the front



MAY IS NEITHER KITTENISH NOR TEMPERAMENTAL—SHE'S JUST HAVING FUN WITH HER FRIENDS

man's man, every inch of him, despite the overweening amount of good looks with which a beneficent Nature endowed him. He detests a hero-worshipping bunch of females above all things. While he likes to receive letters of commendation for his work, and appreciates, even more, letters of intelligent criticism, he abhors "mash-notes," and, doubtless, those who write them. If you want to make a hit with Harold Lockwood, write him a letter of intelligent appreciation or criticism. He'll like that. But he won't like a "mash-note," I assure you, honor bright!

Now, May Allison is, off the screen, every bit as charming as on it. Could I say more? She's a lovely, little, blue-eyed, golden-curled witch, and, while she's very good friends with Mr. Lockwood,

(Thirty-five)

A "SOUL SMILE" IS A MIGHTY VALUABLE ASSET IN PICTURES—MAY AND HAROLD ARE "TURNING ONE ON"



porch and watches her out of sight, in the mornings, before resuming his industrious nap on the sunny porch. His name? Oh, his name is "Sweetheart." As I said before, Miss Allison and Mr. Lockwood are mutually interested—in their work. They make a splendid team, in that there is never the least whiff of jealousy, never any quarreling and bickering over rôles. Each works to build up the other's part. And each rejoices over the other's triumphs and sympathizes in the other's sorrows.

In one of the accompanying pictures you'll find them smiling into each other's eyes in a suspiciously soulful manner. Well, don't let it excite you, for this is merely a "still" from one of their newest plays—new when this was written, I mean—called "Mister Forty-Four."

Certain parts that Miss Allison has

played gave some people the impression that she is a vixen, a virago, and lots of other uncomplimentary things. Miss Allison hasn't a drop of "temperament" (as it is generally understood, and which should be spelled "temper") in her whole body. She's a cheery, smiling, happy little soul who helps mightily to make this old world of ours worth living in.

As for Mr. Lockwood, he's a big, good-looking, good-natured business man, keen-witted and shrewd. He takes his acting for the camera pretty much as John Brown does his brokerage business. It is business to both, and both go about it in pretty much the same manner. John Brown knows that if he doesn't attend to business and let the ball-game go hang for lack of his presence, Mrs. John Brown and the Brown babies are likely to feel the touch of pov-

erty. And Mr. Harold Lockwood knows that, unless he side-steps late hours, much strong drink and such like dissipations, the screen will soon find him missing. For the public will not tolerate a man whose muscles have grown flabby, whose eyes are puffy and who shows variously the effects of "high living." And Harold Lockwood knows it.

So, even if he felt inclined to "play hob" with his health—which he doesn't, "bein' as how" he shows common sense—he wouldn't, for business reasons.

And that is mainly the reason for the Lockwood-Allison combination—business reasons. Together they have grown famous, and they realize that it is good common sense to continue the same relations. So you see sentiment plays but an infinitesimal part in the combination of Harold Lockwood-May Allison.



## THE PERSISTENCY OF THE UNPREPARED

By HAMPTON DEL RUTH, Editor and Production Manager, Sennett-Keystone Studios

NEVER was there so great an opportunity for the creative writer to dispose of his products as is at present offered by the producers of Motion Pictures; never was there so huge a mass of absolutely worthless material heaped upon the producers in answer to their urgent demands. The mails bring to every studio a daily stack of "scenarios," and the mails of a few days later bear nearly a hundred per cent. of them back to the senders. The producers are crying aloud, "Where shall we find stories?" while thousands of writers are complaining that they cannot sell what they have written. Underlying this remarkable situation is a reason that explains briefly the clash between the factions of supply and demand—those who are unsuccessfully attempting to write for screen production underestimate the difficulty of their task and the necessity of hard study and systematic effort. In a general way we may divide the writers into two classes—one consisting of those who have previously been successful creators of fiction in the shape of either short stories or long novels, and who, in many cases, assume the attitude of writing down to the level of the screen; the other made up of men and women who have never written anything, or who, if they have, have been unsuccessful in selling it. Both classes seem to look upon the creation of subjects for screen production as so easy and unworthy of effort that they fall far short of the standard that is actually necessary to success. Beneath all of this we come upon the one weakness on which the entire difficulty rests—*lack of thought and preparation*.

The fundamental necessity of the film-story is *action*. In fiction there is much virtue in description; descriptive writing for the screen is positively valueless. So

is dialog, brilliant as it may be. One may lie in a hammock, or sit before a fire and revel in page after page of marvellous word-pictures, seeing thru the eye of the imagination stretches of woodland, open sea, a sunset, or a desert. We lay aside the book and murmur, "What wonderful description!" And so it may be. But on the screen we see the woodland, the ocean, the sunset or the desert the moment the operator starts to turn the crank—it is merely a background for the characters in the story; what has taken a full chapter of a book to describe to us is flashed upon our vision in a moment—and we are ready and eager for the characters to start their action. They must do something, and at once. There must be a story, events, *action*, from the start to the finish. Occasionally a subtitle conveys a bit of dialog, but only when a thought must be expressed to aid the action or when a lapse of time must be spanned. But the best construction avoids subtitles as much as possible.

Plagiarism, unconscious or premeditated, exists to a surprising degree. Story after story is submitted to the editors of scenario departments, the plot of which is identical with something that has been produced or that has been lifted bodily from a magazine tale or a book. In some cases this may be laid to coincidence, but the larger proportion are obviously instances of literary kleptomania, to sugar-coat the harsher term.

While the latitude of the screen is much greater than that of the stage, there is a limit—a fact which another class of ambitious writers seem to forget. I recently read a submitted scenario which involved the use of a fleet of battleships, the burning of a city, a battle between two armies, three trans-oceanic voyages by the hero, with scenes in London, Paris, New York, San Francisco and

Honolulu. There was sufficient number of thrills and crude material for a twenty-part serial—with absolutely no consecutive story. It was a riot of senseless imagination, and the layman would be surprised to know how many similar efforts are constantly being received by every studio in the country—not from the inmates of institutions for the mentally aberrated, nor from school-children, but from attorneys, physicians, business men, educators and writers with established reputations as creators of fiction. Others juggle time recklessly, with "one year later," "twenty years after," and "their children are now grown and have families of their own." Some stories of vital interest are to be forgiven for great lapses of time, but the better rule is to confine a scenario to as nearly consecutive action as possible, especially in a comedy or comedy-drama.

There is so much to study and consider before one is competent to write a produceable film-story that a volume might be written. Some technique can only be attained thru association with a working company, but what the average producer is seeking at present is not a detailed scenario—merely a rough draft of the story in synopsis form, from two hundred to a thousand words being quite sufficient. Each company has different methods of production, and the complete scenario or "continuity," as it is known to the vernacular of the studios, suitable for one would be useless to another.

Briefly, the successful scenario writer requires just as much preparation as a doctor or a lawyer, plus an element of natural ability. Imagination may be born in one, but the ability to use it must be attained thru thoughtful application to the rules of the game, and it cannot be accomplished in a day.

(Thirty-six)



MARGARET THOMPSON

# Inside the Flickerville Bungalows

By WILNA WILDE



DOROTHY DALTON MADE THE BISCUITS HERSELF

(Thirty-seven)

THE folks from back home in Kansas stepped out of the family flivver, after we came home the day we had been out riding in Flickerville, looking at the film-stars and their bungalows all up and down the main streets of the town.

Aunt Mary was pretty well satisfied with the trip, but when we got home, Joe—that's Aunt Mary's lesser one-fourth—ventured to remark, "Well, it's all right worshipping these California film-stars from afar, but say—cant you take us inside some of these bungalow palaces and let us say howdy to some of them at close range?"

We pondered over the matter a while, and then suggested, "Tell you what we can do. We can pick out a rainy afternoon, some day next week, and make the rounds——"

"Rainy afternoon!" Joe bellowed. "I understood it never rained in California, even in the wintertime."

That was a poser for us, because we had been acting heretofore as a kind of supplementary Chamber of Commerce and passing out the usual line of talk about the sunny skies shining forth their splendor three hundred and sixty-six



ELEANOR CROWE, THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD "FIND" OF THE FOX COMPANY, WHO HAS GONE TO NEW YORK AT THE REQUEST OF MONEIED INTERESTS PLANNING TO FEATURE HER





ENID MARKEY HAS AN AVIARY IN THE BACK YARD OF HER HOME

days per annum and all that stuff. So we were stumped for a minute until we recovered our customary real-estate *sang froid* and equilibrium.

At length we rallied and suggested that, while it very, very seldom rained, still there might now and then be a rather foggy afternoon in which the photoplayers vacationed and stayed at home.

Our aunt's husband chortled with glee over having tripped us up on a tender subject—the weather—and went around the house laughing to himself for the next two days, and walked out on the



GERTRUDE SELBY, ON THE PORCH OF HER CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW, ENTERTAINING SOME FRIENDS, INCLUDING ANNE SCHAEFER

porch every half-hour or so to spot the first stray cloud that threatened to obscure the much-overworked sunshine.

Imagine his increasing happiness, therefore, when the fourth day dawned murky and gloomy, and the signs on the horizon indicated that what little photoplaying there was in Flickerville that day would take place under the Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts.

We picked out the right kind of a day, all right, for we found at home no less than Marie Doro, Charles Chaplin, May Allison, Enid Markey, Dorothy Dalton, Fannie Ward, Crane Wilbur, Constance Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lockwood, Mae Marsh, and exactly a half-dozen others of greater or lesser magnitude, whom we will talk about pretty soon.

Buzzing around in the family auto-bus as long as the gasoline held out, we thought over the matter pretty seriously, and figured out to ourselves that if we were photoplay favorites, and lived in bungalow mansions like those occupied by Fannie Ward and her husband, Jack Dean, and Marie Doro and her better half, Mr. Elliott Dexter, the maid, cook, garden staff and entire studio force, from the general manager down to the gate-man, would have to verily drag us away by main force or double our pay before we would consent to leave such charming locations for a dusty set at the studio.

That we might not linger too long and gaze on the beauties of the gardens, and

the libraries, and the potted plants, and the goldfish, and all other necessary equipment of a film favorite's bungalow, Joe plucked our sleeve and impelled us toward the door. We slammed the door of the bus, and burned up the roadway down thru the middle of Flickerville's film colony to Margaret Thompson's one-story California palace, where that charming Ince-Triangle star reigned in queenly fashion in a steam-heated sun-parlor, with all the latest photoplay magazines at her elbow for diversion on the foggy afternoon.

Miss Thompson believes everybody should be useful around a California bungalow, so she had her little dog do his sleeping on the divan in front of her, the amiable canine thus affording an excellent magazine rack. The little black-and-white terrier didn't seem to mind the extra burden and dozed along peacefully all the while we chatted about the beauty of the weather. Nothing like the comforts of home, we agreed.

Miss Dorothy Dalton, another Ince-Triangle star, herself admits that she is the greatest little housekeeper on the Pacific Coast, and just to prove it she let us take some pictures of her "caught in the act." One picture was to illustrate what she called her "scientific system of serving supper," with all the paraphernalia arranged in what our German relatives in Pennsylvania would term "apple-pie order," and the other a picturization of "six-o'clock breakfast when you are called at seven-thirty at Culver City," with the toaster and a funny-looking percolator on the table. Miss Dalton gave us some biscuits which were alleged to have been made by herself and which—we must admit—we did not have to surreptitiously sneak into our overcoat pockets.

We were sorry afterwards that we did not dispose of a few of the biscuits in that manner, not because of any detrimental after-effects, but because on the



WILFRED LUCAS HAS AN IMPOSING LIBRARY

(Thirty-eight)

way from there to Enid Markey's house we passed some cows and chickens that would have been great targets for a biscuit bombardment. Enid Markey has an aviary in the back yard of her home which is literally swarming with twittering canaries, and a parrot, and a lot of other birds which we neglected to study about when we were in high-school or when our wife joined the Ladies' Audubon Society, which met at our house in Topeka on the first Tuesday night of each month.

But, speaking of live-stock, we doubt if there was ever a photoplayer in Flickerville who ever amassed such a collection of dumb animals, fowls, rodents, pets, birds of the air and fish of the sea as Wilfred Lucas. When he ushered us into the handsome and imposing library, we would never have suspected that we were in a menagerie until we heard a succession of peculiar squeaks, cackles, growls and mews coming thru the house from some of the outer confines of the place. When we looked up and listened like the picture of "his master's voice," the Triangle star smiled and invited us to view the collection, which we did with an interest equal to that which we had felt on going thru the New York Zoological Gardens, the Universal Zoo, or the David Horsley grounds where the Bostock collection of wild animals keep things melodious thruout the watches of the night and sometimes arouse the ire of the neighbors in that particular section of Flickerville.

After going thru the kennels and the hatcheries and aviaries, and seeing a lot of Flickerville's pets, we motored to a quieter part of town where Gertrude Selby fitted demurely into the scenery around the Selby bungalow. Again talking about magnificent bungalow homes, we'll have to award one of the palms to Anna Luther, whose California bungalow we were privileged to visit after stop-



ANNA LUTHER HAS ONE OF THE MOST MAGNIFICENT BUNGALOWS IN CALIFORNIA. THIS IS HER BOUDOIR

ping briefly at the Selbys'. Miss Luther was at least three times as charming as usual because we photographed her in two of the boudoir mirrors, which brought out three times as much of the Luther beauty.

Jack Cunningham bothers himself just as much on foggy days as on sunny ones at his Flickerville bungalow, where he spends most of his waking hours writing Universal scripts. "Come, Thought, Come!" or "What Makes the Wrinkled Hair and Furrowed Brow!" is the title of the picture we took of him while he meditated over his inspiration. A happy smile broke over the features of the harassed maker of stories as the thought arrived, ushered in by a burst of regular camera sun, which at the opportune time broke thru the bank of fog and enveloped Flickerville in brightness, saving our reputation as honest real-estate men by putting one more winter day in the class of "shooting weather."

Do you think we could take a picture of that man Charles Chaplin at home? I should say not.

"Some one," remarked Chaplin, as we put our feet on the railing of the porch—Charlie didn't have on his working shoes, so the railing was quite adequate—"somebody once wrote a funny thing in one of the papers about me as I was at home—all about falling out of bed in the

morning, kicking my wife downstairs, turning over the breakfast-table, and all that stuff. Well, you know, I think a lot of people believed that was a fair sample of my off-stage actions. It wouldn't do to give 'em a picture which showed how quiet and sedate this Flickerville home life really is. It would spoil all their illusions."

So we stuck the camera away, and left the purveyor of comedy to his own meditations, and picked on Charles Clary instead for a snapshot. The sun having appeared on the scene, Charles Clary decided to pay a visit to the Fox studio for the



CHARLES CLARY IN THE PORTICO OF HIS HOLLYWOOD BUNGALOW PALACE



JACK CUNNINGHAM SEEKS INSPIRATION IN HIS HOLLYWOOD BUNGALOW

(Thirty-nine)





MAE MARSH HAS JUST FINISHED SCULPTING FOR THE DAY AND IS LEAVING HER BUNGALOW FOR A WALK

afternoon, so we "shot" him waiting for the Flickerville Boulevard street-car, which goes down by William Fox's place of business.

A little later we caught Mae Marsh at her sculpting. The world-famous Mae does a lot of that sculpting, and makes heads and things out of clay.

"Nothing doing on the picture stuff," said Mae, however. "The people who run the Metropolitan Museum of Art might be after me, and then I couldn't be an actress any more."

"Well, out on the front porch, then," we suggested.

"That's all right. There's some of the

family out there, but the location will do. The family were camera-shy at first, but they're getting used to it by this time."

So we "shot the picture" and moved on down Sunset Boulevard to one of the last stops, because the afternoon was getting away from us, and there was no telling how long the gas would hold out. Flickerville is a pretty big-sized town, you know, when you try to get around to all the photoplayers' houses.

We found a little girl named Eleanor Crowe, erstwhile Fox discovery, out in the yard in the fruit orchard. Eleanor said she was enjoying her last day in California, because she was leaving for that small town down by the Hudson River at the request of some people who were going to feature her. Miss Crowe thought it would be a good idea to make some of those scenes such as they have in the California tourist books, to send to the "folks back home," showing the beauties of the scenery and some of the effects of the midwinter climate, and all that sort of thing. So she draped herself over a limb of an apricot tree and had us take a picture of her. She said she would take it along to New York and tell the "effete Easterners" that she was eating ripe apricots in her back yard in Flickerville, in January. We told the young star we didn't think even the unenlightened folks around New York would fall for the story of having ripe apricots in the middle of the winter, even in Flickerville, but we took the picture anyway. Now, if we had said that the tree in which Miss Crowe was draped was a peach-tree, we could have made a nice little pun which would please almost any girl. But the inherent love of truth, which burns in the breast of every writer for the newspapers and magazines, forced us to admit that the tree was an apricot—and spoil the compliment.



MARIE DORO AND HER HUSBAND, ELLIOTT DEXTER, IN THEIR SUMPTUOUSLY FURNISHED HOLLYWOOD BUNGALOW

(Forty)

# "So This Is a Studio, Is It?"

By HECTOR AMES



MARGARITA FISCHER, LEADING-LADY OF THE MUTUAL COMPANY

**L**IKE the late Mayor Gaynor, of Gotham Town," explained Margarita Fischer, "on the memorable night when he stepped on the stage of Tammany Hall and said, 'So this is Tammany, is it?' I had never been in a studio. I began my stage career when eight years old, in my father's troupe. For years I worked and traveled every night, and rehearsed every day, and never knew what it was to have a home.

"At first I laughed at the idea of going into Motion Pictures. Why, I had never seen one until after I played in them! But I saw that some of the players had real homes, with some chance to

enjoy them. I sampled half a dozen studios, and finally went to work in earnest. And now the lure of the Motion Picture has me, and I am too much absorbed in the work to think of leaving it."

This charming little lady is a prize specimen of what the great Middle West can produce. As a child, her fondest dream was to become the greatest dancer in the world, and, as "Babe Fischer," she danced her way into the hearts of many people in many cities. From that time to this she has been a popular favorite in stock, repertoire, vaudeville and grand opera, and her Motion Picture experiences have been a continuous triumph.

Lovely Margarita Fischer, Mutual star, popularly known as "The American Beauty," is near and dear to the great theater-going public. Her youth, beauty and charming versatility have given her a remarkable range of characterization, and her work reflects the joy she finds in it.

She still loves to dance, and does so whenever she can, as everybody who knows her has noticed. She owns a car and likes to drive it, as well as tinker with its inwards, and she loves her home, but she admits that she and housework are not on good speaking terms.

(Forty-one)





# Recreations of a

## In the British Empire Championship—Ireland vs. Australia

By PETER WADE



WHEN it comes to foot-work—a jig or a reel—Valentine Grant is a true daughter of the "ould sod," and on her trips to Ireland she doffed her finery and donned the brogans and

as best she pleases. You see, our colleen is not so poor as the simple lasses she portrays, and whenever she wants a vacation, she takes one, with

woolen stockings of the peasant-folk. She can sing the Irish songs, too, with the "feel" of a native—the crooning notes that set your heart to fluttering.

But that is neither here nor there. The girl



no fear that the landlord will be camping on her steps against her return.

'Tis known that Sidney Olcott's protégée is very partial

to exercise—the roses in her cheeks were never hot-house

grown—and a stiff walk around New York's Central Park, in the early morning, with a call thrown in to Bill Snyder's animals in the Zoo, is part of her daily program.

One day Bill told her about a kangaroo that had just arrived from Australia and was living quietly on the East Side, expecting to join a circus.

Accompanied by Sid Olcott, our colleen visited the East Side and paid a call upon the long-tailed alien.

"It's just a bond of sympathy," explained Valentine to the kangaroo's cicerone, "from one loyal subject to another. Ireland shakes the hand of Australia."

"What a sweet, dear face he has!" she exclaimed, as the kangaroo turned his gentle countenance toward her.

"Appearances are deceitful, miss," said the cicerone; "that marsupial is mighty handy with his dukes!"

"Do you mean to say he can box?"

(Forty-two)

# Colleen "Pug"



asked the doubting, pugnacious colleen.

"Surest thing you know!"

"Then I'm going to challenge him to a go. I haven't put on the gloves against real 'pugs' for nothing."

And she did—and we caught them in four of their most dramatic moments. Valentine had no idea that the innocent-looking kangaroo had a punch, and she nearly "took the count" in the first round after he had jolted her a couple of times with his amazing little "fists." But despite his extra leg, as represented in his powerful tail, the colleen outboxed him in the end, and we caught him trying to save himself in a clinch and receiving the knock-out from his fair opponent.



# Vampire Moments—A



VIRGINIA PEARSON

When it comes down to the Cleopatra business, Virginia Pearson would make that passé flirt look like "Old Lady 31." In "Sister Against Sister" she took an extra tuck in her sheath-gown, cleared her shoulders for action and proceeded to "get after" the man. Virginia's victim's expression registers: "Groggy, but still able to sit up." 'Tis said that the plainest woman can "get" the most attractive man, but put it t'other way round, and what chance does the poor male stand? A real vampire can blow a general up with a powder-puff or tickle him to death with a feather.



ALICE HOLLISTER

Arthur Albertson has just discovered that Alice Hollister has killed his father. Naturally he is a bit put out.



THEDA

As the original brand of icy-hearted drops of tepid water. In "A Fool down to a shadow, but would



ETHEL BARRYMORE

Ethel Barrymore, in "The White Raven," chose an Alaskan dance-hall for her vampire roost. Having knocked her victim cold, she is letting him warm up to her again for the final knock-out.



CHARLOTTE BURTON

Charlotte Burton can "vamp" wet or dry with equal facility. Here she is as a Lorelei waiting to wreck the heart of a passing yachtsman. Notice the "false-lighthouse" gleam in her orbs.

(Forty-four)

# Flotilla of Sirens in Action



BARA

vampire, Theda Bara has the others melted down to "There Was" she not only wore poor Edward Jose not even let him have a comfortable death.



PAULINE FREDERICK AND EARLE FOXE

The flame of Earle Foxe's love has gone out—Pauline Frederick is making a bold play to stir up the smouldering embers.



GLADYS BROCKWELL AND MILTON SILLS

To avoid unpleasant after-effects, a vampire has got to have as trusty a clutch as a flivver. Just see how well Gladys Brockwell's clutch is working on Milton Sills.



VALESKA SURATT

When Valeska Suratt lets her hair down it means big business. The potency of the lady's unfurled tresses brings 'em right down on their bended knees.

(Forty-five)



DOROTHY GREEN

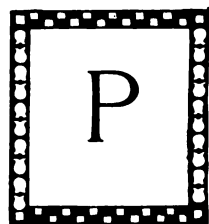
"Come hither" eyes and a cocktail are vampire weapons that Dorothy Green avers will bow over a "live one," or even a reputed "dead one."



# Thru the Eyes of an English Girl

Peggy Hyland Talks Entertainingly of Her Impressions of America

By LILLIAN MONTANYE



EGGY HYLAND is English, with a charming manner and an adorable accent. She has been in America less than a year, but she has us "sized up," and her views are as refreshing and

original as her dainty, lovely self.

Seeing her in the studio, it was hard to think of her as settling down and keeping quiet long enough to do anything serious. There were three children with her, and Miss Hyland was almost as small, quite as young in appearance and fully as irrepressible as they were.

"They are my little sisters and brother in the play," she explained, "and you know the way to manage children is to be one of them. So between acts I play wild Indian, or anything they want, and, when we start to work, they will do anything I say."

The director called, and all became quite serious and ready for business. As Miss Hyland and the children moved easily and naturally thru a scene, it was plain to be seen that when "Her Right to Live" is released,

and goes winging its way about, it will fly straight into the hearts of the public. It will prove again that filming the unspoiled grace of childhood is possible, and the director is sure to admit that Miss Hyland, "being one of them," had more to do with it than all his directing.

"Will you come with me?" she said when the scene was finished. "I have a very simple lunch brought in, but I want you to join me."

Seated in her dressing-room, with its pink-tinted walls and its pink-flowered chintz draperies, she turned to me, with a piquant, inquisitive smile, "Now, where did you come from?"

"From the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC," I confessed.

"Oh," she cried, gleefully waving a long envelope in the air, "they are the

nicest people. Look! this contains a check for a little article on make-up. I wrote it, and they actually bought it. I am prouder of that check than anything I ever had.

"Yes, of course I'm English—'thru and thru.' But we are a widely scattered family now. Mother came over with me, but we left father in England. I have a sister at the front, and I have another sister in China. I was born in Worcestershire, but lived a great deal in London. I went to school there, then to a convent school near Liège, Belgium. Life in a convent school is not gay, but I would not have missed it for anything.

"I went on the stage when very young—first with a George Edwardes Company in London. I had the honor of playing with Cyril Maude, too; then in 'The Yellow Jacket.' Then I went into Motion Pictures. I was Minnie Merle in 'Infelice' and Esther Eccles in 'Caste,' but the

second picture here was 'The Chattel' with E. H. Sothorn. I consider it a great privilege to have played with Mr. Sothorn—he is such a charming man and such a finished actor.

"Yes, I like screen work, even tho the camera is merciless and so very unappreciative. Every imperfection is so very evident, and no matter how hard we try or how well we think we are doing, we can always see afterward how much better we might have done.

"But I like both the stage and



thing I loved

best was the dear old English story, 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' Can you imagine me as grave, dignified Ursula March?

"Then I came to America. I arrived here in February, just in time for one of your nice, American blizzards. My

pictures,

because I like whatever I am doing and have the best kind of time doing it. I just 'make pretend' I am doing it all for a good time. When playing in London with Cyril Maude, we girls were making plenty of noise one night, and Mr. Maude sent word down that we were

(Forty-six)



to keep more quiet in our dressing-rooms. We sent a message back saying that we would try to, but we were sorry he wanted us to be unhappy."

The maid had brought sandwiches and milk. The day was cool, so Miss Hyland heated the milk on a small, alcohol stove.

When she started to pour the milk, the handle of the pan turned and away went the milk. Down on her knees, towel in hand, went the dainty

little lady. "Oh! I apologize!" she exclaimed, frantically wiping away the milk from my dress and the rug—"and a milk famine on and such hard work to get it at all."

"This was my first Christmas away from England," she said. "It is the greatest day of all the year with us. A day or two before we bring in the Christmas greens. That is a great feature. In fact, it is considered very bad luck not to decorate for Christmas. The greens are left up until Twelfth Night, when they are taken down and burned."

"Christmas morning we go to church as a matter of course. Then we always have a family party—I mean just the family and close friends. We have

turkey and everything that goes with it. The plum-pudding has rum poured over it and is lighted and brought, blazing, to the table the very last thing. Then we play games—young and old join in the most foolish games. Snap-dragon is the most fun. We put a whole lot of raisins in a dish of rum and set the rum on fire, then try to see how many raisins we can pick out without burning our fingers."

At this point she was called to the telephone and returned looking somewhat aggrieved. "Where can a girl with a dog live?" she wanted to know. "Mother is looking for an apartment, and she just called to tell me that every place she has been they say, 'No, we dont take dogs here.'"

"Never mind, Jackie"—to the treasured pet who was wagging his tail from his own private corner of the couch—"we'll find a place. We are tired of hotel life," she said, "and are going to have a real home."

"How do you like America, Miss Hyland, and do you find it so different from England?" I inquired.

"I like America immensely," was the quick reply, "but I cant get used to the bigness of it. When they tell me we are going to a certain place, I dont know whether they mean just across the river or across the continent. At home we say, 'Maybe next year we will go to Scotland' (a matter of a night's journey). With us a journey of four or five hours is a thing to think about and plan



for. Here some one casually remarks, 'We leave for California tomorrow,' and that's as far as I traveled when I came to America and takes as long!

"And Americans don't make so much of their homes as we do in England—at least they don't stay in them so much. And another thing that impresses me is that the people work so hard for their money and then turn around and work just as hard to spend it.

"I was invited to a week-end in the country. I thought that sounded nice and restful, but soon as I arrived I rushed to get into bathing-clothes. Then we rushed home from the beach to dress for dinner. I was unsophisticated enough to think I could eat in peace, but soon the hostess said it was time to go. There was something especially nice I wanted to eat, but no, I couldn't have it. I had to rush away to the country club to dance. Of course it was lots of fun, but I never worked so hard to enjoy

myself in all my life. At a week-end in England we have a good time just being quiet. We stroll leisurely across the green to buy a penny's worth of sweets or to post a letter, but no rushing around.

"Certainly we dance, or we did before the war, but we don't dance every place we go. It is amusing to see the people dancing between courses in the restaurants here, but it's sort of puzzling, too, for it looks like hard work at a time when one should be resting.

"And look at that!" she exclaimed, calling my attention to a car with its home-going crowd of strap-hangers, for we were motoring over to New York now. "In London when a car is full it goes right on, and the people have to wait for the next one, but here they jump on and hang on to the platform. It looks so dangerous to me that I hope they won't fall off.

"I love the American people—they are

so delightfully cordial and so very generous; and they are fair and square in a business way, too. I was never treated better in my life than I have been in America. There is nothing more wonderful in the world than this view," she said as we crossed the bridge. Slowly we made our way thru the crowded streets, thru the struggling masses of humanity, the pushcarts, the heterogeneous medley of sights and sounds. "This is like dear old London," she said.

When we emerged into the brilliantly lighted section she marveled again. "I'll never get over being thrilled by the lights—everything is lighted that it is possible to light. It's a wonder they don't put electric bulbs in the trees!

"It is all very wonderful—America, and this big New York." Heretofore she had steered carefully away from war conversation, but by this time we were nearing the journey's end, and—well, perhaps it is just as well.

Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne are embarking on a great adventure. They are about to tour the Southern States, especially Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi. At Birmingham, Ala., the celebrated couple will lead the great ball arranged by the industrial convention of the three States. The tour culminates at New Orleans, with another industrial ball and the selection of one hundred fair maids to play in the industrial super-feature, "A Modern Maid of Orleans."

Warner Oland received a taste of real trench warfare in one of the closing episodes of "Patria." A spent shell exploded almost under the actor's feet, throwing him into the air and completely wrecking his automobile.

Edith Storey, who recently left Vitagraph, has signed with Lasky, and Alice Hollister, the Kalemite, is joining Famous Players in support of Pauline Frederick in her forthcoming "Her Better Self."

D. W. Griffith has had a most unusual honor thrust upon him. The distinguished producer recently sailed for London with a commission from the Allies to record the pictured history of the war on the five great war-fronts. Mr. Griffith has announced his complete severance from the Triangle Company. On returning to America, Mr. Griffith will ally himself with Arteraft.

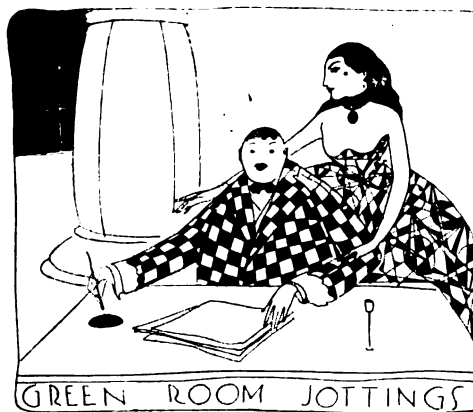
The persistent rumor that W. S. Hart was about to leave Triangle has been denied both by direct telegram and from the lips of Mr. Hart himself.

The report of Edith Storey's engagement to Tony Moreno will not down. Both have sent telegrams of denial. Still, there is a certain "congratulate me" letter written to an intimate friend, and—well, we'll wait until they tell us themselves.

Nell Shipman, former Vitagraph star, is undertaking a unique engagement with the Williamson Brothers, producers of undersea pictures. Miss Shipman is on tour in the West Indies, collecting material for suitable scenarios. She writes her scenes "on the spot" as suitable bits of scenery present themselves.

King Baggot is at last winding up his "grand tour" of the Western States and is sighing for Broadway and the studio "overheads." He will soon be in make-up again.

Viola Dana and Shirley Mason have just received letters from Johannesburg, South Africa, announcing the marriage of their sister, Edna Flugrath, to Harold Shaw, a well-known director. Bride and groom will make a honeymoon trip to India and China,



picture-making as well during their *lune de miel*.

Corinne Griffith, leading woman for William Duncan in "Thru the Wall" and "The Last Man," has made a flying trip East to support Earle Williams in a new production.

Nina Byron is House Peters' new leading woman in his next Morosco production. Others in his support are Eugene Pallette, John Burton, Adele Farrington and Henry Barrows.

"Mary Page," fluffy little Lucille frock and all, is being carved into a statuette by her creator, Edna Mayo, the player-sculptress, and will soon be on exhibition at the picture theaters.

Fans can keep close tabs on some of their favorites by noting their starry path in coming features. Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman will present "The Squaw Man's Son"; Margaret Illington makes her screen debut in "Sacrifice"; Olga Petrova gives her Lasky premiere in "The Undying Flame"; Marguerite Clark stars in an adaptation of Pinero's stage-play, "Amazons"; Mae Murray springtimes in "The Primrose Ring"; George Beban forsakes Italian rôles in "The Marcellini Millions," and Jack Pickford and Vivian Martin co-star in "The Girl from Home."

The wedding-bells that were all set to peal for Louise Fazenda and Noel Smith, director, are muffled and forlorn. The marriage license is growing dog-eared and the bridal bungalow's door is a nest for sparrows. 'Cause why? 'Cause the fair and fickle comédienne changed her mind, but with the prerogative of woman perhaps she will change it again.

Olga Petrova and her distinguished director, Maurice Tourneur, have departed for

Jacksonville, Fla., for an extended trip. Most of the big scenes for "The Undying Flame," a story of ancient Egypt, will be taken in Florida.

It's hard to keep ideal screen lovers apart. The glad news is just out that "Bob" Haron is leaving Fine Arts and is hastening to the side of his former "screen mate," Mae Marsh, henceforth to woo her persistently in Goldwyn pictures.

Bluebird stars will start to feather their spring nests in April, so here are their spring offerings: Dorothy Phillips will disport in "The Girl in the Checkered Coat"; Ella Hall sparkles in "A Jewel in Pawn" and later in "The Little Belgian"; Wedgewood Nowell and Gypsy Hart appear in "The Pulse of Life"; Franklyn Farnum and Agnes Vernon split the honors in "The Clock," followed by "Bringing Father Home," and Mary MacLaren presents an Eleanor Gates story, "The Plow Woman."

Metro came near losing a valued player in Fred Stanton. Fred is superstitious, and when in one of the concluding episodes of "The Great Secret" he was directed to be laid out in his coffin, the actor rebelled and lay low until a substitute could be found.

Picture stars continue to volunteer their services for the Actors' Fund Fair, to be held at Grand Central Palace, New York, May 12 to 21. Among the more recent who have reported for duty in this notable charity are Alla Nazimova, Jane Cowl, Anita Stewart, Hazel Dawn, Annette Kellermann, Nance O'Neil, Ann Murdock and Pauline Frederick.

Clara Kimball Young has announced the subject of her next production. "Why I Left My Husband" is its title. This is getting pretty close to home.

A matter of peculiar studio interest is the insurance carried by stars on their stock-in-trade—hands and feet. Francis Bushman carries a policy insuring his extremities for \$50,000; Harold Lockwood protects his gestural weapons for \$50,000; May Allison has protected her fingers and tootsies to the tune of \$25,000; Beverly Bayne has insured the services of her dainty feet for \$10,000, and so on thru many others. One sudden accident and a star may be carried from the studio forever, hence the unusual insurance precautions.

The former Vitagraph queen, Lillian o' the Dimples, will spend the next year of her life in Ogden, Utah. Her weekly envelope will contain \$2,000 (so said), and for this pittance the fair Lillian will be starred in Ogden Picture features.

(Continued on page 59)

(Forty-eight)



# The Long Trail

(Lasky)

By GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the scenario of EVA UNSELL.  
LOU-TELLEGEN as André, MARY FULLER as Louise.

LOUISE GRAHAM had come from a world, from a life, where there is always a "way out," always an alternative, always a palliative. Now, with twilight falling; caught on a far trail in the Canadian Northwest woods, confronted, surrounded, the impotent, disregarded kernel of a furious blizzard, there was simply *no* "way out." Confronted, too, by André Dubois. A strange sensation swept over her and left her trembling—left her lips blanched and her eyes staring; a strange sensation of oneness with this vast blizzard, this orgy of bitter snow; of oneness with this lost

(Forty-nine)

trail, this solitude, this immensity of loud silence, this greatness without the help of man; of oneness, too, with André Dubois, who was, assuredly, a very essence of it all. All, she thought suddenly, that is elemental, and stark, and clean, and very good.

"There is one thing to do, mam'selle," shouted Dubois in her ear—"my cabin—till day dawns—"

Louise nodded, and thru the dense swirls of snow André's slate-gray, steel-sharp eye caught the affirmative of her scarlet cap. They beat their way a few steps farther and entered the low door. Louise Graham had come to the post of

Two Rivers with her guardian and his wife, her fiancé, Wallace Newton, and her brother Paul a month ago.

Robert Graham, her guardian, had made his money, his considerable money, in furs, and it was in this way that the young and very skillful trapper, André Dubois, had come to know Louise. Possessed of a great uncuriousness, he had not thought of asking in what relation she stood to the men he had met in her household. The woods and the lone trails, and the brooding, solitary nights under the North skies, had taught him the deep lesson of simplicity. He had to do with the individual. The complexities of



that individual's life had naught to do with him. Long ago he had come to know that nothing was of any account, anyway, save himself—and Louise—and what they must mean to each other.

There had been little between them—little said. André's nature felt no need of words. Words do not count. It is the deed that tells—the deed of

him that he might be "part of the environment—at one with the setting"—or some such thing.

"Me—I am *me*!" he would have said, and laughed again, and leapt to his

Yet, in large part, the erudite philosopher would have been right. André was a wonderful creature to Louise Graham, but he was not, to her, the only thing he cared to be—a *man*. Into her upset, distraught mind and life he came—a very part of this remoteness, this vastness, this sternness and stillness and sweetness that was the far North. She felt, without knowing what she felt, that, like his North, his code could be very cruel and very kind—that he could be like the vast iciness that shone blue, green and red under the Northern lights, and its very antithesis, passionate and eager and dear. She felt, chiefly, that he was apart from



might and brawn; of courage and brave heart; of truth and might. It is the *man* who counts—after he has been tried and tested—and not found wanting. He did not know, because he was not given to analysis, that she came from a world where words are *all*, and where even with words one founders helplessly to get the grain of wheat from out the chaff. She had followed the tracks with him—that was enough.

He would have tossed his head and thrown up his hands and laughed and looked helpless, had some philosophical, erudite mortal attempted to explain to

THE GRAHAMS LOOKED UPON ANDRE AS AN UNCOUTH CREATURE—BUT NOT SO WITH LOUISE

birch canoe, and paddled down the silvery, trout-rich stream—straight and lithe and fit—a snatch of odd melody lingering behind him like a moan. Life had not mauled him with her stained-gloved hand. Nature had held him fast, and to those who follow her sure intent she can be wondrous tender.

the fever, the fret and the fume—aloof from the stress and the turmoil—somehow at one with God. And because she felt this—this highness, this cleanness, this peace—she "mushed" the trails with him gladly, and learnt from him, and was soothed and tonic-ed.

It was on one of these walks that the blizzard overtook them, and they found themselves—the long, North-western night descending—alone and apart from all the world, from all the doings, the comings, the goings, of the little men and women in that world. They were in God's hand that night—afar and apart—Afar—and alone—and apart—yet, years afterward, Louise Graham remembered that she felt, all at

(Fifty)

once, incongruously, even absurdly, at home—safe and at home for the first time in her orphaned, pillar-to-post existence.

André contrived a small fire, the ingredients for some bannock, and a fresh pipe. He installed Louise in a chair, piled skins that were warm and soft about her, and dropped at her feet, to fry the one-course meal. "It is better," he said simply, "than nothing."

"Yes," assented the girl. And she fell to dreaming of Wallace Newton, and a table at the Claridge, and mushrooms under glass, and decadent perfumes, and closeness, and

they would not let him be. She leaned back in her chair, and her face was white and somewhat childish in its fatigue. André Dubois looked at her, and his eyes darkened.

Suddenly he sat erect. "Let us spend the night, mam'selle," he said, "in learn-

swered simply. "I do not talk, mam'selle, when I can act. But there are times, like tonight, when the stillness with me makes you so white and sad that words are good. For myself—the stillness with you, mam'selle; but for you—the conversation and the bird-flight of time. Is it not so?"



WHEN THE LUMBERJACKS INSULTED LOUISE, ANDRÉ STRODE AMONG THEM

more decadent music— And she came back to this rough cabin in the heart of a blizzard, the smell and the sputter of bannock frying—the strong, strange odors that were somehow *real*—the elemental majesty of God's orchestra. And André Dubois—he was built like a finely bred grayhound, she had often thought—long-limbed, scant-hipped, gracile, muscles of flexible steel, small head so proudly backward flung, eyes curiously Slavic and wistful. She thought of him in the city—dressed as the city dresses. She thought of him among women—the women she knew. And something contracted her heart—

(Fifty-one.)

ing to know one another. Let us—when the storm-curtains cleave and part and pass, and the dawn of tomorrow shines gold upon us—let us stand at the cabin door, and clasp hands and say, "Tis well—my friend!"

Louise stared at him. "To—know one another"—she whispered—"how?"

"By talk from the heart," he an-

Louise pushed her dark hair back with a hand on which glowed a single stone—a diamond. The fire on the hearth caught it and reflected it, and it sparkled almost evilly. It sparkled in André's eyes, and he drew back. The girl caught the motion and smiled oddly. "Don't shrink," she said; "this—this ring—is largely—my story."



Under the touch of wind and sun, of driving cold and sting of ice, André Dubois turned white.

She began to speak, quietly, listlessly, as if she told a thing, not in the making,

not in its freshness, but a thing done, a thing foregone and staled. She told of the death of her parents when she was very small—too small to remember anything of them save snatches

ease; her mother's perpetually anxious eyes; then a void. She told of a grand-



SUCH  
A LOVER WAS  
ANDRÉ—ARDENT,  
KEEN, OF THE WOODS

parent here, an aunt there, a few years in a boarding-school, a few years in a public school, a bandied-about childhood, an unloved childhood, a childhood defrauded of childhood's golden heritage of love. "And I think," she said wistfully, "that I might have been an affectionate little thing."

She leaned back into the furs, as she came to her entrance into the home of Uncle Robert Graham—his promise to see her safely "launched—matrimonially, of course." She told, without any bitterness, of his teaching—how she *must* marry and marry well, and *well* meant money. Then Wallace Newton and *his* money, his questionable career of "boys will be boys," her hesitations, her uncle's

AT FIRST LOUISE STILLED THE  
RISING JEALOUSY OF NEWTON

that haunted her; her father's face, grim, bitterly harassed, ravaged by dis-

(Fifty-two)

insistence, his demand that she accept Newton as tho in payment of an honorable debt—

Dubois shuddered. "You did not love him, mam'selle?" he rasped. "God does not mean for man and woman to mate in such a way—"

"God," interposed Louise, dryly, "is not consulted in modern marriage—there are too many other considerations."

"But the children!" cried the big trapper—"the children of such a marriage!"

"Superfluities," laughed Louise—"always to be avoided, or borne with what complacence one is capable of."

Dubois bit his pipe, and his eyes glittered like gray moonstones.

"It is not so in the woods," he said at length.

Louise took the bannock he offered her and waved her ringed hand. "That is all," she dismissed the subject—"a patchwork quilt of an existence, mine—no set pattern, no sure device—not altogether good, perhaps, not yet altogether bad. The future with Wallace Newton—well," she smiled, and Dubois thought, disloyally, that she had possibilities of ugliness, "there are philanthropy, war relief funds, and Red Cross work," she finished; "and with a fat purse I would give a splendid imitation of a Lady of Mercy."

There was silence for a moment. Outside the strong snows swirled and hissed, the strong winds shrieked and tore.

Louise shuddered. "Now you tell me," she said, "of your life."

A very vortex of speech surged to the big trapper's lips. He longed, tumultuously, to tell her that he had *had* no life until she came—that now the skies were flung with radiant banners of rose and gold, and all his world was thrilling to his touch. But he knew repression, too—the big trapper. He leaned his head back, and his incongruously Slavic lips closed slightly. "I think you know about me, mam'selle," he said. "You have seen my little Michette—*ma petite sœur*—she has been all of my tenderer life to me. My mother left her to me when she died. I was a lad of twelve; Michette was only three—such a toddler, so quaint even then, so soft and clinging. She made up to me for the loss of my mother's arms, mam'selle—for the dear sound of her voice, for the benediction of her prayers. She taught me to be gentle and forbearing, to be patient, to be kind. She, in her simple faith, her childish love of God, gave me the faith I have; her holy innocence *dared* me to besmirch it by contact with a lowly deed of mine, mam'selle." He flung his head up suddenly, and his eyes flamed with the fanatical devotion bred in lonely men. "I have her to thank for my ideal of woman—for my power to love. When the woman I do love comes to me, I shall say, 'She gave you to me—my little Michette—'

"Ah! and we were good pals, too. Michette was not *all* the religieuse; she could trap, my little one, with skill, and handle a gun, and land a strapping trout.

And in the evenings she would sing to me with a voice like the ring of a crystal. She is all fervor, all white flame, all innocence, all love—"

Louise leaned back in her chair again.

"Have men—" she questioned, tentatively. "Before she entered the convent last month, did she ever—"

"Not until Monsieur Paul paid her his attentions," said Dubois, and he frowned. "I think," he said, "that that is largely why she has decided to take her vows. He fascinated her—my poor, unworldly little one; but in the pure depths of her heart she knew the fascination, and knew that it was not good. I am *glad* she has taken orders—so glad. It is better so. Michette was not for the world, nor the world for Michette—little, white flame—little white flame of God. There in her narrow cell, mam'selle, she will pray her erring brother to the very feet of Christ."

After that Louise slept a while, and Dubois stood at the flames, feeding them now and again—now and again drawing a skin over the girl's feet. Toward dawn the wind abated, and the strong snows ceased. Night drew her unfathomable robes about her limbs, and, as she turned to go, showed glimpses of rosy ankles in the sky. With the full morn the sun flamed down upon a world newborn, covered with crystalline whiteness, miraculous, jeweled, divine. An hour after dawn Dubois and Louise hit the nearly impassable trail to Two Rivers.

"They will about *kill* me," lamented Louise.

"I am here," returned Dubois, and Louise thought swiftly that a driven, tortured woman might fling herself upon that body of steel, hurl herself at it, desperate, mad, and find it hewn of rock—rock that one might cling to while the waters that are despair washed over one—cling to, and survive.

Louise had expected denunciations from Aunt and Uncle Graham upon her return. But she had counted somewhat upon their understanding of the woods—in a blizzard. She had *not* counted upon that characteristic possessed by a certain and very prevalent type of man and woman which simply *will* not believe anything save evil of a man or a woman who keep the night-watch together and alone.

Circumstances matter not, nor all the upheavals of nature, nor the very *face* of the impossible. One fact remains to be reckoned with, and one alone—they were together. Their warped minds stop there. Aunt and Uncle Graham were of that ilk. They promptly and indecently and scathingly denounced and disowned her. They raked up and arrayed in garments of scarlet every questionable deed she had ever done, every questionable deed her mother had ever done, her father, and their parents before them. At the conclusion of their hysterically righteous tirade they pointed triumphantly to the conclusion thus manifest—that she was "*no good anyway*." They insinuated that she might take her most

personal possessions, and that from henceforth they were "*thru*." "And I've *always* told you, Robert," followed Aunt Graham's strident voice, "that no good *ever* comes of a stranger in one's home—"

Wallace Newton, below stairs, in a small, private parlor, was even worse. He was of the ilk aforesaid, made hideous by sex jealousy. He tried to be dignified, and injured, and magnanimous. He succeeded in being abominable. He received his ring, and saw the woman who was to have been his wife pass out of the hotel without, as he well knew, a single relative, a single friend, on whom she could call, save only the big trapper.

Outside, on the one paved street of Two Rivers, with the busy, embryo life of the growing, mushroom, embryo town about them, André Dubois looked down on the girl's blue-white face, her wide, frightened eyes, her trembling, ill-controlled lips.

"I love you," he said firmly, soothingly. "I love you—Lou-eese— The trail has told you that—and all the elements—and God, perhaps—and the heart in me, Lou-eese—that would not be stilled—tho my voice was mute because of him—in there. I love you—I love you—come home!"

She did not love him. But she was alone, and she knew that he loved her, and she had again that strange, indefinable sense of being safe at home with him. She told him all this, tremulously, fearfully.

"I am content," he whispered almost reverently. "*Le bon Dieu* be praised—and *ma petite Michette*."

And so they were married by the father confessor of Michette and André, whose hair had grown white with the growth of Two Rivers; and after the ceremony in the crude, somehow beautiful chapel on the forest edge, he drew André aside. "My son," he said, "she has—potentialities."

There in the cabin's alcove low she lies  
Still, candles gleaming at her head and feet;  
All snow-drop white, ash-cold, with closed eyes,  
Lips smiling, hands at rest—O God, how sweet!  
How all unutterably sweet she seems—  
Not dead, not dead indeed—she dreams, she dreams.

Three months after their marriage Michette Dubois had come home to die—had stolen home in the night, whimpering, death-sick, harried, stained, afraid. André had cried out like a wounded thing when he saw her—when she told her story of a promise of marriage, her escape from the convent, her betrayal, her immediate escape when he had laughed at her and told her that she was living, not in sanctity, but sin. "I left the love of God for the love of man," she sobbed and moaned. "I followed my weak flesh—and let my spirit starve. O Mary—Mother Mary—pity me—pity me—the thousandth Magdalene!"



When the poor, tormented girl-body was at rest, the pitiful Mother of the Lord must have heeded the last, poor prayer—must have condoned the too fond sin—for the travail of life gave way to a benediction in death, and, as Louise Dubois arranged the soft, dark hair around the silent, faintly smiling face, the lines above came to her, written by the poet of this Northland—

Not dead—not dead indeed—she dreams, she dreams.

"How she must have loved him, the little religieuse," she murmured to herself; "how *tremendously* she must have

of her heart even as *he* had given her of his.

He had thrown his love about her like a mantle—warming her, guiding her, sheltering and protecting her—never for an instant jarring or bruising her. She had grown accustomed to it, content in it, but apathetic.

Now there was a difference. He was no less tender to her, not a whit less kind; but he had dedicated himself over his little sister's grave to revenge on her betrayer—on the man whose ugly love had slain her—and that revenge, a man's red-blooded revenge on a cad, was paramount—a cad who had fatally damaged the dearest part of his flesh and blood.

or less to himself. Louise was wholly unprepared, therefore, to have him burst into the cabin one night with a man in tow—a man who slunk, who hung his head.

"I have him," André said, and Louise thought his voice hissed. "I have him—not only a betrayer, but a murderer; not only a thing that crawls on its belly, but a bloodied brute. Ah-h——"

For Louise had backed against the wall. Her face was far, far whiter than the dead Michette's had been. Her eyes were twin wells of astounded horror. Her voice, when it came, was wholly unrecognizable.

"André!" it wailed, and fainted. "Paul



HIS GRAY EYES MET THE STRICKEN EYES OF LOUISE—EYES THAT CONDEMNED, YET PLEADED

loved him! And the wage of her one poor sin—this is the wage——"

Not dead—not dead indeed—she dreams, she dreams.

Over the lowly grave André Dubois raised up his hand. "Vengeance!" he muttered, and his slaty eyes were chill. "To *that* I dedicate myself."

Turning from the newly sodded grave, Louise Dubois learnt a new André. Heretofore he had been all tenderness for her—all consideration, all thought and kindness. Hope had been in his love and in his manner—hope that some day she would come to him freely, giving him

Somehow, perversely perhaps, in this new rôle Louise got a better perspective of the man. Heretofore he had been merely an adjunct to her existence; now he stood out in bold relief—cold, and stern, and elemental, and sheerly male. And now, too, as she watched his flint-like, coldly chiseled face, caught the hard gleam in his Slavic eyes, noted the swift spring of his lean, tense body, she felt something within her that had not been there before. She felt a thrill, an urge, a mounting tenderness. She waited.

Fearing to intrude unpleasantly upon the life that was apart from friction—perhaps for the first time—André kept his clues, his persistent searchings, more

—my—  
er! Oh,  
dré—not  
voice  
crescen-  
in a shrill,  
scream.

Dubois recoiled, still holding his man. His gray eyes met the stricken eyes of Louise—eyes that condemned, yet pleaded for, this unlovely part of her flesh and blood. Michette was dead—dead, and pardoned, and at peace. If this man were to be put to death for the murder he had committed in a gambling-den—if he were put to death and the

my—broth-  
André—An-  
this!" Her  
became a  
do, ending  
hideous

thousand dollars' reward given to the husband of his sister—what then? Blood on his hands she would feel—her brother's blood—bad blood, yes, tainted and

it was too big a moment for her—that it was a moment in which words could not be; a moment of immensity; a moment of emotions tremendous in their power; a moment, on the part of André, of sacrificial magnitude. "He loves me like that," she thought—

"past all his own desires, beyond his man's revenge, beyond the right, beyond the law, beyond—his little Michette!"

Dubois packed his own kit for Graham, gave him a rifle his friend Joyce, of

shot the murderer of Jobson in the gambling-house tonight; he was hiking the trail; he had with him *your kit and your gun*—the gun I gave you! Dubois—Dubois—in God's name—how—I must arrest you as an accomplice!"

Louise waited for the space of a heartbeat. She saw Dubois incline his head; for what he considered her sake he would go to the ultimate end—he would leave her. At once she knew that all the world without him would be an abyss, a wilderness, a horror—that, with him, an abyss, a wilderness could be all the world. She told Joyce of the Royal Mounted the truth.

After he had gone they stood at the cabin door—stood close—two creatures cleaving together after the stress of grief, and pain, and blood, and sin—after the far, sweet stress of love.



"SOME DAY HE  
WILL COME DOWN  
THE TRAIL TO US, MY  
HUSBAND"

branded—her brother's, nevertheless.

"From pillar to post—he heard her mutter as though pleading. "He—never—had a chance—and he is—so weak—"

"Michette!" burst irrepressibly from André's white lips, "Michette!"

Paul Graham whimpered. "She is dead," Dubois said to him sternly—"dead of your sin—pardoned—please God!—and at rest. Your sister lives—to suffer. My vows—are retracted. You—may go!"

Louise did not speak. She felt that

the Royal Mounted, had given him, and saw him several miles over the trail.

Far into the night, when silence had descended on the little cabin, when, wide-eyed, Louise and Dubois were keeping the night-watch, Joyce, of the Royal Mounted, burst in upon them. Without ado he handcuffed André, and said, sternly, sadly: "Dubois, I caught and

Louise had kist him, and, as she leaned against him, she whispered: "Some day he will come down the trail to us, my husband—our little son, lance-straight like you, swift, ardent, sure-footed, without fear; he will come striding, singing, and he will have, I think, your fervent, open soul. And he will be content—like his mother. Ah! he will help us to forget—no, to love the more—our little Michette."

Herbert Rawlinson has become a dog-fancier and has been buying up anything with a lengthy pedigree. Herb thinks that he is sure of at least ten blue ribbons at the next show of the Kennel Club.

William V. Mong, former "Big U" actor-author-director, has a studio down in Monrovia, Cal., where he is staging a big Biblical feature entitled "Israel."

Messrs. Fox, Aitken, Laemmle, Powers, Cochran and other big Moguls of the film business all here. Some big spring drive!

E. Mason Hopper, who has been directing at the Morosco studios, has joined Yorke-Metro and will pilot Harold Lockwood.

Alan Forrest, the handsome juvenile, has returned to our midst from gay Gotham and is working at the Fox studios on Western Avenue. Frank Lloyd is his director, and he is supporting "Big Bill" Farnum.

All the directors seem to be changing about. Lloyd Ingraham has left the Fine Arts studios. Wilfred Lucas, too.

Monroe Salisbury has been selected to play opposite Miriam Cooper in a forthcoming

## Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

ing Fox feature. He is now shivering up in the snow-covered regions of Truckee.

Charles Spencer Chaplin is in the thick of his eleventh Mutual two-reel comedy. One more and he completes his contract.

A friendly admirer visited Chester Conklin in his dressing-room at the Keystone studio the other day and walked off with his famous "walrus" mustache. "Chet" was off two days while another was made for him at the wig-maker's.

A lot of new names have sprung up on the list of studios in California. Every time you look in a 'phone book you see some new studio listed. California is certainly a great film-ranch.

Helen Holmes is sick abed again. La grippe is the cause once more.

The Lasky forces have been working nights regularly, lately. It is a common sight now to see the plant all lit up at twelve and one o'clock in the morning. Even Wally Reid has been so busy that he hasn't changed automobiles in five weeks!

The American Company dropped down to Los Angeles from Santa Barbara the other week to take some scenes in a department store. Lottie Pickford being in town, "The Diamond from the Skyers" had a big reunion at Levy's Café.

Mary Pickford is busy with her "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and Jack is doing "Freckles."

The Kalem Company are now all situated at the Glendale plant. The Jacksonville Company, headed by Ollie Kirkby and George Larkin, are expected to arrive in a few days. Marin Sais is doing "The American Girl" series, Helen Gibson "A Daughter of Daring" series, and Al Santell is busying himself turning out comedies featuring Ham and Bud.



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# Easter Sunday in Starland

By CAROL LEE



PEGGY HYLAND

RUTH  
STONEHOUSE  
Photo by Scott

DOROTHY KELLY

**W**OULD'N'T you like to know what your favorite Miss Star wore when she joined the famous Fashion Parade on Easter Sunday? Next best to seeing the lady in her lovely, dainty Easter splendor is this bit of a glimpse. *N'est-ce-pas?*

Well, here's Lillian Walker, smiling at you. On Easter Sunday, Lillian o' the Dimples went to church, clad in a lovely coat of black seal, trimmed with fine squirrel-bands at bottom, cuffs and collar. So that milady may find her pockets when cold winds blow (as they are likely to do, even at Eastertide, in New York), they—the pockets, we mean, not the winds—are outlined with generous fur bands. With this stunning coat Miss Walker wore a frock of taupe velvet, with silver lace and fur, and a small, close-fitting hat of black velvet trimmed in squirrel-fur and a jet ornament.

Way out in sunny California, little Ruth Stonehouse went to her Easter devotions in a stunning coat-suit of white chiffon broadcloth, the long coat trimmed

with a five-inch band of soft black lynx-fur, the same soft, lustrous material bordering the wide sleeves. High, white boots and a tiny, close-fitting white hat trimmed with vivid scarlet cherries completed the allurements.

Mary Miles Minter, who also calls California home, appeared very sweet and chic in a girlish suit of creamy tan gabardine, banded with brown fur, deep collar and cuffs of the same. "Lovely Mary's" sunny curls were topped by a dashing tam-o'-shanter hat, adorned with a band of ermine. Her high boots were of tan suede, the shade of her suit.

Dorothy Kelly, chic and smart always, drove sedately to church beside her perfectly new husband, Harold Henover (lucky young dog that he is!). And she displayed herself in a coat-suit of black velvet with stunning ermine furs. "Dot" finished the Easter picture of herself with a small hat of black panne velvet, with a dashing black plume, and Husband Harold was, without doubt, a much-envied young man!

(Fifty-six)



ANITA STEWART

In memory of happy English days back home in "war-torn England," she attended a certain famous New York church for the services, and was garbed very attractively in a coat-suit of gray whipcord, banded in gray squirrel-fur, the deep collar and cuffs being of the same material. The trig boots were of gray suede, and her smart little hat was of deep gray satin, faced in fur.

Out in California, there isn't a better-dressed woman in the picture colony than Margaret Thompson, and the costume Margaret designed to do honor to the Easter morn sustains that reputation. It consisted of a smart French-gray broadcloth street-gown, built on long, straight lines, and was elaborately embroidered in silver thread. The collar and cuffs were of silver fox-fur, while silver-thread embroidery formed a yoke effect. The belt extended loosely about the hips and had a design of silver thread. The silver thread was also used on the pockets of the full, flaring skirt, which was rather long, in accordance with Dame Fashion's latest dictates. A silver-fox turban was worn with the gown, the whole costume completed by gray spats over gray kid boots.

Anita Stewart motored up from her country home to church on that day, so, of

(Fifty-seven)

Dainty little English Peggy Hyland was very homesick this Easter Sunday.

course, she wore a stunning motor-coat of brown Bolivia-cloth, adorned with a nice deep collar and narrow cuffs of seal. The good-looking hat that accompanied the costume was of brown felt, the under brim being fashioned from purple feathers. The slippers were of black patent-leather, with spats of soft brown, finished with purple buttons. What? Is Anita showing you the lining of her coat? Indeed not, tho it's worth being shown. What she wants to show you is the dress of panne velvet, soft and supple, in which threads of purple are cunningly intermingled to form bands of trimming, in conjunction with deft touches of fur.

Norma Talmadge, who is a member and pew-holder in one of New York's most aristocratic churches, added a note of fresh, virile young beauty to the Easter assemblage, proudly escorted by her perfectly new husband. With her usual exquisite taste in dress, Norma looked exceedingly lovely in a frock of velvet—a warm, rich color, heavily embroidered in barbaric colors. The short-



MARGARET THOMPSON

LILLIAN WALKER



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waist coat, the gathered skirt, which was quite long, and the long, close-fitting sleeves were all hints of approaching styles. She laid aside her motor-coat on entering the church, retaining only a sumptuous wrap of ermine, very soft and supple.

A very wide white hat with a gracefully drooping brim completed one of the most exquisite outfits of the opening season.

Clara Kimball Young attended Easter services under rather difficult conditions. She was out of town, for locations, nestled in Southern hills. So she rode



Photo by Carpenter  
MARY MILES MINTER

horse-back to the pathetically sunny little white-painted church in the hills. She was very smartly attired—in the very latest thing in riding-habits—and looked as lovely as usual, adding her strong, clear voice to those about her in their singing of old-fashioned, beautiful hymns.

Her riding-habit was of dark-green cloth, made with a skirt instead of "knickers," with a very smart derby and patent-leather boots. Perhaps the costume's most fetching feature was the Shantung (cream-colored) tailored shirtwaist, embroidered with spring-green clover-leaves. All in all, Clara of the soulful eyes was by no means an unattractive member of the Easter Parade in Starland. She not only surmounted her difficulties—she conquered and dominated them!

So here they are—these lovely denizens of Starland—with a knowledge of fashions that would turn the head of any girl. And these are the frocks and furbelows with which they adorned themselves on Easter Sunday morn.

(Fifty-eight)

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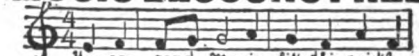
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## Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 48)

Just as we go to press, here comes a letter from May Allison, announcing her resignation from Metro. Too bad! The Lockwood-Allison combination was a very popular institution. Furthermore, Miss Allison states that she is going to star alone but can't disclose as yet in just what company.

Sidney Drew has discovered, and cast with himself, the tallest girl in Motion Pictures. She is Wilma Wild, and "Sid" discovered her athletic six-foot-two while sporting in the chilly waves at Far Rockaway last summer. Wilma is "Sid's" cook in the Drews' forthcoming picture. "She's simply got to make good," says "Sid." "If she doesn't, who's going to discharge her? Not me!"

"Attention, company!" If you're looking around blindly for your favorite, here's a list of the most important mid-month changes of address: Naomi Childers has forsaken Vitagraph to appear with Art Dramas; Herbert Standing has gone over to Metro; bidding the stage farewell, William Hinckley will play leading man for Edna Goodrich, of Mutual; Volia Vale and Ruth Roland will be featured in Fortune Photoplays; Chester Barnett, of World, is now with Art Dramas, and at one fell swoop Alan Forrest, Lillian West, Jewel Carmen and Bertram Grassby now line up with Fox.

Myrtle Stedman has completely recovered from her prolonged illness and is back again at the Morosco studios at work on a feature in which she shares the honors with House Peters.

Claire McDowell, after many years (photoplay years, of course) is going to do another Indian maid. She used to be D. W. Griffith's prize copper-colored maiden in Biograph days and now she's at it again in "The Bronze Bride," Universal.

Charles Ray has a new leading lady. Her name is Sylvia Bremer and she's quite a nice little lady.

Marie Doro has a real hero—as well as a screen hero—in her next photoplay. The gentleman's name is Jean Jacques Gauthier, and, altho only twenty-five years of age, he has served in a score of battles, including the Marne, Ypres, the Somme and Verdun. His body is literally covered with honorable scars and wounds. He is playing Jean, the fisherman-lover, in Miss Doro's newest play, "Heart's Desire."

Crane Wilbur acted as master of ceremonies recently at the first movie ball ever held in Kansas City. Quite a flutter of feminine hearts, of course, but no casualties reported.

Henry Walthall recently appeared in the title rôle of "Henry B. Walthall," a burlesque of a great Motion Picture actor, which kept the audience in a gale of merriment. The occasion was a benefit for the Actors' Fund of America and was held in Chicago.

Helen Holmes narrowly escaped a terrible calamity recently—namely, the loss of her two saddle-horses, Dicksie and Duchess. However, Helen wasn't going to let a couple of mere horse-thieves outwit her, and eight days later she rode into Los Angeles, marshaling the stolen horses and their lawless riders before her. It's a long story, but quite to Miss Holmes' credit.

Irene Howley has carted her make-up box from Metro to Triangle; Billie Rhodes is to be featured in a series of fifty-two one-reel comedies for Mutual also. A recent surge of changes swept Fine Arts, leaving behind only Bessie Love, Seena Owen and Constance Talmadge.

Bryant Washburn's "Skinner's Dress Suit" made such a hit that the author has been commissioned to do three more scripts under the titles "Skinner's Big Idea," "Skinner's Baby" and "Skinner's Waterloo." Mr. Washburn, of course, will be "Skinner."

Webster Campbell has joined Essanay to co-star with Mary Charleson. Their first production will be "Satan's Private Door."

(Fifty-nine)

## I.C.S. NEWS

SCRANTON, PA.

MAY, 1917

Nearly every draftsman employed by the Warner Gear Company, Muncie, Ind., is a student in the International Correspondence Schools.

More students were graduated from the I.C.S. in 1916 than from any other institution of learning in the United States.

The Standard Motor Construction Company, Jersey City, N. J., has made arrangements with the I.C.S. for the instruction of their employees.

W. G. Ritzer, Montreal, Canada, who enrolled as a clerk, age 19, for the I.C.S. Chemistry Course, has been made head chemist of the Montreal Locomotive Works, Ltd.

The Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich., has written the I.C.S. that they have positions for 25 I.C.S. trained toolmakers and designers at salaries of \$100 and better per month.

Ira G. Whipple, Topeka, Kans., has been promoted to Assistant Chief Engineer of the Topeka Edison Company. His salary has been increased 150 per cent. since he enrolled for his I.C.S. Course in Steam-Electric Engineering.

The National President of the National Association of Stationary Engineers, Walter H. Damon, Springfield, Mass., became an I.C.S. student while working as an oiler. He is proud of the Schools that helped him climb to the top.

A. M. Bowyer, Indianapolis, Ind., has tripled his salary since he took up his I.C.S. Mechanical Engineering Course. He was a telegraph operator and is now Draftsman for the Nordyke & Marmon Co., makers of Marmon Motor Cars.

James Leroy Stevens, an I.C.S. Civil Engineering student, has been appointed City Engineer of Mishawaka, Ind. He wants as an assistant a young man who has been taking the same I.C.S. Course that prepared him for his new position.

Earnest R. Conrad, Denver, Colo., who enrolled when a bookkeeper, receiving \$15 a week, for the I.C.S. Advertising Course, has been appointed Advertising and Sales Manager of the International Rubber Company and Colorado Tire and Leather Company at \$3,000 a year.

From toolmaker to Vice-President of Engineering of the Packard Motor Car Company is the record of advancement of I.C.S. Student Jesse G. Vincent. He is the designer of the famous "Twin Six" motor. Mr. Vincent says the I.C.S. prepared him for his opportunity.

Robert E. Ramsay has been climbing fast since studying Advertising with the I.C.S. A few years ago he was a clerk in Norfolk, Va. Now he is Advertising Manager of the Art Metal Construction Company, Jamestown, N. Y. He gives full credit to the Schools for his success.



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This department, of general interest, to matrimony, relationship, technical matters will not be answered by mail, or a list of the close a stamped, addressed envelope. Adment," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence.

ment is for information but questions pertaining to photography, writing, and answered. Those who desire film manufacturers, must enclose all inquiries to "Answer Department." dress all inquiries to "Answer Department."

J. T. C., OTTAWA.—Constance Talmadge plays the part of Jess in "The Girl of the Timberlands." If indeed we cannot be happy, the fault is generally in ourselves. Socrates lived under the Thirty Tyrants; Epictetus was a poor slave, and yet how much we owe to him!

MARION.—Mary Queen of Scots was executed Feb. 8, 1587. George Larkin and Ollie Kirkby in "The Net of Intrigue." Robert Ellis as director.

PETER T. J.—So you are jealous of her. Jealousy is produced by love, as ashes by fire, yet jealousy extinguishes love as ashes extinguish fire. Better let up a bit. Theodore Marston directed "Greed" with Nance O'Neil. Harry Northrup is Doctor Denton.

JOHN C., SEATTLE.—Yes, we had a pretty severe winter. Of course I believe in education. A man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family. Richard Travers was Smith, and Gertrude Glover was Perth in "The Hoodooed Story."

I. G. K. FEARLESS.—Harry Mestayer was Jack in "The House of a Thousand Candles." Ruth Roland in "Who Pays?" Mary Miles Minter never appeared in cereals.

INEZ.—Thanks for sending me those clippings. They were interesting. Kempton Greene was Earl of Betzwood in "The Hermit of Bird Island" (Lubin). Yes, Eddie Lyons is with Nestor. So you liked "The Island of Desire." Sam De Grasse took the part of the Chinaman.

MARCIA F.—Fritzi Brunette's favorite color is rose and her toilette generally bears some touch of this shade. The first typewriter was patented in 1868 by C. L. Sholes, Wisconsin. It certainly is a great advantage to write with both hands and several fingers all at once instead of making three to seven distinct strokes and dots for each separate letter.

LOWELL, MASS.—Please sign your name. I am sorry, but I didn't see that play, so cant explain it to you. What should you take for spring fever? I double my dose of buttermilk; would advise you to try a little mental gymnastics for that tired feeling. Friday, May 18, is Peace Day; plan how you will, commemorate it. The Vogue-Mutual's P. A. man assures me Lillian Hamilton has never accepted a proposal. She is now with Selig. Well, everything cant be mutual or in vogue.

SOUTHERN LADY.—I'm sorry, but I never kept Lee H.'s address. Dot Bernard and Jack Sherrill in "The Accomplice." Marion Swayne is with Art Dramas.

G. U. STIFF.—Indeed! *Oublier je ne puis.* Julia Swayne Gordon is not playing now. I give up your riddle.

NAF NAMHUR.—You cant prove anything by me, but Lucille is authority for this year's fashionable shades of yellow, red and pink, known as mustard, Burgundy and watermelon. See further.

IRENE W., SEATTLE.—No, Theda's not mad, but she says herself that she is "self-hypnotized" in her highly emotional rôles.

MONTE, NASHVILLE.—That's true; none of us can work well unless we have some pleasures to look forward to. Life becomes monotonous when we fall into a rut. Robert Leonard was Bob, and Hazel Buckham was Hazel in "Life's Pendulum" (Imp).

TOWNSEND.—The reason a wedding-ring is placed on the third finger of the left hand is because a tiny vein goes from that finger directly to the heart. This is true of no other finger of either hand. Gerda Holmes is Louise in "The Hungry Heart." Alex. B. Francis is on the cast.

VELLA MC.—Miriam Nesbitt is with Art Dramas. She played in "Infidelity." Marguerite Clayton is just as popular as ever. Everything is going up but happiness, and that remains at the same old figure.

GENE.—Jane Gail was born in Salem, N. Y., August 16, 1892. She attended, and graduated from, the Frohman Dramatic School. She was on the stage before entering pictures.

FRISRAE, 96.—The Cardinal Film Co., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Goldwyn at 16 E. 42d Street, New York, and Mabel Normand at Mabel Normand Co., Hollywood, Cal.

GEORGE MADU.—Glen White was Quasimodo. Theda Bara in "Darling of Paris." I say unto you, swear not at all; but let your communications be aye, aye and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil. You want a list of leading ladies capable of acting strong rôles, such as "Cleopatra," "Nana," "Salome"—vampirish types. Some order this! Valeska Suratt, Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, Pauline Frederick, Louise Glaum, Nance O'Neil and Mme. Nazimova are all eligibles. Now ask me an easy one.

F. X. B. FAN.—So you would rather have the love-dramas, such as "The Great Secret," than the weird, blood-and-thunder series. So Edward Jobson reminds you of John Bunny? We appreciate your expressed appreciation of our tribute to his beloved memory in the March Classic.

GERN.—Yes, he has married again. I hardly think Charles Chaplin is a Jew.

MYRTLE S.—Maude Fealy and Theodore Roberts in "The American Consul." Tom Forman was Geoffrey. Matt Moore and Jane Gail in "An Hour of Terror." It must have been some home.

SASKATONIAN.—Grace George is the step-mother of Alice Brady. First Magazine was February, 1911. Willard Mack is on the stage. So you think in limericks now. You're not the only one. This is the filmerick age, and there is a filmerick epidemic.

SUSIE R., BROOKLYN.—Brinsley Shaw was Guerdard in "Arsene Lupin." Yes, quite a cast—Thomas Santschi as John, Bessie Eytan as Madeleine, Jack Richardson as Prof. Otto, Edward Cohan as Harry, Fritzi Brunette as Bertha, Vivian Rich as The Lorelei and Harry Lonsdale as John de Lacy in "Beware of Strangers." Your letter was much enjoyed, and I hope to hear from you again.

(Sixty)

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JAMES BERGMAN

ELBERTA G.—Half the things we own in this world give us pleasure because we may show them to others for their admiration and praise. Virginia Reed is longing to be cast as a vampire. Jack Richardson is with Selig now.

WILMA P.—I know, but old age has no charm for most of us until we must choose between it and death. You should put your name at the top. Bessie Love opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "American Aristocracy." Eleanor Woodruff and Alma Hanlon were Janice and Babble in "The Weakness of Man." Lillian Gish in "Diane of the Follies." Dave Ferguson was Joseph in "The Man Who Stood Still." You might write Marjorie Daw.

MYRTLE, DETROIT.—Jean Sothorn was Nan, Earle Metcalfe was Vincent and Arthur Housman was Bert in "Her Good Name." William Campbell is directing for Keystone.

FRANCIS T., BUFFALO.—That was Lillian Lorraine in "The Prima Donna's Special." Bessie Eyton was Texas, and George Fawcett was the ranch owner in "The Heart of Texas Ryan."

VIVIAN T.—Edna Flugrath was Kitty in "Me an' Me Pal" (Universal), and was directed by Harold Shaw.

ULYSSES.—That's true, but a horse will live 25 days without solid food, merely drinking water; 17 days without either eating or drinking, and only 5 days when eating solid food without drinking. Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno played in "Money Magic," not "Magic Money." Remember, it's those little things that take up my time.

ESTHER.—Of course I like your writing. Why wouldn't I? "Nature's Calling" is a reissue by American with Warren Kerrigan.

ADELLA B.—The new Greater Vitagraph Company was formed on May 7, 1916, with a capitalization of \$25,000,000. Niles Welch was Harold in "One of Many." Jack Standing in "One Touch of Sin" (Fox). Harry Carey at his favorite tricks again. He plays the outlaw in "The Outlaw and the Lady."

DONALD T.—So you like Milton Sills. Who doesn't? The Walt Whitman in "Princess of the Dark" is not the poet. You say you are mine till the end. Thanks.

T. H. G., POUGHKEEPSIE.—Lillian Hayward was Mrs. Appleton in "The Promise." Some people wear high collars because they cover a multitude of chins.

CHELLER, SYRACUSE.—So you really are convinced that I am an old man 75 years of age. Thanks. That's indeed kind of you to accept my identification.

DORIS T.—Give fancy free rein, and she will sometimes leap the fence of impossibility. Gall Kane is Maria, and Mahlon Hamilton is Morton in "The Red Woman." He has no permanent leading woman.

JOHN T. M.—You certainly are stuck on yourself. Well, you won't have many rivals. Nicholas Dunaew in "The Reward of the Faithless."

INEZ.—I have seven of your letters here. Please turn off the steam. Jack Hall was the sheriff in "The Desperado" (Universal). Fox and Lasky released "Carmen." Eugenie Forde was Hagar in "The Diamond from the Sky." Yes, Marin Sais in California. Anna May Walthall and H. B. Walthall are brother and sister. Next instalment later, when I catch my breath.

ESTHER S.—I see by your letter that knocking is not among the lost arts. You ask if I prefer a stub pen, pencil, fountain pen or quill. Now, why this cross-examination? No, darling, I am not cross, but are you planning to give me a birthday present and then wheedle me into telling you how old I am? Didn't I admit to 75 years? Isn't that enough?

MARJORIE H.—Watcher step, there! The extras' union have decreed that hereafter they shall not be called "extras" but "film artists." So you liked Gordon Gray's dancing in "Lelitia." You also liked him in "Rose of the South." Thanks.

T. L. D., COSHOCTON.—You can reach Mary Pickford by writing to Los Angeles, Cal.

(Sixty-one)

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Dr. Ferdinand Kling, a New York physician and medical author, when interviewed on the subject, said: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fails and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks."

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degenerated corn-meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss."

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician, who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood."

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture



of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. James, late of the United States Public Health Service, says: "Patients in an enervated and devitalized state of health—those, for instance, convalescing from protracted fevers, those suffering from a long-standing case of anaemia, all such people, in my opinion, need iron. Of late, there has been brought to my attention, Nuxated Iron. In practice, I have found this an ideal restorative and upbuilding agent in these cases above mentioned."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

FLORENCE A. S.—You refer to Glen White in "The Darling of Paris." And you want his picture in the Classic. You must watch out for the big June Classic with a gravure section and lots of other novelties.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Yes, I saw Warren Kerrigan, and he is a fine chap. We sat on the desk together and had a real heart-to-heart chat. He's indeed a fine big lad. Yes, Violet Malone is with Lasky. Ethel Grandin gave up the Grandin Company and is with Consolidated. Joyce Fair is about 12 years old. Never had a picture of Jane Novak.

YRONOMEUTRA.—No, I am not so old as Methuselah, but you guessed very nearly right when you called me a philosopher, because I 'fess up to it. I've pasted this in my hat-band: "A wise old owl sat in an oak, the more he saw the less he spoke; the less he spoke the more he heard—why cannot you be like that bird?" Allan Dawn has been with Selznick and then with Triangle. He is now with Goldwyn. You just bet I like to hear from you.

MAZIE, BROCKPORT.—Violet Mersereau was Jack in "The Boy Girl." Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons in "A Bundle of Trouble." Dorothy Davenport and Wallace Reid play in "Buried Alive."

JULIA S. T.—You may be exactly what a company is looking for, and yet develop as an altogether different character in film version. Send stamped, addressed envelope for list.

BRUNETTA, 17.—Of course I don't mean to be curt. Henry King is still with the Balboa Company. Ruth Roland hasn't signed up at this writing, altho she is in New York.

OLIVE H.—By means of a stop mechanism in the lens-shutter, heavy pieces of furniture are endowed with airy animation. Creighton Hale is back with Pathé. Sure, write again.

Fritz L.—Henry Walthall was James and Mary Charleson was Molly in "Burning the Candle." You want a picture of Fritz Lieber.

FLORENCE B.—You can reach Carlyle Blackwell at World Studio. You might write to Mr. Blackwell. Most photoplayers were not born with gold spoons in their mouths. Both Harry Benham and Edward Earle started life as newsboys, Henry Walthall was a brakeman, Lillian Walker a shop-girl, Charles Ray a chauffeur and Hughie Mack, strangest of all, was formerly an undertaker.

JOHN V. S.—Glad to hear from you. What's the trouble? That Kalem was taken in California. Yes, Grace Cunard married one of the Moore boys. They show good taste—Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce and Grace Cunard. Nothing less about the Moores. Jan. 5.

CELERINO A.—See ads in back of our magazine about postals. You show excellent taste in selecting your favorites. Mayme Kelso is with Lasky.

INEZ.—Second edition. Lillian is the older. Mahlon Hamilton was the hero in "Mollie Make Believe." Lee Moran was the son in "Following Father's Footsteps." Juan de la Cruz was the Dr. Maifs in "Where Are My Children?"

ALEXINA B.—Yes, 'tis true. Bobby Connelly is still with Vitagraph.

CRANE WILBUR, DAVID HORSLEY STUDIOS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—I will gladly announce that you have had made thousands of beautiful 8x10 photos of yourself in sepia, which you ordered especially to send to your friends and supporters. Thousands, did you say? You will need millions, my lad. And you say you will gladly send one of these photos, personally autographed, to any person writing to you at the address given above, at no expense. Very generous of you, laddie, but I see where you eat no more potatoes and onions for months to come. You had better order a van-load of postage stamps to start with.

(Sixty-two)

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Mabel Normand	Jane Caprice
Oiga Petrova	Earle Williams
Mary Pickford	Crane Wilbur
Blanche Sweet	Lillian Walker
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## THE FIRST STEPS - WE MUST CREEP BEFORE WE CAN WALK

### Close-Views and Inserts

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Photodrama is a great, deep subject. Three months to a year's serious study is not too much to give to it before writing a single line for which you may expect a return in dollars and cents.

The screened Photoplay is useless to study as a beginner. As well study the lines of a cathedral to master the principles of architecture! For the more finished the Photoplay, the less will it reveal HOW it was made.

The School of Experience? That will come long after you graduate from the School of Principles. To begin in the School of Experience is not unlike a child who avers he is going to be a doctor "some day," and starts out with practising medicine. Childish, of course. So is the practice of attempting to sell manuscripts built on ignorance.

Photoplaywriting is a new science and art. Thus far there are few students that have become masters—at least in the sense of competent teachers. A dozen or so masters is putting it high.

If you can prevail upon a master to become your teacher, by all means become such a pupil.

There are perhaps two-score of books upon Photoplaywriting. Perhaps a half-dozen are worth while. The others are a positive harm to the student.

I might mention four of these books on the subject of the Photoplay that are worth purchasing for the Writer's Bookshelf:

(1) "The Technique of the Photoplay," by Epes Winthrop Sargent, is especially fine for its rudimentary information. The beginner will find much knowledge as to where and how Photoplays are made that is not contained in any other book. The

book is written in a practical vein that is infectious. For the higher aspects of the Photodrama it is suggested that the student procure—

(2) "The Photodrama," by H. A. Phillips. Herein may be found separate departments exhaustively treating The Principles of the Photodrama, The Plot of the Photodrama, The Dramatic Construction of the Photoplay and Forms and Types of the Photoplay. A complete working scenario of a produced Photoplay is printed in the book.

(3) "Screencraft," by Louis Reeves Harrison, is rather a learned group of essays that make interesting reading. As a direct stimulant to production, this work falls short. It contains no instruction as to how a student should or can construct Photoplays.

(4) Finally there is the volume written by the late Prof. Hugo Muensterberg. Herein we find a very original discussion of the psychological aspects of the Photodrama. Every student desiring to make a higher and deeper study of his future audiences will find this a valuable work.

No book has yet appeared on the Five-Reel Photoplay. The writer of these articles, however, will have "The Feature Photoplay" off the press in a few weeks. This volume hopes to cover all phases of the Multiple-Reel Plays.

### Plotting the Photoplay

The Plot is a conscious design—artificial, no matter how you may look at it. It is an artifice.

But while it is in itself mechanical, yet it must conform to all the laws that shall govern the artistic illusion that is to elaborate it.

A Photoplay can no more hide a deformed Plot than the hunchback can conceal the crooked vertebrae that hold his life-fluid.

Your Plot must be as logical, consistent and plausible as you expect your finished Photoplay to be.

Therefore it behooves the playwright to thresh out all the difficulties in the way of his progress while he is working over his Plot, and not wait until he comes flat against them in the actual Photoplay. For this often means that he will have to tear down half, if not all, that he has built, in order to provide consistency and logical reasons for the change.



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### Screenings from Current Plays

I have been to see "Joan the Woman," and ever since I have had a feeling of having been robbed of something which I had always considered very precious while I was in the theater that night.

For, you see, she had not been Joan the Woman to me. She had been Joan of Orleans. But never a woman of buxom attractiveness. And always a pair of dreaming eyes that saw what was "ne'er on land or sea," not with orbs of smothered passion. And her smile was a radiant thing, like a shaft of light thru which we caught a glimpse of heaven—but never the sirenic smile of Mona Lisa.

I shall never meet again the Joan of my dreams, the idealized vision of a score of great artists, the shining saint of legendry, and the splendid, fragile martyr of history.

Hereafter will I see poor Joan incarnated—made flesh, to be accurate—by Geraldine Farrar. Hereafter will it ring in my ears that some of her finest exploits were done because of her passion for a man.

Heretofore our Spectacles have been wanting in Plot.

For, say what you will, the most magnificent of Spectacles without Plot will begin to bore after an hour's duration. How many of the great cinema Spectacles have had a real dramatic Plot, I leave you to say.

Arguing that its forerunners had little or no Plot, the makers of "Joan the Woman" decided to remedy this evil. They succeeded in creating a greater evil.

Original drama or fiction is the property of the creator and it is his bounden duty to weave a Plot into its fabric.

But—when we take History as our prototype with a story ready-made by centuries of legend, a story that is the true personality of the one it tells about, a story that perpetuates a tremendous figure because of certain attributes—well, we cant ignore legend, violate a popularized personality and vulgarize a saint.

If new and startling facts have come to light that are authentic, then we would have the right to tear down the falsely popularized idol.

Lasky Company no doubt examined their Geraldined Joan and, failing to discover Joan the Saint in Miss Farrar's superfemininity, confessed to having screened Joan the Woman.

The ethereal Maid of Orleans has been translated into a buxom Matron à l'Americaine.

For unparalleled pageantry and splendid spectacle, however, "Joan the Woman" is worth many times the price of admission.

That battle-scene of Orleans, with thousands of armored warriors in unfeigned realism of combat, is a masterpiece of cinema art.

That entry of the King, the Mâid, the

(Sixty-four)

## Over \$300,000.00

### Has Been Paid Out by Motion Picture Producing Companies in Prizes for Plots Within the Past Few Months

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The Demand for Photoplays and Plots for Motion Pictures Is Far in Excess of the Supply.

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## A Week in a Turkish Harem—Among Ourselves

The Classic's "Extra Girl" Discovered It—Became a Wife—Smuggled In Her Camera—And Tells the Thrilling Story in the June Classic

The spring drive has commenced. The newer and greater CLASSIC opens up its pages to its readers on May 15th. In the meantime we have been preparing—our batteries of cameras have been booming at the studios, and our advance-guard of writers has captured some big "scoops."

First a sheaf of pages has been added to the CLASSIC's size—no more running around in outgrown skirts. There is so much more to tell you each month. You will feel the "body" of the June CLASSIC as you hold it. You will open up everywhere to new departments, new angles of interest. That's quantity.

And now for new interest—new appeal. Our "Extra Girl's" escapade in a studio harem is an angle that is new to Motion Picture literature—it's the graphic "inside" story of a young girl's actual work before the camera. It tells her feelings, her "camera-fright"; describes the people about her; it's brimful of studio gossip, atmosphere, terms and talk. In fact it's just the sort of story you've been looking forward to. That's quality.

Are you fond of dancing?—here's another brand-new angle. Ollie Kirkby and George Larkin were the talk of the town in Jacksonville last winter, with their new dance, the "Trench Toddle." Time after time they were called upon to dance it in the ball-room of the exclusive Hotel Mason. The CLASSIC heard about the Toddle craze and obtained a series of especially posed pictures of its originators, showing each step with descriptive text.

The "Marguerite Clark Waltz" published in the April CLASSIC took dance-lovers by storm. Musicians, orchestras, pianists are besieging us with appeals for the full-sized sheet-music. It's a go—a hit! Muriel Pollock is now composing another dance-score for the June CLASSIC—the "Anita Stewart One-step"—it's tuneful, catchy, and will make you "mark time" as soon as you hear it.

Do you like to see and read about pretty clothes? The June CLASSIC risks a guess that you do, and we have obtained a beautifully illustrated article from Ann Murdock's own pen giving her message to the young American girl. We have saved our heaviest gun for the last salute—a something that will enthrall even the most lukewarm reader. It's a new contest—and when we say new we mean more novel, more surprising, and better than the best that has gone before. We want its details to be a surprise to you, but we can tell you this: Its rewards, its prizes, its conduct, its result are entirely within the hands of our readers, each and every one of whom will receive a valuable and cherished prize.

It has been said most truly that "Motion Picture players in the variety of their gifts are the most accomplished people on earth." With this as our slogan the NEWER and GREATER CLASSIC promises to open up to you a world composed of new ideas, thoughts, wrinkles, fads, accomplishments, confessions—in fact "inside" and intimate stories that are a real part of the great and unexplored Motion Picture world.

Knights, the Church and the Court into the cathedral at Rheims is a vision splendid.

That scene in the square at Rouen where the Maid is burned is all that the most exacting imagination could have pictured.

Let us say, then, that for all except the characterization of Joan and the warped-in love-story, "Joan the Woman" is one of the seven wonders of screendom.

### The First Edged Tools

Grammar, Rhetoric and Punctuation.

Grammar—for the photoplaywright—is a law that regulates the arrangement of those parts of speech into which our entire language is divided. Without grammatical arrangement our words and sentences will not make a play effective.

Rhetoric goes a step farther and gives us the rules of usage controlling correct but effective expression—the kind that should always be employed in the writing of plays.

EXAMPLE: The four divisions of Rhetoric are practically the same as the divisions of Photodrama itself—Unity, Emphasis, Coherence and Style.

Punctuation is a law unto itself. It can make clear statements vague—through misuses—or make otherwise vague statements clear through proper use. Make commas and periods your stand-bys. If a sentence is clear without a comma, do not use one.

The other punctuation marks can take care of themselves. To say more would be to discuss the tricks of punctuation, with which the busy photoplaywright need not concern himself.

### A Department of Questions and Answers

Make them brief—I shall make the answers brief.

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NOTE.—Answers to the same question will not be repeated month after month.

It is suggested that interested readers get back numbers of BOTH the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE in which these articles have been intercontinued since November, 1916.

(Sixty-five)

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## A Peep Into Their Boudoirs

(Continued from page 21)

her in the way of a boudoir. And you won't be disappointed, I am sure!

The oddest thing about Emily Stevens' chintz-hung boudoir is the big, oval mirror, which has been covered to harmonize with the room. This idea, while novel, is decidedly attractive, as one can see at first glance. By combining two harmonizing patterns of chintz, Miss Stevens has gained a novel and, at the same time, charming effect, that can be easily copied by the clever girl-fingers of some of our readers.

Vivian Edwards, of Keystone, has a conventional, girlish room that is pretty and restful. It's in dull French-blue and white, with a touch of silver. The curtains are of creamy chintz, with a blue-and-silver design over fresh net curtains. The furniture is ivory, with blue-and-silver touches.

So, having, and living in, boudoirs like these, one can't blame the Filmland Girls being finicky over the "sets" in which they work, can one? One's own room is such an expression of one's individuality, one's chief characteristic, that it behooves one to "stop, look and listen" before choosing.

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## The More Excellent Way

(Continued from page 29)

His jaw stood out in a grim line. "Get on your hat and coat," he spoke curtly; "you'll come back to town with me. My house is at your disposal. I shall leave the city until you have gotten your divorce."

John Warburton was as good as his word. For an entire month he buried his misery in the Maine wilderness, away from any breath of the scandal and gossip that his tortured fancy imagined buzzing about his name.

"If I had been a different kind of a man, perhaps it would have been easier to bear," he thought heavily; "one who loved lightly could lose lightly, but I shall carry her memory into the next world."

At last, when he felt certain that everything must be over, he came back to the city and drove straight to the great house that would never be a home to him now. As he approached the library, a slender figure rose from a deep chair and faced him.

"It's—only I," said Chrissey, piteously.

John Warburton put out a hand, blindly, and caught the back of a chair to steady himself.

"What are you doing here?" His voice was harsh. "Where is Robert Neyland?"

"He is—dead!" The girl spoke tonelessly. "He shot himself two weeks ago."

"Ah!" Warburton laughed in a dry, mirthless fashion. "so you got your divorce for nothing! It is a great pity——"

"I did not get a divorce," said Chrissey, quietly. A silence hung over the room, taut with unspoken things.

"I never saw him—after that day on the mountain"—he could barely catch the stifled words—"I wrote him I never wanted to see him again——"

"Why?" asked John Warburton, in a quiet tone that somehow had the effect of a shout. "Why?"

The girl took a step toward him, lifting brave eyes to his working face.

"Because I found out, beyond all doubt, that I loved you." She drew a difficult breath. "Of course I know that makes no difference now, but I could not bring false charges against any one so generous and good and chivalrous. Tomorrow"—she turned toward the door, slender shoulders drooping—"tomorrow you can start an action for divorce against me——"

John Warburton took a single stride and caught the desolate little figure in his arms. In the firelight his dark face was very tender.

"You are sure, Chrissey," he asked—"very sure you care for me?"

In her upturned eyes he read his answer beyond all doubting, and knew that at last his patient waiting was over and his reward was come.

"Chrissey—my wife——" His voice was solemn with awe. "Give me your lips, dear heart—it is our wedding-night."

## Our Pacific News Letter

By FRITZI REMONT

LOS ANGELES fans have the choice of living in a folding-up, automatic and disappearing apartment, or a bungalow with built-in features, surrounded by flowers, covered by a mortgage and shielded by a fig-tree. That's one reason why more folding tooth-brushes and condensed milk are sold in our burg than in any town of its size in these United States.

The living-room bed folds into the wall; a couch conceals the bathtub and forms a screen when tub is in use; the sink folds resignedly into the stationary washtub, over which is dropped a white enamel slab which would be fine for dissections or post-mortems. No matter how low the rent you pay, you are sure to find a combination bottle- and can-opener in the kitchenette. Even the unsophisticated tourist soon becomes expert in the use of this tool, and the landlords seem proud of inciting ingenuity.

At night our dwelling places are full of furniture when we begin to release our "features." This is no town for somnambulists, unless fracture-proof, for when we are unfolded there's not enough room on the floor for a pair of boots. The buffet hides the guest-bed, which, like Saratoga water, "springs from the ground with a warbling sound."

In the morning, when we are all folded up and everything has disappeared, the home looks so lonely and deserted that we women spend our days window-shopping on Broadway, returning at sunset laden with paper bags. The paper-bag dinner is a wonderful Los Angeles time-saver and vies with the omnipresent cafeteria in popularity. In a place famed for its climate, the "deadly of the species" want to live outdoors, and the gentle art of Mrs. Rorer is gradually becoming extinct.

Do you recall those little dried fish one sees at delicatessen shops? They look like the mummy of Rameses the Umpteenth, as I remember him in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and taste like sections of Lot's wife. Well, they form part of every well-regulated bag dinner and are close allies of the bottle-opener.

After dinner a man may rest under his own Bougainvillea vine and fig-tree. Isn't it odd that figs should have such a seedy look, after emerging straight from Eve's haberdashery? Perhaps they're not to blame, poor things—they lead such a cut-and-dried sort of existence out here.

A favorite indoor sport is to compare the quality of our figs with those of our neighbors. The element of excitement which attaches to these Western figments makes them quite as hazardous as Eastern arguments about the political situation. A cautious man never indulges in a figment unless he has sufficient bank balance to enable him to erect a spite-fence between the lots.

(Sixty-six)

The possessor of the first ripe figs in any block steps down street as if he were trying to burn his nose on a star. The modern Adam hugely enjoys the fruit of his labors and is quite convinced that California and Paradise are synonymous.

Speaking of bungalows, did you know Wally Reid had his telephone disconnected from the pretty Hollywood home just because the adoring girlyies would persist in calling him up every hour of the twenty-four? Yes, he had a bad case of telephonitis, and his physician prescribed removal of the affected organ. Now that he's convalescent, he is giving organ recitals to his friends who have been similarly afflicted.

Up in Santa Barbara, some nights ago, George Fisher and George Periolat gave a delightful little dinner en famille to Mary Miles Minter, her sister, Margaret Shelby, Mrs. Shelby, Mrs. Miles and William Russell. Everything moved along beautifully until the pièce de résistance, teal duck, was placed before Mr. Periolat.

Now, a man who has successfully carved out a screen career will not lose courage when called upon to handle a few quacks, but after some moments of what seemed to be a combination of expert fencing and jiu jitsu, George Fisher asked facetiously, "Are those the prop ducks, George?"

The servile knight of the serviette interposed apologetically, "Beg pardon, sir: I think they're canvas-backs, sir."

George Periolat laid down the implements of war impressively and responded with an air of conviction, "Canvas-backs? I haven't a doubt of it, and sent out by the Indestructo people under the usual five-year guarantee!"

Pretty tough luck that, and I wouldn't have blamed the two Georges for giving that waiter a foul tip—would you, girls?

Draw your chairs up a bit closer, for we don't want the censor to delete this recital of Mr. Charles Chaplin's latest romance. Isn't the baby too cute for words?

Twentieth century methods have hit Japan, so the leap-year idea is bearing fruit. A fascinating little Yokohama girl wrote Charles of her undying affection and offered to shuffle in double harness with him. It seems that Cherry Blossom's honorable parent had become righteously indignant when he found a Chaplin statuette occupying the space allotted to a family idol. Cherry Blossom retorted that she preferred the rosebud mouth of her screen idol any day to the large-mouthed specimen formerly enshrined in honorable home.

Mr. Chaplin frowned on the idea of importing a bride from Riceville. While he's economical, even the idea of free rice at the wedding failed to change his convictions on the subject. Later he forgot all about the proposition in the excitement of selecting a new car, and, having decided on the brand, he telephoned at eleven A. M., one day, intimating that if a certain \$6,500 machine were delivered, with a competent demonstrator, at

(Sixty-seven)

## A Handsome Painting of William S. Hart

will adorn the cover of the June Motion Picture Magazine, on sale at all newsstands on and after May 1st. It is a striking picture, in many brilliant colors, reproduced from a painting by Leo Sielke, Jr., and is easily the best picture of this famous Westerner that has yet appeared anywhere. Don't miss it!

Here are some of the attractive articles that will appear in the June number:

**The Man from the North Woods**—"There's a bronzed and stalwart fellow who will grip you by the hand and greet you with a welcome warm and true," and he's a well-known player, too. By Martha Groves McKelvie.

**Stories That Are True.** Adding to our series, we offer interesting, true stories by Mary Anderson, Harry Lonsdale, Robert Walker and Douglas Fairbanks.

**Country Homes of Distinguished Players.** Intimate peeps at their vacation-day retreats. By Lillian May.

**Golden Sunsets.** An interesting story of the "dear old folks" of the screen, including "Mother" Mary Maurice, Thomas Commerford, Charles Kent, Herbert Standing and others.

**"Because"—Or "Window-Wishing"** with Marguerite Courtot. By Edna Wright.

**The Luxuriations of "Jackpots,"** as related by himself. Being the diary of Peggy Hyland's dog, who proves himself to be a real rival to the immortal Peppys.

**What Are They Saying?** By Karl Schiller. When you saw "Romeo and Juliet," "A Woman Alone," "Womanhood," "Truthful Tulliver," and other notable plays, and saw Francis Bushman, Alice Joyce, William S. Hart and other players speaking in loving or angry manner, did you not wonder just what they really said? This interesting article, beautifully illustrated, tells you just what they said and why.

And then there is the usual quota of chats, Greenroom Jottings, beautiful Gallery pictures (gravure process), about twenty pages of the inimitable "Answer Man" and a host of other features. We are trying hard to make this number "the best yet," as usual, and we are quite sure that we shall succeed. We advise you to tell your newsdealer at once to save you a copy of the June number.

### MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE



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# The Dangers of Stomach Acidity and Fermentation

By Arthur True Buswell, M. D.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

If I were asked to sound a health warning that would be of the greatest possible benefit to mankind, I should say emphatically—"Beware of acid stomach." For acid stomach is the cause of fermentation, which, bad enough in itself, is the forerunner of a hundred ills that sap the energy and vitality of its victims. I venture to say that 90 per cent. of all sickness starts with acid stomach.

Nature provides hydrochloric acid as one of the digestive fluids, but too much of this acid causes fermentation, hurries the food out of the stomach and carries the acid all through the body. As a consequence, poisons (toxins) are formed which are absorbed into the blood, causing auto-intoxication, nervousness, mental depression and countless ills of which this is but the beginning.

Every one of the vital organs in time becomes affected—the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the nerves and the brain all decline, for the stomach is the Power Plant of the body. Even the teeth are affected by acid stomach, for the gums recede, and Pyorrhoea will be the result.

Stomach remedies only neutralize the acid because they are stronger than the acid. This ultimately ruins the lining of the stomach. The acid being neutralized is absorbed into the blood only to come back to the stomach in greater quantities at the next meal.

How much more sensible would it be to attack this disorder at its source. Instead of attempting to neutralize acid after it has formed, why not prevent it from forming in the first place?

Superacidity is caused by wrong eating, and the remedy must be found in the field of the cause—in eating correctly.

The individual sufferer from indigestion, acidity, fermentation, gas and such disorders has not carried his experiments with food very far. If he had he could easily cure himself, as Eugene Christian, the famous food scientist, has proved beyond all doubt.

The reason which led Eugene Christian to take up the study of food in the first place was because he himself, as a young man, was a great sufferer from stomach and intestinal trouble.

So acute was his affliction that the best specialists of the day, after everything within their power had failed, gave him up to die. Educated for a doctor himself, Christian could get no help from his brother physicians.

Believing that wrong eating was the cause and that right eating was the only cure, he took up the study of foods and their relation to the human system. What he learned not only restored his own health in a remarkably short space of time, but has been the means of relieving some 25,000 other men and women for whom he has prescribed with almost invariable success, even though most of them went to him as a last resort.

Christian says that all stomach and intestinal disorders—with their countless sympathetic ills—are caused by wrong selections and wrong combinations of food, and that right combinations of food will positively remove every stomach and intestinal disorder by removing its causes.

No one would think of putting salt into an

open wound, and yet we do worse than that when we keep putting irritating, acid-creating food combinations into our stomachs, already surcharged with acid.

The word diet is one which has an unpleasant sound—it makes us think of giving up all the things we like for those we have no taste for. But Eugene Christian's method is entirely different—instead of asking his patients to give up the things they enjoy, he prescribes menus which are twice as enjoyable as those to which the patient is accustomed.

Christian believes in good foods deliciously cooked—the kind all of us like best and which may be obtained at any home store, hotel or restaurant. He says that most of the things we eat are all right—but that we don't know how to combine or balance them.

Often, one food good in itself, when combined with another equally good food, produces an acid reaction in the stomach; whereas either of the foods alone or eaten in combination with some other food would have been easily and perfectly digested.

Unfortunately, each food we eat at a meal is not digested separately. Instead, all of the foods we combine at the same meal are mixed and digested together. Consequently, if we eat two or more articles at the same meal which don't go well together, there is sure to be acidity, fermentation, gas and all kinds of digestive trouble.

At Eugene Christian's New York Office there is a constant stream of men and women who go to him for treatment after having tried everything else, and rarely are they disappointed in the outcome. Some of the results he has attained read like fairy tales. I know of a number of instances where his rich patrons have been so grateful for their restoration of health and energy that they have sent him checks for \$500 or \$1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying it.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally, that he has written a course of little lessons which tell you exactly what to eat in order to overcome the ailment which is troubling you.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering all conditions of health and sickness, including stomach acidity, constipation and all intestinal disorders, from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons. They also tell you how to reduce and how to gain.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will remove the causes of your disorder the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 725, 450 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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MOTION PICTURE

the hour when Charles is wont to dally with the fleshpots, gold coin would be waiting to exchange hands.

The new car arrived at the noon hour, in charge of a Japanese chauffeur, and a great inspiration came to the little comedian. The leap-year proposition was put up to Togo, and, at last reports, Doc Cupid was finding himself a welcome guest at the garage of the Lone Star studio.

I suppose you think Edna Purviance's smile is due to the successful manner in which Charles handled that threatened foreign invasion, but you guessed wrong. That smile is born of the fact that she occupies a luxurious suite at our one absolutely tipless hotel. Indeed, its rules are so stringent that one may order ice-water every hour and never lose a dime. Furthermore, the Hotel Stowell has overcome that unpleasant decree of our City Fathers which insists that liquid refreshment must be entirely surrounded by solids. The Angeleno may woo the spirits, but they must be accompanied by such earthly forms as sandwiches, steaks or salads. It's a great secret—nobody knows how the hotel management got around the ordinance, but the fact remains that the hotel's popularity is due to some smart evasion of a foolish law.

Hollywood has been on its ear, and even the Universal's goat has taken to the trolley track. You see, all the studios have decided to build stage-sets at night, and the Vere de Veres are losing their beauty sleep. Any day in the week you may see the spectators' gallery at Universal crowded with amateur photographers, their cameras leveled at the stage-sets opposite. In the doorway of yonder dressing-room you'll find Director Julian, and on the walk I snapped little Ella Hall, looking about eight years old. I heard her give a delightfully bashful speech at a local picture-house recently. She is the daintiest bit of pink-and-white Dresden china you ever looked upon, and Modesty is her middle name. Her former director, Bob Leonard, peeped out from the wings, and the little star implored his assistance in speech-making, but as he seemed quite as afraid of a real audience as she did, they both made a hasty exit to laughter accompaniment. But she was compelled to return under Mr. Leonard's direction to receive a few hundred pink roses, while the orchestra played "Mighty Lak a Rose."

The other night a scene of pathos in John Mason's latest photoplay was turned to joy by the utterance of a three-year-old just behind me. The remorseful heroine had thrown herself over her dead mother's new-made grave and was ruining her manicure's work by her frantic efforts to express contrition over past shortcomings. I expected a lavish display of Christmas handkerchiefs, but the shrill little voice in the rear piped: "Oh, Daddy, is her trying to scratch her muvver out?"

There's always something new under the California sun.

(Sixty-eight)

## STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

**Hippodrome.**—"The Big Show." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined.

**Playhouse.**—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

**Century.**—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater.

**Cort.**—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. Courtenay Foote; the lead, as a universal flirt, very good. The whole cast strong.

**Cohan's.**—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not so winsome as those in "Daddy-Long-Legs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

**Eltinge.**—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

**Empire.**—"A Kiss for Cinderella." A dainty fantasy with Maude Adams as Cinderella, a girl of dreams. Sparkling, clever and full of delightful sayings all thru.

**Garrick.**—"The Little Man." A good one-act play, contrasting Nietzsche's individualism with humanitarianism, in which humanitarianism wins.

**"Magic."** In every way a high-class comedy, replete with fine wit, satire and good English. O. P. Heggle, lead, with strong supporting cast.

**48th Street.**—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Veillier.

**Gaiety.**—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

**Criterion.**—"Johnny Get Your Gun." A very funny farcical entertainment in which a Motion Picture scene is shown in course of making.

**Republic.**—"Lilac Time." An absorbing, interesting dramatic play of modern French war-time in which Jane Cowl does some excellent dramatic work, supported by a good company. In spite of the unhappy ending, the play has a strong appeal and is no doubt destined for a long run.

**Manhattan Opera House.**—"The Wanderer." Wonderful spectacle with William Elliott, Nance O'Neill, James O'Neill and Florence Reed.

**Fulton.**—"Pals First." An intensely interesting comedy that is full of laughs, caused mostly by Thomas Wise, who adds to his long list of recent hits. William Courtenay also stars in a becoming rôle. This play should enjoy a long run—it certainly deserves it.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Show of Wonders." A delightful conglomeration of a little of everything for everybody, mostly music. "Submarine F-7" is an attractive feature.

**44th Street Theater.**—"Joan the Woman." One of the best films that has ever been done, featuring Geraldine Farrar.

**Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.**—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

**Rialto.**—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

**Strand.**—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

(Sixty-nine)



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Now, for the first time, has this principle of gymnastic finger training been applied to typewriting. Its necessity is proved by the fact that the one great difficulty which handicaps ninety-nine out of every hundred stenographers is their inability to gain full control of their *finger movements*.

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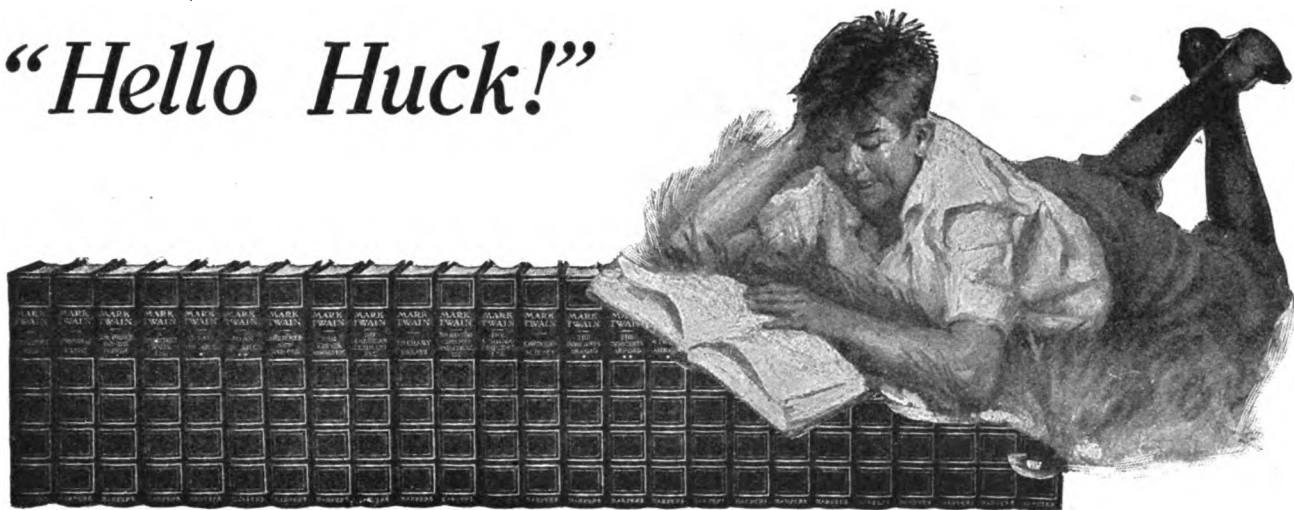
called "touch writers," others, after years of fruitless effort, had practically given up hope of ever attaining more than merely average typewriting ability, many had taken other courses, with no marked increase in speed—yet by the New Way, practically without exception, they all have developed the remarkable speed of eighty to one hundred words a minute.

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*"Hello Huck!"*



**R**ECALL that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn"? How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

To-day when you read "Huckleberry

Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw, as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

# MARK TWAIN

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "The Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at it itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty, that those who did not know him were well amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

## A Real American

Mark Twain was a steamboat pilot. He was a searcher for gold in the far west. He was a printer. He worked bitterly hard. All this without a glimmer of the great destiny that lay before him.

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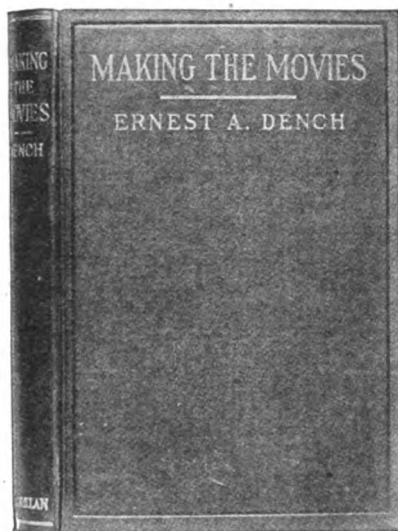
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Unlucky days mean nothing to Juanita Hansen, because she signed her contract with the Triangle Company on Friday the thirteenth of October, 1916. Miss Hansen is a Los Angeles girl, and she first became popular in Keystone comedies and later in the serial, "The Secret of the Submarine." The excellent picture on the cover is a fine likeness of this beautiful, sunny-haired girl, and is reproduced from a painting by Leo Sielke, Jr.

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(Five)



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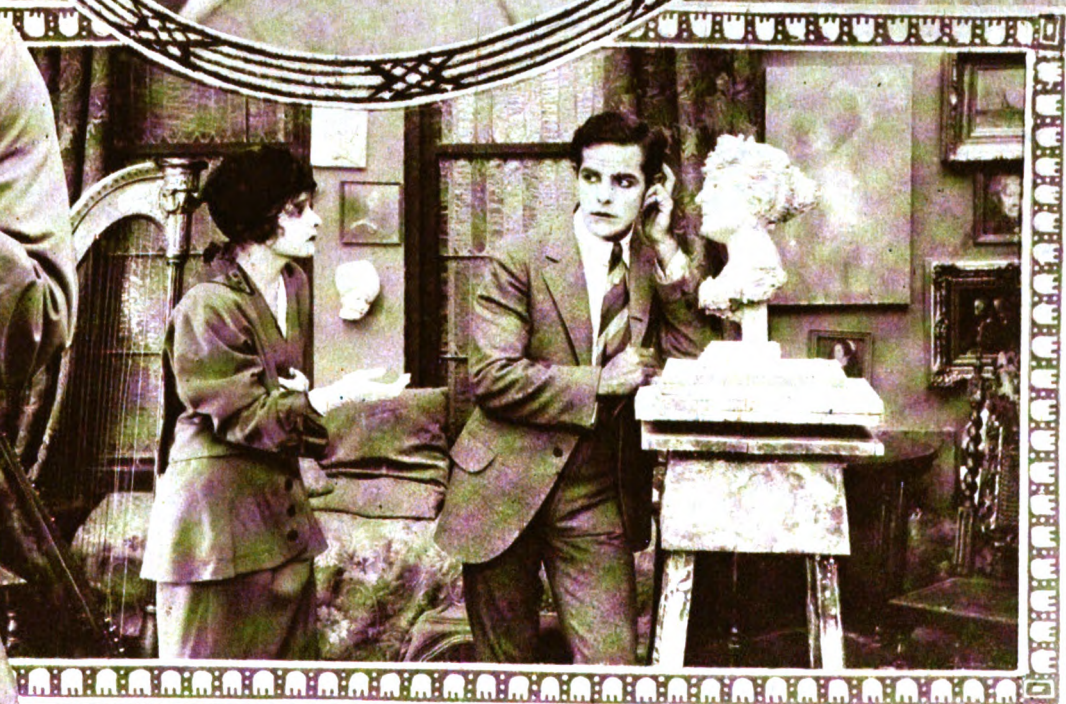
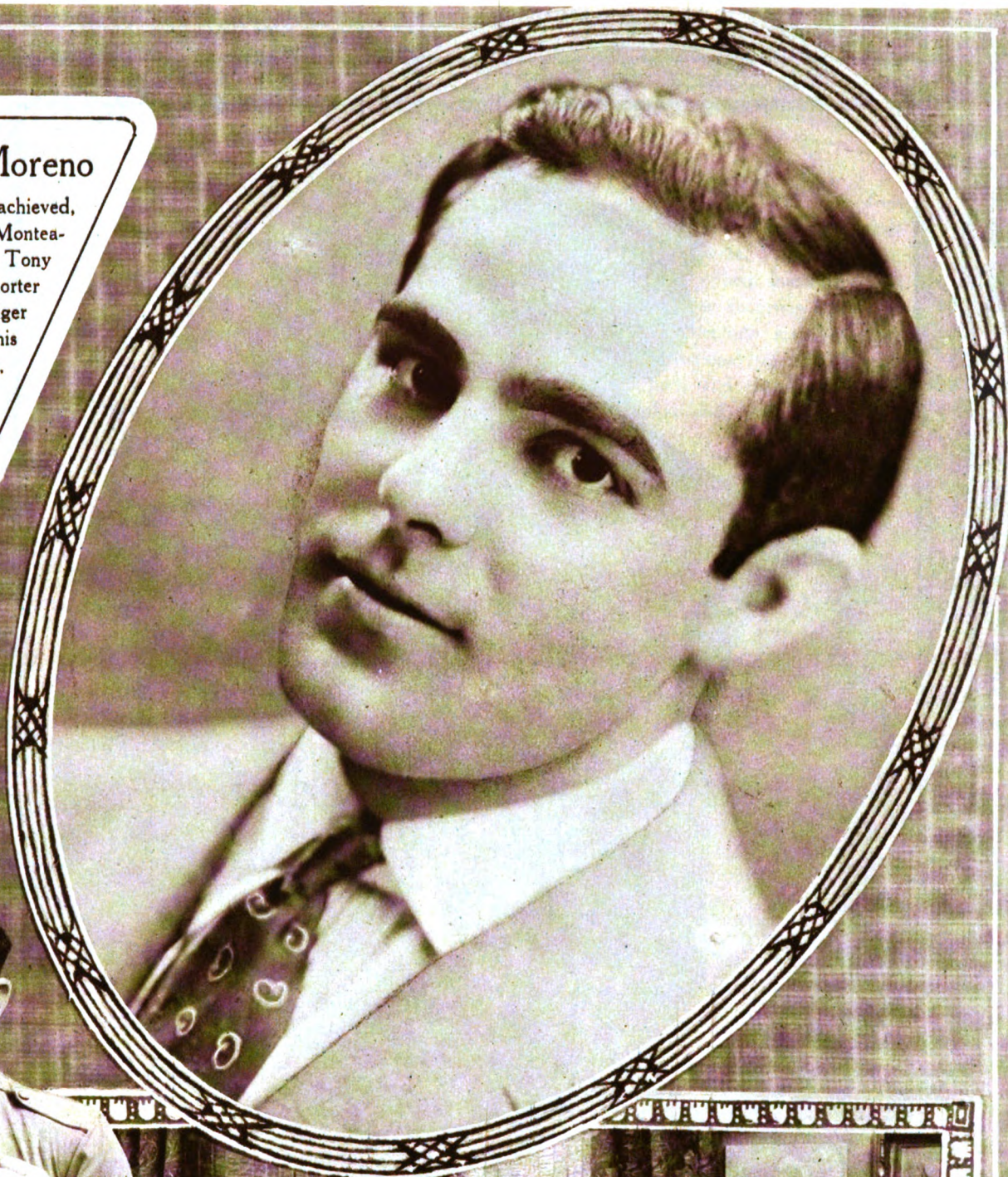
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## Antonio Moreno

With stardom achieved, Antonio Garrido Montea-gudo is now just Tony Moreno. The shorter the name, the longer the bank-roll. In his latest Vitagraph, "Aladdin from Broadway," he is both one of the homeliest and the handsomest men in pictures







## Bessie Barriscale

Bessie Barriscale not so many years ago played in "Shore Acres." She was then 2 years old. Since stepping into voiceless drama, she has read her lines in diminuendo, but her audiences have praised her in crescendo.

## Dorothy Kelly

Starting her career in that famous training-school for silent drama, Vitagraph Ville, Dorothy Kelly is both home-bred and 'thorobred. Her successes now have passed the century mark—wide-awake, emotional rôles—altho she was born and reared in Philadelphia and acts in Brooklyn.







Mabel  
Normand

Mabel Normand is essaying the greatest adventure of her surprising career. Firmly established as the Queen of Slapstick, she abdicated her throne and is now bending her talent toward comedy-drama. A daring move, but Mabel is capable of anything.





**George M. Cohan** "Mr. Cohan—tres-  
passer" is what es-  
tablished kings of the film comedy are saying. Little  
George "has driven his genius chariot across the fields  
of vaudeville, drama, playwriting, musical comedy—and  
now comes with his picture, 'Broadway Jones.'"





## Nance O'Neil

A new theatrical term is due—"double star." Nance O'Neil is one—o' nights she stage-plays in "The Wanderer," o' days she poses in pictured "Greed."





## Mary Garden

Mary Garden accomplished three great deeds—"Salome," a fortune for Oscar Hammerstein, and a wonder-laden perfume—all thru her operatic voice. Now the famous song bird is about to appear on the voiceless stage.






## Louise Glaum

An Irishman would say that "You can't play a vampire seriously without seeing the humorous side of it." 'Tis so with Louise Glaum, the Triangle adventuress—her stage and picture career as a comédienne has made her recent emotional successes all the stronger.

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# The Resurrection of the Ages

By MABEL BROWN SHERARD

I AM THE MIRROR OF THE AGES!

Across my placid surface the Hosts of Antiquity stream. The Radiance of an Unfathomable Past bursts into vision for YOU of Today!

From Bethlehem to Golgotha; from the Mount of Ascension to the shipwreck on Melita; from the pomp of the Cæsars to the Inquisition; from the Crusades to Joan of Arc—I weave the Flame of Intensity into the web of my quivering life!

I sense the hidden Mysteries of Earth; the age-old Horrors of India; the Curse of Caste; the Dream-steeped Nights of Ancient Egypt; the Desert Agonies; the gall of Chains; the spell of Cheops; the blood-red love of Cleopatra—

The song of the Conqueror; the clinking of Armor; the courage of Maximilian; the Cross under Constantine; the cloister of Poitiers; the Curse of Islam—

Aye, and more! Down thru the Sweep of Time, I reflect the thronging mass of Nations building; Brother against Brother; the bitterest Intolerance; the ravages of Home; the white Zeal of Conviction; the Stake for its price—

The *Mayflower*; the Pilgrims; the poignant, inevitable oblivion of the Red Man; the hot flood of Independence; the shameful cloud of '61; the misery of Reconstruction!

Aye, this—and yet more! The Enthronement of God and His Principles—a Nation of Churches.

The hum of Commerce; the Friendship of the World; the realization of the sweet, linking Oneness of All Flesh!

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Thru me, the Brains of Today supplement the Power of the Past. I establish YOUR kinship!

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Dieke Jr.



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George Larkin  
and Ollie Kirkby



**T**HIS newest dance was originated by Ollie Kirkby and George Larkin, and as danced by them in the ballroom of the Mason Hotel has proved immensely popular, and has been largely taken up by Jacksonville's dancing set. It is somewhat athletic, but this is the only drawback, as the two principals insist that it is really quite simple.

The first position is illustrated. Take four quick steps, then a half turn, four short steps, as in the tango. Then describe a semi-circle with outside foot, and dip, which brings the position of Number Two, described as the Skaddle.

Rise slowly from this position, in rhythm to the music, facing each other, take four slow steps, hesitate for two beats, walk three steps, when lady pivots around partner, who stands still, the last turn of the lady bringing her beside partner, as in picture Number Three. This position bears the invigorating title of the Florida Flourish, the positions being named in order to make it easier to learn the dance.

Placing hands on lady's waist, as in

picture  
Number  
Four, take four decided steps, then one step to left side, one  
(Continued on p. 74)

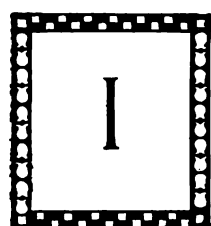
(Sixteen)



THIS IS THE "SET" THAT FURNISHED INSPIRATION TO TOM MIX. HE FOUND A DOZEN STORIES IN EVERY BUILDING

# Where Do the Comedies Come From?

By A. B. BERND



WENT to Winna Brown's ranch with Tom Mix and Jack Glavey. Tom Mix is known to all true movie fans as a fearless Westerner who has been doing all kinds of stunts in

drama and is now devoting his efforts to two-reel comedies. Jack Glavey is known to all people "in the profession" as a comedy scenario editor, in which capacity he is now with the Fox Company.

There had been a big set erected on Winna Brown's ranch near Los Angeles. It was the typical Western frontier town, with saloon, assayer's office, newspaper plant, sheriff's hang-out, grocery store, picture "palace," everything fronting on the one street.

This set had been put up for a big drama which the Fox Company staged at a cost of \$10,000. Now, in its completed form, it was to be given over to Tom Mix for his use in comedy-making.

"Say, the place is ripe with stories," began Tom. "You can build a whole scenario around every one of these buildings. It's ideal for the work."

Glavey assented.

"Here's your blacksmith shop right across from the saloon, Tom," he said. "Can't you see the story making itself? Man shoeing horse—horse kicks him—he sails across street and into the saloon—probably lands in a keg of beer—and so on."

Mix was eager.

"Better than that," he said. "Why couldn't the man light on a roulette

wheel that was spinning and be hurled around? He might be thrown across the counter and just skin the foam off the top of a glass. There's no end to the possibilities."

Walking on down the street, we passed the undertaker's sumptuous establishment.

"There's the story for you!" cried Mix. "Here's your undertaker who is in league with the town bad man. Whenever he kills a guy the bad man gets a rake-off from the undertaker."

Then the two of them went into this idea and got every turn out of it.

"Here's the newspaper," said Glavey. "Just figure out the ideas which can be got from that one office. Editorial fights make the best reading in the world and they'd make just as good comedy."

So they walked on down the broad street, which seemed to them lined with stories. The opera-house gave fresh inspiration, and the entrance to the mine shaft, with its limitless possibilities of hairbreadth thrills and swift action, afforded discussion for half an hour.

That is where the Motion Picture comedies come from. They are not illy constructed and poorly arranged incidents, put together in any fashion, as most people seem to think. They are definite ideas, worked up to logical sequence, and arranged in such manner that the big, smashing, thrilling climax comes toward the end and leaves the audience in a roar of laughter. If they are not of this type they fail miserably.

A script, arranged in continuity fashion, is not so necessary to the forming of humorous stories as it is to making

more serious movie drama. In the drama the plot is everything; in the comedy, the incidents are everything, but these incidents must be made into a well-defined whole if your laugh-getter is to be a success.

All good directors of Motion Picture fun-makers recognize such a thing as comedy economy. They may have a "gag" which would be a whirlwind; but if it doesn't fit into the story, it has to be discarded or noted for a later story.

This will illustrate:

A director told me a few days ago that he had one of the funniest "gags" he had ever thought of.

"Have a girl," he said, "hanging to a high telegraph wire or clinging to a flag-pole. Just as she is dropping, a whistle below blows. The steam blast shoots her back up in the air. As she falls again, the whistle toots once more, and again she is hurled back. This can keep up five or six times, and I believe the audience will be roaring with laughter when it's done."

"Are you using it in this picture?" I asked him.

He was not. He was making a candy store picture, and he did not like to waste his ideas when they were entirely irrelevant. The girl and the whistle did not fit into his general plan of the story, and it had to be discarded, or saved for a later subject.

"That's comedy economy," he said. "We're not using up all our thoughts in one photoplay."

Many ideas for good comedies come from the newspapers. A Los Angeles journal recently printed a story of a man whose automobile had got from his





TOM MIX HAS JUST COMPLETED ONE SNEEZE AND IS ABOUT TO BEGIN ANOTHER. THIS IS THE KIND OF HUMOR THAT GETS UPROARIOUS APPLAUSE

control, run into a fire-plug, knocked the tap from it, and started a stream of water hurtling across the street. The man was promptly hauled into court on a charge of driving a machine while intoxicated. I'll venture to say that ten different comedy directors in the movie city saw that story, realized possibilities in it, and decided to build a picture about it.

One man told me he expected to use it, and his idea for development was to have the sudden gush of water sweep the man, still in his machine, directly into the court-room and right up to the feet of the judge.

That's where the comedies come from.

Another big help to the director comes from the properties he uses in his scenes. An infinite number of "gags" lies in the very presence, in a set, of a folding-bed, a suit of armor, a revolving door, a bathtub, or a fire-extinguisher. Fifty scenes of fun can be obtained from any one of these "props."

The actors themselves become imbued with the

spirit of the work they are doing and suggest "stunts" which practically make a picture. It often happens that playing in such subjects spoils a man for more serious work, unless he is powerful enough to overcome its effects.

I recently saw a tall, thin man, who had devoted several years to comedy-making alone, drafted into a dramatic company for a day's work merely because he was a needed type. He had to play a bedraggled citizen of Paris during the Revolution, and his part consisted in being ruthlessly pushed aside by a band of approaching soldiers. After the first rehearsal, during which the man did exactly as his director had instructed, he came up to the camera-tower.

"Say, Frank," he said to the director, "don't you think it would add a little humorous touch if I picked up a stick, shouldered it and marched down the street after the soldiers?"

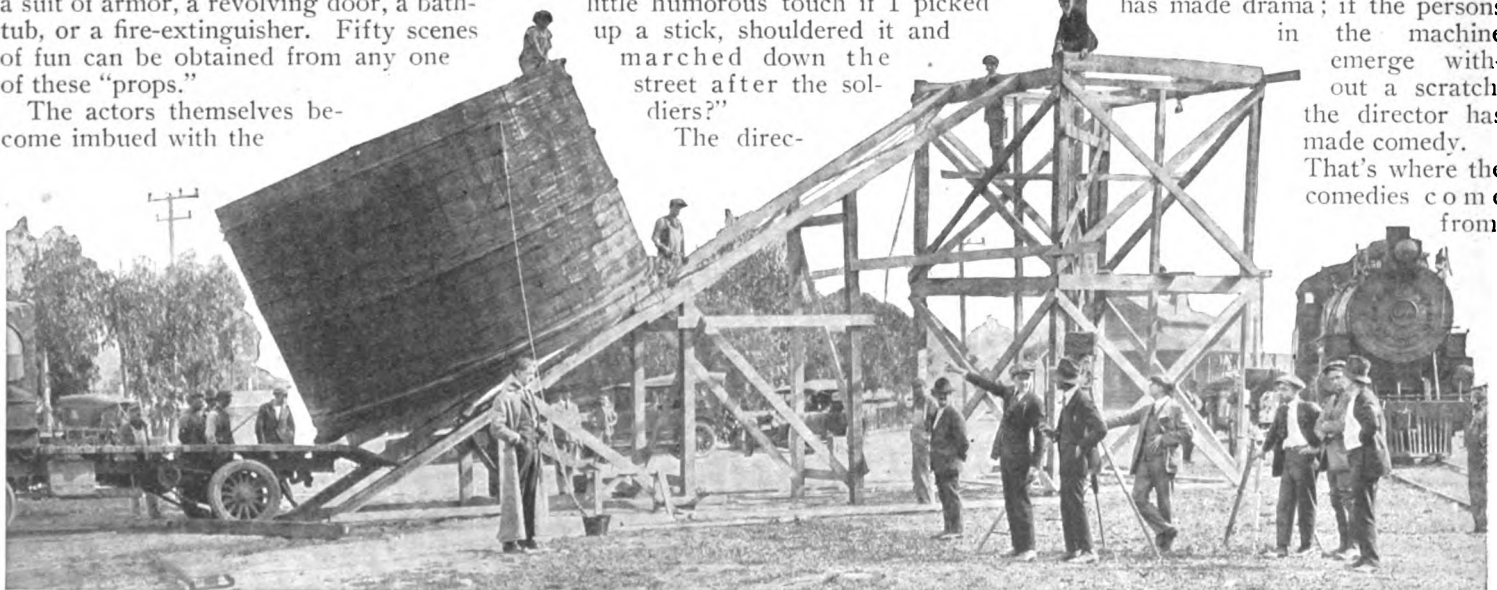
The direc-

tor allowed him to do his piece of business. He saved the scene. But for it the whole incident would have been drab and colorless.

That's where the comedies come from.

Motion Picture directors, as a rule, have no more love for the squash-pie type of picture than the poor actors who have to be "mooned" by the flying missiles. But the public still seem to clamor for this kind of comedy. They want the custard pies and the fire-hoses and the police chases and all the other hackneyed things which they certainly should have a surfeit of.

The public also, at this stage of the game, want thrills. If the results of an automobile smash-up are serious to some of the parties involved, the director has made drama; if the persons in the machine emerge without a scratch, the director has made comedy. That's where the comedies come from.



PREPARING FOR A THRILL. THIS HUGE TANK, WHEN FILLED WITH WATER, WILL BE TOPPLED OVER ON THE TRAIN ON THE TRACK TO THE RIGHT, INUNDATING IT AND THE PASSENGERS INSIDE. DIRECTOR CHARLES PARROTT STANDS, POINTING, JUST IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA

(Eighteen)

# The Screen Apollo

By L. E. EUBANKS



ASCULINE aspirants to bodily symmetry accept the statue of Apollo Belvedere for their model just as their sisters aspire to the proportions of Venus de Milo. And with even less justification; for the actual measurements of Apollo prove him far from perfect, as we regard perfection today. How a figure of such proportions can have remained the stand-

ard of manly beauty for two thousand years is a mystery. We may assume that in correct position for measuring height, Apollo's stature would be about 5 feet 8 inches. The ideal of those times was not so tall as our perfect man; for despite all pessimistic assertions to the contrary, the height and bulk of the human race are increasing. Modern heavy-weight athletes cannot get into the armor of famous medieval warriors.

All this means that our screen hero must not take too much stock in ancient standards. As a matter of fact, Douglas Fairbanks or Antonio Moreno, men of about Apollo's height, could make the ancient gentleman take to the woods were he to present himself at our perfect-man contest.

"Doug" stands 5 feet 8 inches and weighs 160 pounds. Speaking broadly, this represents a good figure, and while I have never passed the tape over Fairbanks,

I would wager that he shows a more harmonious development than does the top-heavy statue.

As some other critic has said, Apollo must have spent his time sitting and drinking buttermilk; for he shows a body decidedly too large for its support. His neck, too, is much too small for his body. Contrast it with that of Francis X. Bushman, and you will agree with Shakespeare that "comparisons are odious."

Mere height and weight are not sufficient. Many of our actors have bulk enough, but it is not always well distributed. Admitting that a figure may be approximately perfect at any height, what is the height at which perfect symmetry gives the most pleasing effect? Our perfect screen hero must be able to "do things," not merely pose.

His height, weight and development must be such as to qualify him for all-around work—assuming temperamental fitness, etc.

The height that best allows a man to meet a variety of tests is 5 feet 10 inches. A man of this height is tall enough to have a good reach for such sports as boxing, yet short enough to possess good



WILLIAM S. HART

GEORGE WALSH

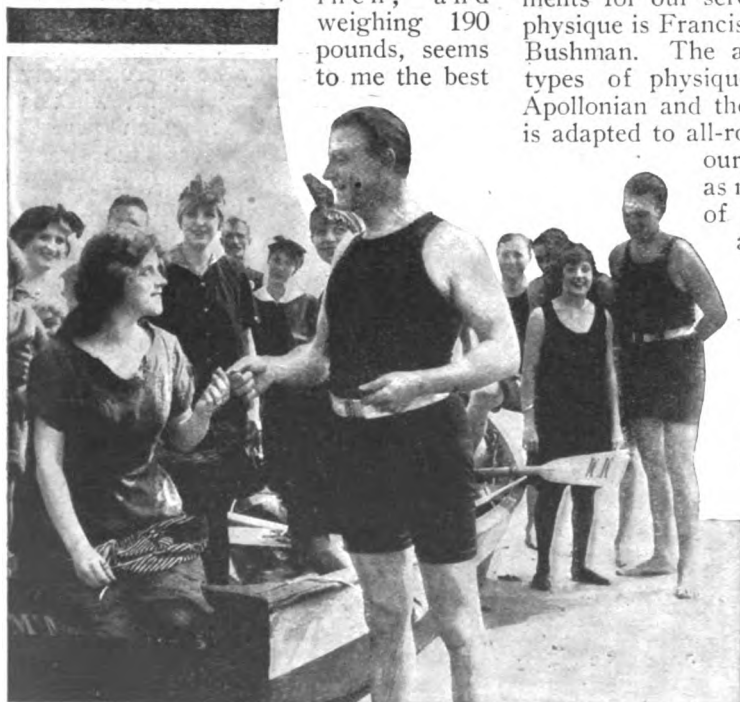




J. WARREN KERRIGAN

leverage in tests of sheer strength. William S. Hart stands 6 feet 2 inches, and even at 194 pounds he is rather slender. It takes so much weight to perfect the man above 6 feet that he loses out for speedy work that involves the whole body. Fairbanks, on the other hand, at 5 feet 8 inches could not be "beefy" enough for really great strength without being too stocky for our screen Apollo. J. Warren Kerrigan, standing 6 feet 1

inch, and weighing 190 pounds, seems to me the best



CHARLES RICHMAN

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

Photo by Matzene



combination of strength, agility and beauty among the six-footers; but handsome Jack is a bit too tall.

The actor who best meets all the requirements for our screen physique is Francis X. Bushman. The ancients idealized two types of physique in particular: the Apollonian and the Herculean. Neither is adapted to all-round screen work; for our creation must embody as nearly all the attributes of manhood as may be, and cannot be a specialist on any one line. He must blend the Herculean power of William Farnum

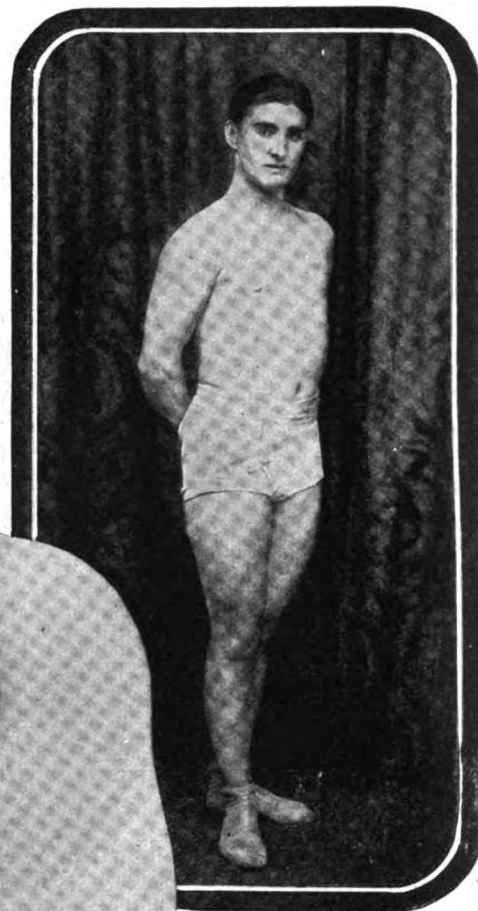
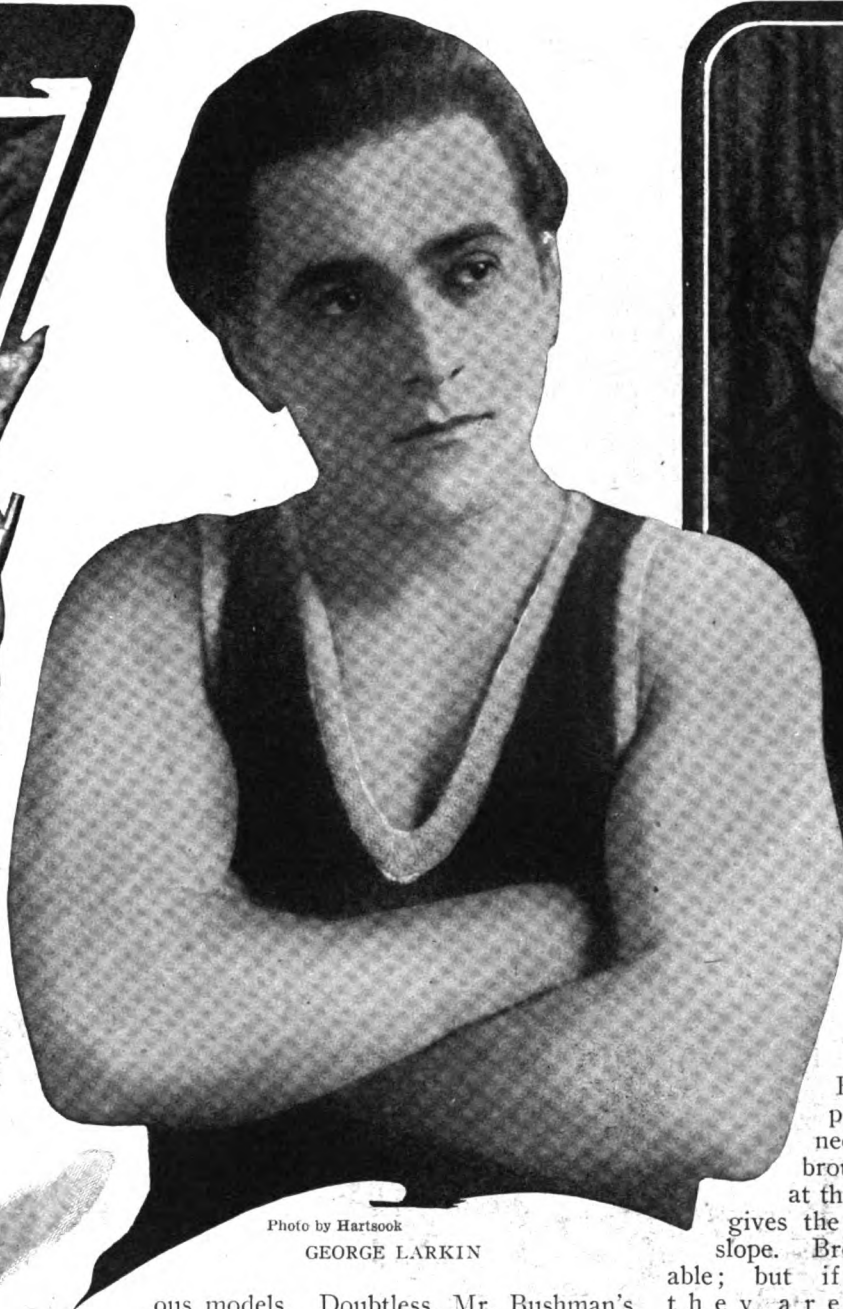
HAROLD LOCKWOOD



with the superlateness of Henry Hall; the irredash of Fairbanks with William S. Hart's power of restraint. We shall endow him with endurance for a Farnum-Santschi struggle, also with the ability to end a fight with one short punch

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS





J. FRANK GLENDON

tra size in a man's neck improves the ensemble. Bushman owes much of his physical beauty to the fine neck his wrestling has brought. Proper development at the base of the neck is what gives the shoulders just the right slope. Broad shoulders are desir-

Photo by Hartsook  
GEORGE LARKIN

ous models. Doubtless, Mr. Bushman's proportions approximate this ideal very closely:

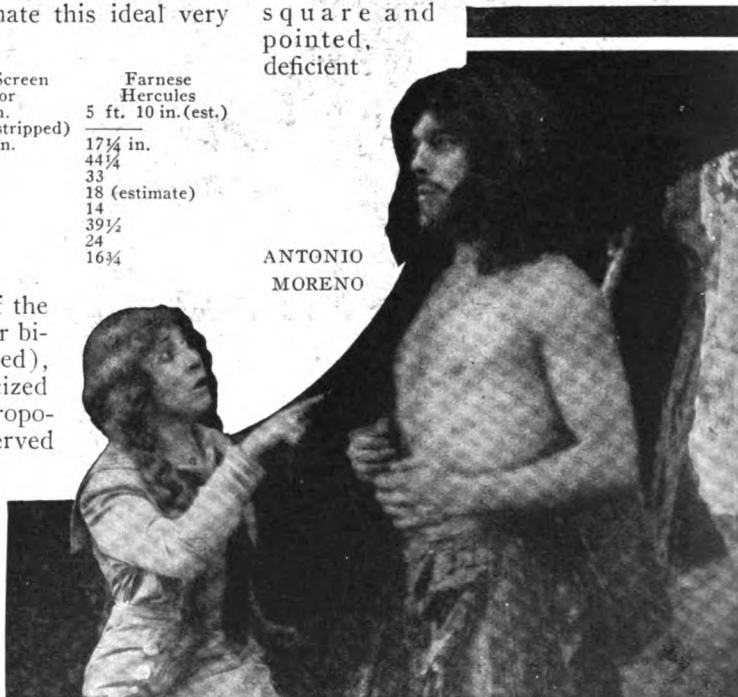
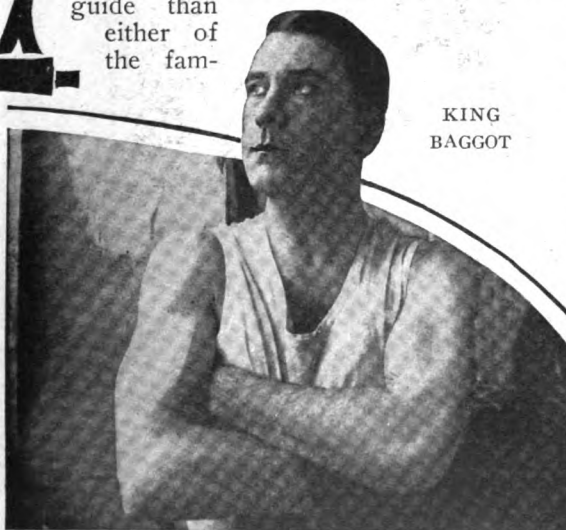
	Apollo Belvedere	Ideal Screen Actor	Farnese Hercules
Height	5 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 10 in. (est.)
Weight		170 lbs. (stripped)	
Neck	13 3/4 in.	15 to 16 in.	17 1/4 in.
Chest	40	40 to 42	44 1/4
Waist	30	32	33
Biceps	14 (est.)	15	18 (estimate)
Forearm	11 1/4	12 1/4	14
Hips	35 1/4	38 1/2	39 1/2
Thigh	21 3/4	23	24
Calf	13 3/4	15 1/2	16 3/4

à la Bushman. The middle column following will be found a much better guide than either of the fam-

KING  
BAGGOT

The ancient rule of the same measurement for biceps (fully contracted), calf and neck is criticized by modern anthropometers. I have observed that a little ex-

ANTONIO  
MORENO





development is indicated. We shall give our creation average-sized bones, so that the comparatively small joints will accentuate the development of muscle. A 7-inch wrist and a 9-inch ankle will give his limbs the proper taper. Bushman and Moreno are conspicuous for correctness of relation between joint and muscle.

Artists like for their male models to be exactly eight heads in height; that is, each individual should stand eight times the height of his head. The size of a man's head has a vast deal to do with his physical appearance. Unconsciously, we judge a man's size largely by the size of his head. When over-large, it makes the shoulders seem narrow. We shall give our ideal a head-girth of 23 inches, which will harmonize perfectly with his height, neck and shoulders.

The sitting height is important, as it indicates the relative length of body and leg; 37 inches is the average for the man of 5 feet 10 inches; and for our purpose this is ideal, because much departure in this detail lessens beauty of proportion. Here again Bushman scores; his proper length of limb was one of his assets as an artist's model.

Length of arms is best judged in connection with shoulder breadth. Our screen perfect-man should have an arm-span equal to his height. Rarely is exact equality found; even finely formed men

generally overreach their height slightly. Women meet this requirement more frequently than men, because of their narrower shoulders.

As in the sitting height, we shall order average-sized hands and feet for our ideal. The hand is always a character-index. How perfectly the great, strong hands of William S. Hart suit his parts! When he clinches the mighty fists and scowls at "Doc Hardy" in "The Disciple," the veins and cords of his hands and wrists leap into startling prominence. There are only a few Harts, and we want our hero to be equally strong in the drawing-room, so we will lay the veins a little deeper and soften the lines a bit. Bushman, Kerrigan and Fairbanks all have good hands.

The foundation is vitally important. With every virtue we have given our creation, he yet will be a failure if he has flat feet. We want him to walk like J. Warren Kerrigan or Earle Williams, and to do so his instep must be high and the foot springy. I should place the length of our man's foot at 10½ inches.

But not all physical excellence is expressible in mathematical terms. How are we to measure the abstract quality that, for want of a better term, we call muscular education? By its achievements—that is the only way. Two men built along the same lines and possessing

the same degree of strength may perform a given action in vastly different ways. Strength, suppleness, responsiveness, co-ordination are abstract qualities of muscle; but we recognize their concrete value when we see Bushman drop his opponent with a left hook that can scarcely be beaten in the prize-ring; when we see Fairbanks scale a wall; when Antonio Moreno "gets" a tennis-ball, and marvelous William S. Hart dots the "i's" of written notices with his revolver.

We grant that a superior figure is not an infallible guarantee of physical excellence under the test of action; but we can easily show that strength and suppleness generally go with a good build. Esthetically, symmetry speaks for itself; a well-formed body is among the actor's most valuable assets. As we cannot all be exactly 5 feet 10 inches tall, I am appending a chart of measurements for other heights. Any specific purpose requires a build of its own, but figures are prepared to blend utility with grace as well as beauty for the movie man.

Height	Weight	Neck	Chest	Waist	Biceps	Forearm	Thigh	Calf
5 ft. 2 in.	120 lbs.	13	34	27	12½	10¾	19	13
5 4	130	13½	36	28	13	11	20	13½
5 6	140	14	38	29	13½	11¼	21	14
5 8	155	14½	40	30	14¼	11¾	22	14¾
5 10	170	15½	42	32	15	12¼	23	15½
6 ft.	190	16½	44	34	16	13	25	16½



GHASTLY MAKE-UP DOES NOT AFFECT THE APPETITE OF HIS SATANIC MAJESTY AND HIS CHIEF STOKERS IN THEIR BY-PLAY ENTITLED "HELL'S OUT FOR NOON." TIME: LUNCH HOUR. PLACE: UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIO

(Twenty-two)

# She of "The Seven Lively Virtues"

To Say Nothing of "The Seven Deadly Sins"

As Discovered by

JOHN OLDEN

"SLOTH," "Envy," "Greed," "Lust" and Company may be leading little Shirley Mason a witch's dance thru the temptatious coils of the celluloid serpent in "The Seven Deadly Sins," but, outside of studio hours, the tiniest girl in pictures, save one, doesn't believe in taking only an "immunity bath." Hers is the real faucet variety—cold and deep and splashy! When the lure of "Sloth"—White Lights, Luxury, and

their bedfellow Fat—threatened to waylay her, tiny Leonie (her honest-to-goodness name) called in Preparedness. From simple calisthenics after her dip, she has developed herself into an all-around gymnast. "Envy" bit her pretty deep, not long ago, in the overshadowing rivalry of Sister Viola Dana, but she kept on taking her elder sister's dust as an understudy, and now they're breast to breast at the tape.

Putting "electric stars" on Broadway is a firmament full of air-pockets for the unwary little star—salaries mount far too fast. But "Greed" has not fastened his itching claws upon the rosy armor of sixteen-year-old Shirley. Her acting is carefully watched over by Ann Murdock, Charlotte Walker and Holbrook Blinn, and if she doesn't twinkle brightly among them soon, "The Seven Lively Virtues" are nothing but saintly sinners.



SHIRLEY MASON



# The Divine Clara

By ELIZABETH B. PETERSEN

It was a long, long climb up to the big studio on the hill, but, with all my thoughts centered on the charming screen divinity I was so soon to meet, I didn't mind it at all—that is, not until my hat blew off. Then I became peeved—who wouldn't, having to sprint up a two-block hill after a perfectly new hat?

And it blew in such tantalizing curves, straight to the door of the studio, where it lay as if taunting me to follow, that I just set my teeth and determined to capture it—for spite, if nothing else. But just as I was about to swoop down upon it, a fuzzy little Chow-dog dodged in front of me and carried it off—right under my very nose—to a sanctuary a few feet away, from where he stood barking.

It was maddening—don't you think so, too?

It was then I caught my first glimpse of her, the charming Clara Kimball Young, whom I had so blithely set out to interview. She was just about to enter the studio, when my frantic argument with the dog arrested her attention, and she came over to me, smiling in a most friendly manner as she said:

"He must like you, or he wouldn't be playing with you. Isn't he a beauty?" she continued fondly. "I'm going to exhibit him in a dog-show and see if I can make him as famous as his grandfather, who is the

champion of the world." Then, turning to the dog, she queried fondly: "It's

hard to live up to a celebrity in the family, isn't it, doggie?" But, thought I to myself, nothing would be very hard for a lucky dog with

such a charming mistress as he had; for charming she is, movie fan—as charming as your most extravagant dreams have ever pictured her.

Soon we were comfortably seated in her dressing-room, the rose and gray of which made an admirable foil for her brunette loveliness; and as we sat chatting, I marveled at the utter simplicity of this popular screen idol, whom it is impossible to spoil.

But, as an interviewee, she proved sadly lacking, for she was too modest and refused to talk about herself.

Her brown eyes flashed angrily as she railed against the fabricated press-agent stories which have been imposed so often upon a long-suffering public. "They'd never get into print if I could see them first" was her characteristic comment.

It is by these same aspiring press-agents that her birth has been accredited to almost every city in the U. S. A., but she admits that breezy Chicago is really the only one she can claim. Her family is a famous old theatrical one, for the name Kimball has been one to conjure with in the past stage generation.

The marriage of her father and mother was

(Twenty-four)

solemnized on the stage, and she bow to an adoring age of three Before her call

herself made her first public at the early years.

bility of its proving boring; but, of course, the story must hold the interest, as even a two-reeler would prove tedious if there were no suspense.

Of all her screen interpretations, she is fondest of the Russian type that she has so often portrayed, and which her careful study has made so perfect. Enthusiasm glowed in her eyes as she told of her plans for a new Russian story that she wants to make the greatest of all she has done, one entirely devoid of race and politics, and dealing only with the artistic, beautiful phase of Russian life. This is going to be written by herself, and much of her spare time is spent delving into the literature of the country, to add even more to her already large store of folk-lore and customs in acquiring the intimate local color which she holds indispensable for the success of any picture.

Clara Kimball Young has two hobbies—perfume and shoes. Her dressing-table is covered with countless phials of beautifully colored liquids, and she often amuses herself by experimenting with them and trying to find pleasing combinations. She has no favorites; her preferences vary with her moods, and she is ever eager to explore in unknown territory.

Shoes hold an all-absorbing fascination, and it is impossible for her to pass the attractive windows of the chic little booteries on the Avenue.

At home her cupboards are filled with them; from dainty fur-lined Juliets and brocaded evening slippers to smart walking-boots, they stand row upon row, of all conditions and degrees. She confesses they often prejudice her for or against a person, for she maintains they are a great indication of character.

There is a bizarre streak in her, too, for she confesses to an almost abnormal love of jewelry, tho she doesn't care to wear much at a time. Often after a trying day she will play with her priceless collections, holding one after the other up to the light and watching the flash of their different brilliant colors in their scintillating glow. She thinks this must be due to some far-off strain of Oriental blood, and her glorious dark eyes certainly do not belie this belief.

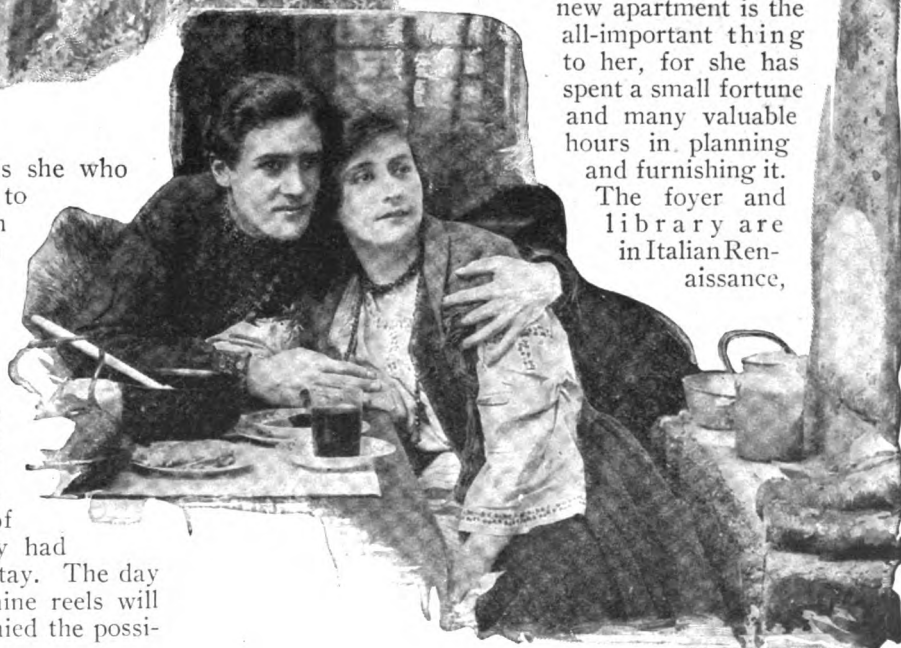
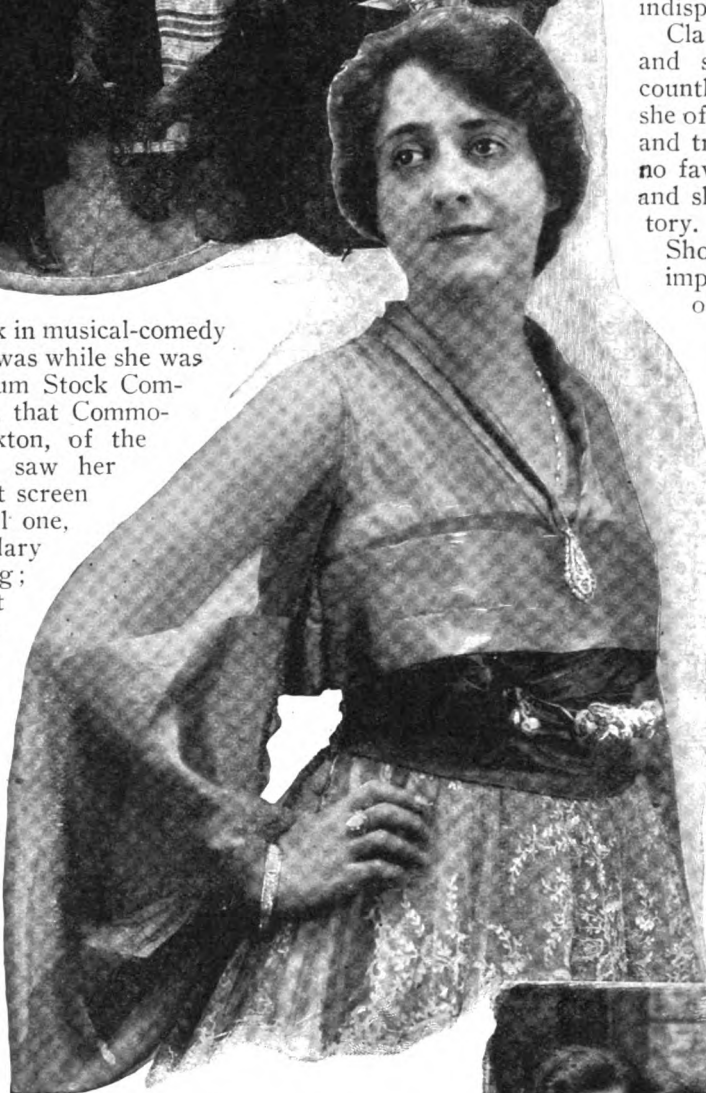
Just at present her new apartment is the all-important thing to her, for she has spent a small fortune and many valuable hours in planning and furnishing it. The foyer and library are in Italian Renaissance,

to the Motion Picture field, she had made her mark in musical-comedy and vaudeville, and it was while she was playing in the Orpheum Stock Company, in Philadelphia, that Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, saw her and made her her first screen offer. It was a small one, one-fourth of the salary she was then receiving; but with the foresight that has helped make her the great star she is today, she accepted, and felt justified when in her second picture she played the lead. That was four and a half years ago; today her name is flashed in electric lights on Broadway and known from one end of the world to the other.

When the Vitagraph Company was organizing a flying squadron company for a picture-making tour of the world, it was she who was chosen from their large number of stars to play the feminine leads. The trip proved an interesting one and a number of beautiful foreign pictures followed its completion. She was fêted and made much over in every city where they stopped, and her personality and charm won for her many admirers and friends, who still remember and love her.

Her eyes glowed in soft reminiscence as she talked of those old Vitagraph days; but when asked if she would still like to play in the old two- and three-reel subjects, she hastily interposed that, altho she would never forget some of them she had played in, she thought their day had passed and that the longer feature had come to stay. The day is coming, she predicted, when eight or even nine reels will constitute an evening's performance, and she denied the possi-

(Twenty-five)





and a priceless piece of Gobelin tapestry covers an entire wall. The music-room is of the dainty Adams period, and the woodwork is of the delicate satinwood that proves such an attractive background. Her bedroom is in the lavish style of Marie Antoinette, and the guest-room is to be Chinese. But her favorite of all is the dining-room, for that is to be Russian, of the time of Peter the Great, and here nothing has been spared in making it as lavishly correct as possible. The stained-glass windows made especially for her, and valued at \$1,000 apiece, make an attractive background for the somber glory of the room.

One could not blame her for the note of loving pride which crept into her voice as she talked of this, her new home, for home means everything to her. Despite the general belief of the public concerning the private life of screen folk, they are for the most part a quiet, home-loving lot, and Miss Young is no exception to this rule. Her evenings are spent quietly reading or at the theater, seeing a good play or some of the best Moving Picture features, for she is vastly interested in the work of her screen colleagues. She has recently seen Henry Walthall in "The Truant Soul," a play she considers one of the best she has ever seen, and she praised Mr. Walthall highly, declaring him the best actor on the screen. When asked if she had any other favorites, her eyes smiled gently as she said "And 'Little Mary,' of course; we all love her." It was not necessary to ask whom she meant by "Little Mary," for the loving intonation in her voice could mean only one. There is no petty jealousy in her—her praise for

her little rival player clearly showed that—and one could not help but admire the big generosity that prompted it.

She looks upon Griffith as a master producer and regrets that she has never worked under him. Curiously, she is one of the few leading stars of today that has never profited by his teaching.

Perhaps her greatest triumphs are "My Official Wife," "Trilby" and "Camille," classics which had been immortalized on the stage, but which were left to her to endear to the hearts of the screen public.

The vivid, pulsating charm of her Camille is depicted with such an all-understanding faithfulness, that from the first, when she frisks into the scene a gay, flippant little Parisian courtesan, until the end, when she lies as silent and lovely and cold as her beloved camelia flowers clasped in her dead hands, she holds her audience completely enthralled.

The reality of her Trilby was enjoyed by most Du Maurier's readers. Debonair and gay—whimsically tragic—she portrayed so understandingly the varying moods of this contradictory heroine, that her audience laughed or wept with her. All her critics could say was that her Trilby was not Du Maurier's Trilby; nevertheless, it was an appealing creation.

For she has a way of creeping into your heart at unguarded moments—of mastering complete control of your emotions and dictating your laughter or tears at will. This power was unconsciously explained by her when she said:

"I like to study the part I am to appear in and imagine just what I would

do if I were experiencing the same thing in life. Sometimes I have to force myself to like the character I am about to do, but most often the girl I am playing is a very real, tangible individual whom I love very much. It was Mr. Blackton who first taught me to lose myself in the character I was portraying, and I have never ceased being grateful to him for this lesson.

"I enjoy visiting the theaters where my pictures are being displayed. I think it brings me nearer the public, and their approbation is very dear to me. You know," she added wistfully, "it is rather disheartening for us to play only to an unsympathetic camera—the warm response of your audience is missing—but I think being with them when the picture is shown makes up for this to a large extent."

There is nothing of the poseur or the "I-have-arrived-but-where-are-you" air about her. The quiet charm one involuntarily associates with her is even more evident in her off-screen personality, for she is simple and direct—as unspoiled as any girl whose name is not being acclaimed in every corner of the world. She is as refreshing as the soft purple twilight that comes at the end of a summer's day—and as beautiful!

It is very easy to come under her spell and very difficult to forget her. There is a shadowy sadness in her eyes that is enlightened by the rare smile which illuminates her face, tho never entirely dispels the wistfulness of it. She is very lovely, and one cannot wonder that Lillian Russell—once the most beautiful of them all—has pronounced her "the most beautiful woman on the screen."



## To Motion Picture Directors

By HARVEY PEAKE

Why not make some arrangement like this, so that late comers may know what the film is about?



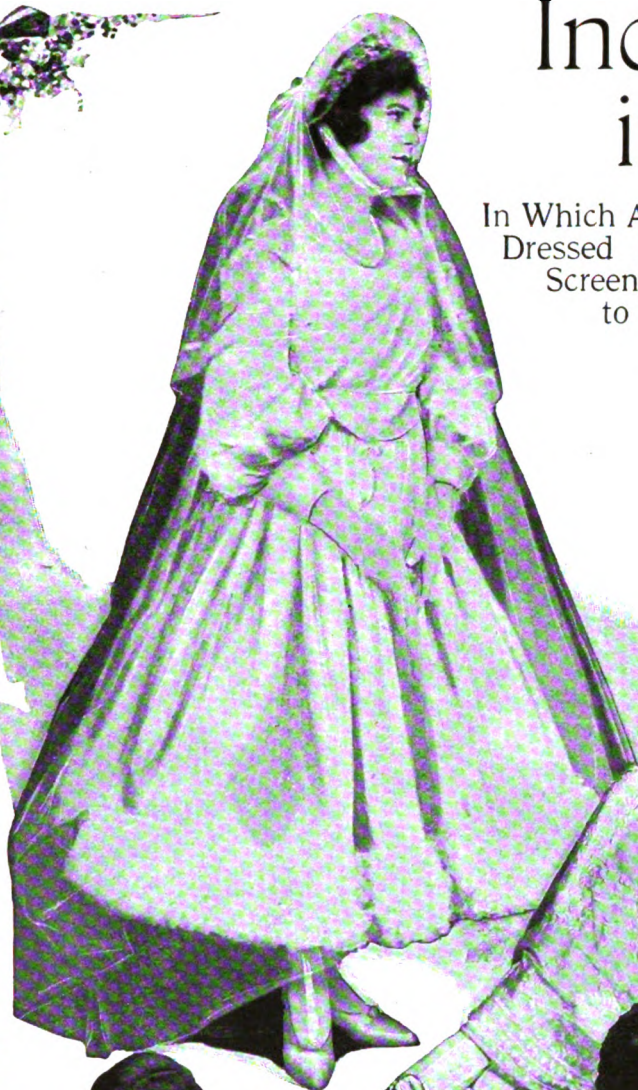
(Twenty-six)



# Individuality in Dress

In Which Ann Murdock, One of the Best-Dressed Actresses of the Stage and Screen, Gives Some Sound Advice to Her American Sisters

By CAROL LEE



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3



No. 4



No. 6



No. 5

Photo by  
Victor George

Photo by Davis  
& Sanford Co.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC has decided to devote some portion of its pages each month to a discussion of fashions and proper dressing for the assistance and guidance of those of its readers who desire such help. Of course we realize that you who go to the movies are interested in pretty clothes—the girl or woman who isn't, is

not normal. Rupert Hughes, the novelist, in his novel "Clipped Wings," says that medical science has overlooked a bet



sign six dainty summer frocks, Valentine Grant is going to outline the ideal two-weeks' vacation-wardrobe, Helen Holmes will design an outfit for the athletically inclined summer-girl. Anita Stewart will suggest the fragile, lovely things for the more indolent summer-girl—and so on.

The first story of all—this one—is by little Ann Murdock, the girl selected by the late Charles Frohman from among a throng of other clever and lovely young American actresses to be starred in "A Girl of Today," because she was "different." Miss Murdock is different not only in the matter of her work, but she has some very good ideas of dressing, which she wants to give

seldom enters her head.

"The American woman has style—lots of it. She is physically able to wear clothes advantageously. She ought to be the best-dressed woman in the world, but she isn't; she's only the *most* dressed. I want to see that changed. Every woman ought to study her own physical proportions with an eye to making them attractive. Every Frenchwoman is an individualist in her dress. Every American woman *ought* to be.

"A dear old lady I know concerns herself very much about me. She has often told me that I am conceited because I refuse to copy anybody else—in clothes as well as other things. I don't hold any such belief. It isn't conceit that makes a woman wonder just how she is going to look in a style built for another sort of woman. Of course, it's perfectly all right to get suggestions from other styles, and to adapt prevailing styles to one's own figure and personality."

All this impromptu lecture took place in the sunny, English, chintz-bright sitting-room of Miss Murdock's up-town apartment in New York. She sat opposite me, wearing a dear little morning frock of green, with touches of white, and her burnished, copper-colored hair glowed in the sunlight. I've often wondered what "copper-colored hair" really looked like,

Photo by Davis & Sanford Co.

in its numerous tests to discover whether or not a person is dead. Mirror tests and so forth are all right, according to Mr. Hughes, but the most infallible test of all is to whisper in the woman's ear, "Here's the very latest thing from Paris—just smuggled over." If she makes no move, it's safe to assume her dead!

But now, during these tense days, when the ship of state sails a troubled sea, American womanhood is patriotic enough to design her own gowns and depend on nothing from 'cross the seas.

These stories of fashion are to be written by some of the screen's most famous women—Alice Joyce is going to tell you how she makes her own frocks, from the choosing of the material, and design, thru the cutting, fitting and making, winding up with the finished dress doing duty in a scene. May Allison is going to de-

to you. Ladies and gentlemen—Miss Murdock is speaking.

"The reason I am designing my own frocks for my new Motion Picture venture, with Mutual, is because I am simply crazy on the subject. Some day, I think I shall lecture on the subject.

"Do you know why American women look like so many dolls dressed in the same shop? Why, simply because a few designers turn out a few models on which practically all styles are based. It doesn't make the least difference whether a woman be fat or lean or tall or short. If she suits the prevailing style, she's fortunate. If she doesn't, she's unfortunate. The idea of making the style conform to her own individual needs

Photo by Victor George

and now I know—I've seen Ann's. Her eyes are deep, dark pools of blue, beneath beautifully arched dark brows.

And now for the nicest thing about the interview—she has promised to help you who read this, if you want her to.

All you have to do is to write  
(Continued on page 74)

(Twenty-eight)

# Little Miss Nobody

By  
NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from  
the scenario of JOHN C. BROWNELL

(Universal)

LIFE to Bonnie was a large, dingy area of splintery fine flooring entirely surrounded with a sea of soapsuds. It seemed to her sometimes, when she thought about it at all, that she was completely steeped in this strong brew of yellow soft soap and grimy water. Her hands were shrunk with it; the skin, that was meant to be soft and pink and satin-smooth, was fretted and eaten into a mottled drab, the texture of sand-paper. The skirt of her calico gown was sodden from morning to night with the suds

which refused to turn other than a grimy face to the world with all her efforts, the little maid-of-all-work was in spirit wandering in the enchanted realm of Day-dream, the only true democracy where small princesses and scrub-girls are peers.

"Lady, I adore thee," the Prince was just saying in the deep, thrilling tones common to princes. "Thou art fair as a rose in the queen's garden! Come, flee with me to my castle beyond the sea, and thou shalt have a real satin waist for Sundays and ice-cream every day!"

"But if you please, sir"—so ran Bonnie's answer—"I'm not a fine lady, only Gaskall's Bonnie as belongs to no one. I aren't even got any other name like the rest of the girls. Gaskall found me in the almshouse and brung me here to scrub his floors. If you please, sir, I'm just Miss Nobody, that's all."

But was the Prince taken aback by this confession? Ah, you dont know princes if you think that! Bonnie's heart thudded madly under the horn buttons on her flat little calico breast as she saw with the eyes of her fancy the look of ineffable tenderness in his face. For a long time she had not known how the Prince looked, but very lately she had discovered that he had dark, crispy hair and a straight nose and a little cleft in his chin. The brown velvet robe he had worn hitherto had changed to a soft gray hat and rough, loose-fitting

A SCRUB-  
WOMAN'S HANDS  
WOULD NEVER DO  
FOR A PRINCESS

in which she knelt, and she looked at the world thru a continual haze of soap and steam. But soap-bubbles are iridescent in the sunlight, and hold in their filmy lenses as many flashes of light and jeweled colors as you could find in a priceless diamond. And Bonnie was very young and—tho she did not know it—very lovely in spite of her rough hands and calico, and so every day was a high adventure even in Joe Gaskall's sordid Half-Way House.

Now, as she knelt, eternally scrubbing, scrubbing the floor of the barroom,

Scotch tweeds, but there was no mistaking him for the Prince. She had recognized him as soon as he entered the road-house with the two pretty young ladies

(Twenty nine)



—princesses, no doubt—that afternoon three weeks ago.

"Thou art my lady and I adore thee—"

Bonnie swept her brush recklessly over the floor in her ecstasy of imagining, and it struck the pail, splashing a stream of dirty water over a square-toed cowhide shoe which suddenly obtruded into her dream.

"Watch what you're doing, — — — you!" snarled Joe Gaskall's voice in her ear. His heavy hand sank into the soft flesh of her arm as he shook her violently. "D'ye think I cram you with vittles so's to git sopped with your stinking soapsuds?"

He cursed freely and fluently, to the amusement of his companion at the small table, who watched the scene, half-hidden by his

clo'es. The Scriptor was dead correct when it says man wasn't meant to live alone."

Bull Dorgan, boss of the backwoods-men, chuckled loudly at his own aptness, and cast a leer upon Bonnie that sent her scuttling like a frightened little rabbit around the edge of the bar where he could not see her. Ugh! How she hated this man, with his grotesque gallantries so much more terrifying than Gaskall's brutality! Once he had kist her, and in the small hours of the night Bonnie shuddered on her hard attic bed at the remembrance of the feel of his thick, moist, greedy lips on her face.

Behind the shelter of the bar she could hear him bargaining with Joe Gaskall for the possession of her. Perhaps he meant to

a princess. He would not come for her, the dark, handsome Prince, so like the stranger who had spoken kindly to her and given her a half-dollar tip three weeks ago.

Then unexpectedly she caught the name which the two ladies had called



"D'YE THINK I CRAM YOU WITH VITTLES SO'S TO GIT SOPPED WITH YOUR STINKING SUDS?"

beer-glass, with small, appreciative eyes.

"Wot a hound you are, Joe!" he commented affectionately as the proprietor of the road-house, breathless with speech, turned from his abuse to refresh himself with a draught of Schlitz. "But dont you go to spilin' the gal's face, wot-ever you do. I got my eye on her myself. I need a 'ooman up in my cabin t' bake the sody biscuits an' wash my

marry her, perhaps not. Instinctively Bonnie realized that it would not matter much which happened if he once got her into his power. There were no rainbows of hope caught in her soapsuds now. She groped miserably in the darkness of the narrow space behind the bar, the fumes of stale tobacco and spilled alcohol deadening her dreams. No, she was only Bonnie, the drudge who could never be

him—"Arthur"—spoken by a newcomer on the other side of the bar.

"Yep—Arthur Wharton, that's the name. I guess the check's O. K. He looks like all kinds o' money. Funny, tho, a citified dude like him wantin' to live in a shanty on the mountain; but so long's he pays cash for it, I'll sell him a dozen shanties. Cash the check, Joe, and set 'em up on me!"

(Thirty)

"Wharton, sure I know him—dark-complected feller, eh?" Dorgan was speaking, a sneer tangled up in the words. "Him an' his sister was visitin' old man Grenville at his summer place a while back. Seems as how he knowed Mrs. Grenville once, but she threw him down to marry the old screw's millions. I guess they're waitin' for him to die, or leastways givin' an imitation of waitin'."

The men laughed knowingly, but their further conversation was fortunately lost to Bonnie's ears. An idea had her in its grip—an idea so simple, yet so dazzling in its possibilities that it almost took her breath away. Why should she not run away from the Half-Way House, from the soapsuds, the stale smells and harsh words, from Gaskall's blows and Bull Dorgan's kisses, find the Prince and throw herself on his kindness?—for that her Prince of the dark hair and cleft chin was kind, and good, and wonderful she had no doubt whatever. Bonnie was eighteen years old, but she still carried the heart of a child thru the foulness and sordidness of the days at the road-house.

At any time during the eight years she had slaved there she might have run away, yet it had not occurred to her to do so. She had taken life as it came, unquestioningly, uncomplainingly, seeking refuge from the wretched facts of the world in her glowing dreams; but since the day

Arthur Wharton  
had brought  
the two

shears, trying to make them look like his; she had sought the reflection of her small, pointed face, with its setting of tangled curls, in the barroom mirror, wondering wistfully whether any one would think it pretty; she had even rubbed lard into her broken, reddened hands in futile effort to make them smooth like the hands of the ladies who had been with him that day. And now the heaven had sprouted into this simple yet complex notion of running away!

It was a vaguely terrifying business, this leaving the roof that had sheltered her for so long. As she stole, late that night, down the steep, uncarpeted stairs, all her worldly possessions on her back or in the little bundle she carried under her arm, Bonnie was conscious of a coward impulse to turn about to flee back to her attic room. Yet something within her urged her on, the call of some clear, inner voice to

door and stepped under the stars with wildly beating heart.

"Connelly's shanty—on the mounting," she said aloud, in defiance of her chattering teeth. "That's where they said he was. I'd better be leggin' it or Joe'll be after me. It aint more'n three hours till sun-up."

It was gray dawn—

SHE  
STEPPED  
UNDER  
THE STARS  
WITH WILDLY  
BEATING HEART

ladies to the inn to seek shelter from a shower, the leaven of new instincts had been working in her soul. She had spent whole evenings toiling over her black, broken finger-nails with an old file and a pair of clumsy

the ears of her soul, speaking a tongue she did not understand, beckoning her on toward some far goal she could not see.

She turned the handle of the outer

light when she stumbled at last out



of the undergrowth, into the clearing in which Connelly's cabin stood, silent and stark in the cold light. As she approached the door, panic stirred in her heart. It was not that her artless simplicity was disturbed by any doubts as to the conventionality of a call upon a strange man at this hour and alone, but there was something vaguely disquieting in the look of the half-opened door and the sinister silence and gloom within. As soon as she had stepped into the cabin she knew what she had feared—foul play.

On the floor, crumpled up in a loose huddle of limbs where he had evidently fallen some hours ago, Arthur Wharton lay, breathing stertorously, his face black with dried blood that had flowed from a wound in his head, hidden by the thick, dark hair. Bonnie dropped beside him with a cry of anguish.

"My Prince! You aint dead, are you? Oh, dont be dead! Please! Please!" She pressed her lips, hardly conscious of what she was doing, to his forehead again and again, and as if he had heard her cry and come back to answer it, the man opened his eyes.

"Eleanor!" he muttered, with vast contentment. "I knew you'd come! My dear—my—dear——"

Whereupon he closed his eyes and began to breathe evenly and deeply like a man fallen into a healthy sleep. Bonnie rose to her feet, scarlet shame burning her lean little cheeks.

"Eleanor! She's the princess, stid o' me," she said sadly; then brightened with a comforting idea, "but she isn't here, and I am. I guess it's me that's got to look out for him now."

She got water in a bowl, found a towel and bathed the blood from his face and hair. The wound was long but not deep, such as might have resulted, she decided wisely, from the branch of a falling tree. He was evidently more dazed than otherwise injured, but he might have perished uncared for and alone in the woods if she had not come upon him.

She hugged this thought to her heart in the days that followed when she flitted about the little cabin, a being all light motion and joyous service, making broth for the sick man out of a partridge she shot herself, listening to his mutterings of "Eleanor," and cooling his fever with frequent compresses on his wound. It was very wonderful to this waif of fortune to feel his need of her, his dependence on her care. She often stood looking down on the great, inert man-bulk on the rude bed she had made for him on the floor, with awe and wonder tugging at her heart-strings. And in those few days, alone with him, she made a momentous discovery. She found out she was a woman, born to love and be loved, to need and be needed as women have always been, will ever be.

One day, a week later, she turned from her housewifely duties to find his eyes on her with a sane light in them. The gay garment of her song slid from her

lips, leaving them quivering. Shyness flooded her.

"I'm not Eleanor, 'scuse me," she began desperately. "I'm just Bonnie, if you please."

Faint amusement touched his lips.

"Bonnie?" He spoke slowly. "Bonnie who?"

"Nobody, sir." Her hands twisted and untwisted in anguish of shame. "I useter scrub floors at the Half-Way House. I aren't ever goin' back, tho."

He watched her silently, and she saw his eyes were the kind eyes of her Prince, and took courage from their quiet gaze.

"I want—I want to get away. To get out and up somehow; I'm tired of bein' a nobody. I want to be somebody—oh, I dunno how to say it! Mebbe you know what I mean."

"Tell me—everything," Arthur Wharton said gently. "I would like to understand."

In a moment the whole story was out on a flood-tide of tears. Bonnie had not cried under abuse, but kindness was more than she could bear. Great sobs shook her slender frame as she told him about Joe Gaskall who beat her, and Bull Dorgan who wanted her to bake his biscuits for him, and the great adventure of her running away.

"I'd ruther be dead than have Dorgan kiss me again!" Her eyes, blue as drenched violets, flashed. She clenched her two rough little hands. "Gawd! Yes, I'd rather die."

"I know," nodded the man, eyes grown very bitter; "there are a good many things harder than death. I know."

Bonnie saw his face turn gray and his eyes close under the lash of intolerable memory.

"Then—Eleanor," she faltered. "I thought—you said her name so often—"

"Eleanor!" He repeated the word harshly. "Beautiful, false, mercenary. I ought to hate you, dear, but I cant. God help me, I cant hate you, Eleanor!" He sat up on his pillows with a rush of nervous strength. He seemed to be speaking to some one in the room. "You are so beautiful and you know it so well. I know that you're just a whited sepulchre, dear, a beautiful flower sucking your strength from dead men's bones. I know you were false to me for his money, and you would be false to him if I beckoned you—and, God! how hard it is not to beckon!"

He writhed on the husk mattress with an inner agony of soul, and Bonnie saw the great drops spring out on his forehead. In an instant she was kneeling by his side, soothing him with piteous crooning, as a mother might soothe her sick child. He lay back, spent, on the pillows, and fell asleep, clutching her hand tightly in his own.

His recovery was slow, tho his wound healed swiftly. He was as one ravaged by a long, fiercely burning fever, content to lie hour by hour, watching Bonnie's slender figure flit about the cabin, the sun caught in her bright hair.

And as she worked she opened her heart to him, showing him all her crude ideals, her innate womanliness, her shy dreams.

On the first day of his being up and out of doors, Bonnie, who had gone down the hill to bring water from the spring, came flying back on feet winged with terror.

"Gaskall!" She pointed a shaking finger thru the trees. "He's coming—him an' Bull Dorgan an' Parson Haynes! He's heard I'm here an' come to git me. Oh, what'll I do?"

Moaning, she crept into the shelter of his arms and hid her face against his rough shirt. He felt her quiver from head to foot like a trapped wild thing.

"Dont be afraid, Bonnie," he told her quietly. "I wont let them get you."

Joe Gaskall broke into profanity when he saw the two in the cabin doorway, and uttered things no woman should hear. But Bull Dorgan's heavy face was livid with silent, sullen rage.

"Hand her over," he bade Wharton, with an ugly squaring of his undershot jaw. "I got as much right to her as you. More! I'm a-goin' to marry her!"

He pointed to the shameful garb of the renegade parson who preached at Land's End in the intervals of bestial drunkenness. Arthur Wharton surveyed the three men in silence. He was not afraid of them, but the piteous little figure on his arm made him hesitate to come to blows. Weak as he was, they would inevitably conquer him and carry her away, back to a life of drudgery and unspeakable degradation. Suddenly it was as tho a voice had spoken within him.

"Here is your chance to make good use of your ruined life. Here you can do something for a misery greater than your own."

He straightened up, turning to the bleary parson with that in his eyes that almost sobered him.

"I am going to marry this girl," he said quietly. "Bonnie, look up, child, and dry your eyes. Will you trust me to take care of you?"

Three nights later, Arthur Wharton sat in his sister's New York drawing-room; he had just finished telling her of his amazing marriage to the little waif whom Life had cast into his pathway, and who lay now sleeping sweetly in Charlotte's own bed upstairs.

"She is ignorant, ungoverned, but sound at heart, I believe," he said wearily. "Of course you understand there is no question of love in this, Charlie; that part of life is over for me."

His sister touched his hand gently.

"It is Eleanor still?"

"It is Eleanor," he nodded. "It will always and forever be Eleanor. She is—in town?"

Charlotte did not meet his haggard gaze. "Yes, since August. I believe Billy Hamilton has your place now. The old man is dying. If you had waited a

little longer you might have married her still."

Arthur Wharton laughed aloud—a laugh that was like a great gust of flame from charred ashes—and got to his feet. "Perhaps God has not quite abandoned me, after all, if He saved me from that!" he said bitterly. "No, no, Charlie, I still have the strength to pray not to see her again. But I can't stay here. I'll go abroad—to the East—Singapore—Japan—"

Then he laughed again, more humanly. "But I'm forgetting that I've married me a wife," he admitted ruefully. "I could hardly drag her off with me in my quest of nepenthe, could I?"

"She shall stay with me," said Charlotte. "Don't worry about her, Artie. I'm sure I shall love her dearly, the poor, starved, little thing! Leave her with me a year at least; then you can come back and we can make new plans."

So it was agreed that Bonnie was to stay while her Prince went wandering afield trying to forget the face and kisses of another, fairer woman. She took it quietly, as she accepted all else that Life offered her. Only once did she speak to him in personal strain, and that was when he came to say good-by.

"If you won't take me, maybe you'll take my love," she said wistfully. "Wherever you go, whether I ever see you again or not, it's all yours—always."

He carried her words with him in his memory when he set out for the East, and often in the months of his wandering they said themselves over in his brain like a gentle little strain of music. He thought, of course, continually of Eleanor in the nights on the desert under the hot, uneasy moon, or, in the sunny noontides when the sound of temple bells was clamorous in his ears and the sweet, cloying, sensuous smells of the bazaars were in his nostrils. But he thought of Bonnie, too, sometimes, unexpectedly, just as he was waking from sleep, or when he saw a little, simple flower nodding in the popped Eastern fields. And one day, six months after he had begun his wanderings, a letter, remailed from hotel to hotel, consulate to consulate, finally reached him in Algiers. It was from Charlotte, and its hasty punctuation and general incoherence were more significant than what she wrote.

"Bonnie is wonderfully improved," his

sister wrote abruptly. "You would hardly know your wild little bride in the demure little lady she has become. She is really very attractive; every one seems to think so. Eleanor Grenville is making quite a pet of her. You know she is a widow now? I can't say I'm particularly pleased to have her with the child so much. She has introduced her to Billy Hamilton, and he seems infatuated. I wish you would advise me what is best to do."

Arthur Wharton let the letter slip to the floor unnoticed; quite unexpectedly he felt himself like a trembling boy.



"Mebbe you'll take my love"

"Eleanor—Billy Hamilton"—he spoke thickly. "I'd better have handed her over to Dorgan at once!"

He whirled upon the porter. "Get my bag packed, and wire for a stateroom on the next boat!" he cried. "I'm going home."

From the boat he went straight to Eleanor Grenville's magnificent town home, sitting on the edge of the taxicab's seat as tho to hurry it on. He brushed by the butler who would have announced him.

"I can find my own way," he said grimly, and parted the heavy velour curtains into the drawing-room. There was no one there, but from the sun-room opening off one end he heard voices, and hesitated uncertainly.

"I tell you I've done all the dirty work I'm going to for you!" Wharton recognized Billy Hamilton's voice, pitched excitement-high. "I've tried hard enough to compromise the girl, but it can't be done. Hanged if I don't believe there are some faithful wives in the world, after all!"

Eleanor laughed softly. The sound brought the blood pounding to the temples of the man in the next room. Shamelessly he held his breath to listen.

"Your pride is hurt, Billy, that's all," cooed the woman. "He thought he was a regular heart-breaker, didn't he? And his beautiful eyes don't make any impression on a little schoolgirl from the backwoods. Poor Billy! What a shock to his vanity!"

"She's a good girl, too good to be fooled by rotters like us!" Billy's voice was bitter. "She loves that husband of hers you're angling for. Well, I'm done! That's flat. I won't touch your beastly job of entangling her again!"

"I believe, Billy," mocked the cool voice, "I believe to my soul you've fallen in love with her!"

"That," said Billy Hamilton fiercely, "is neither your business nor any one's. If it is so, it's the only clean thing I've done for years. I'm the lowest of the low, I know, but I'm not low enough to try to pass off the worthless check of my affections on Bonnie Wharton. God bless her—she's as true as steel!"

He came, a haggard figure, from the sun-room, and plunged by Arthur Wharton without seeing him. A moment later the outer door banged behind him. The rustle of skirts sounded over the cement floor of the sun-room, and Eleanor's pettish exclamation:

"The unspeakable fool!"

She stood in the doorway, staring into Arthur Wharton's blazing eyes with amazement, then growing terror. As she struggled for composure, he interrupted

## Don't Fail to Order a Copy of the July Classic

If you like this first number of the Bigger and Better Classic, you will surely like the second number

We know that this number of the Classic is far better than all preceding numbers, but it is not yet what it shall be. Rome was not built in a day. Among other things, we have been compelled to omit the score of the

ANITA STEWART ONE-STEP, By MURIEL POLLOCK

but this excellent music will surely appear in the July number. We have also arranged to present our readers with a handsome painting of Lone Star, the Indian, who is well known to picture patrons. It is by Leo Sielke, Jr., and it is an art subject suitable for framing. It alone is well worth 20 cents and more, and that is the price of the whole number of the July Classic, which, we assure you, will be a better number than this one. Place your order with your newsdealer NOW!



what she would have said with a grim gesture of finality.

"So *that* is the thing you are!" he said, and straightened his shoulders like a man released from an intolerable burden. "And to think I've wasted five years loving you!"

She clutched at his sleeve frantically. "It was all for you," she babbled. "I wanted you—I've always wanted you, Arthur. You love me, not that puling little simpleton you married. You know you love me——"

But he cast her off savagely and swung on his heel.

gone. The group of well-dressed, low-voiced men and women in Charlotte Wharton's drawing-room looked up with a sense of expectation at the tall, stern-lipped man who stood suddenly in the doorway, as tho they felt the staid atmosphere of after-dinner conventionality quicken and tingle with an electric wave of primal emotions. After one incredulous glance, Charlotte ran to him, scattering phrases of surprise as she went.

"Artie! You dear old boy! But why didn't you write? Of all things—and we thought you were in Algiers——"

Her brother put her gently aside. His

ing-gown, but with the same honesty and clarity in her violet eyes, Bonnie stood before her husband, smiling her timid, wistful smile. A great humbleness held the man in its grip. He touched her hand, shy as a boy.

"I'm tired, Bonnie"—his deep voice trembled. "I've traveled so far—missed my way so often—but you are *home*, dear. Can I—will you let me—stay?"



"I'M TIRED, BONNIE—I'VE TRAVELED SO FAR——"

"Thank God I can hate you at last!" he said grimly, and was

eyes were searching the group about the fireplace eagerly.

"My wife—where is she?"

A little, white-clad figure rose from the shadows and came across the room with faltering steps. The wild beauty softened, the rough hands smooth as the white neck above her simple even-

She did not answer in words, but the face she lifted to his kiss was glorified, like the face of a bride, nor did she steal shyly away from him, but stood proudly, lovingly, face to face—his woman, his mate.

Little Miss Nobody was Somebody at last.

(Thirty-four)



# *A Bit of Fluff From Folly Land*

~ ~ by Carol Lee ~ ~



**S**HE'S only a slim, gold-haired, heavy-lidded, blue-eyed kid, but she has lifted herself, in her brief scarcely more than twenty years, to a top rung on the ladder of film stardom. Barely five feet tall, with short curls and big, innocent eyes, a red-lipped childish mouth, and a man-size bundle of talent, Mae

(Thirty-five)

Murray challenges your attention from the top rung out at the Lasky studio.

You see, it all started back in Portsmouth, Virginia, about twenty years ago. For it was then that she opened her big, startled eyes at the new world, looked it over, gravely decided that she liked it and went back to sleep. At sixteen she

graduated from a Boston high school and set out to be a dancer. Her parents wisely offered little objection, for she had inherited a temper and a great deal of obstinacy. Thus her career as a dancer suffered no detriment from ill-advised objection or parental disfavor.

She applied for a position in the



Ziegfeld "Follies," and the very audacity of her coming to such a place with no experience and only the knowledge she had gained from dancing-school to back her up, earned her a hearing. She was fresh and lovely and unspoiled. And the Ziegfeld "Follies" had a reputation for young and lovely girls. So she was given a position in the chorus, 'way back in the last row, and in the middle at that. At first, all she ever saw of the audience was in brief glimpses. And the audience had only very brief glimpses of her. But they liked even such glimpses and begged for more. So she was rapidly advanced to the front and then given a little better part.

She was the original Nell in "The Brooklyn Girl," by the way, and won everybody, even the crusty, soured and cynical critics.

Just about the time the dance-craze swept the country, Miss Murray was a leading light in the Ziegfeld constellation, and she was offered a splendid position in one of

Manhattan's newest, most exclusive—and expensive—cabarets, and she took it. She danced for two seasons

in the cabarets, then went back to her first love, the "Follies."

But she was entirely too pretty and too talented dramatically to stay there. Jesse L. Lasky, on one of his trips to

results. So Miss Murray was asked to submit to photographic tests preparatory to a contract.

One month later she was speeding West, a contract, on which the ink was scarcely dry, reposing in her neat little hand-bag. And, in California, preparations were rapidly going forward for her first play, so that the morning after her arrival she began her work as the regally sweet and haughty heroine of Mary Johnston's "To Have and To Hold." And feminine picture-fans will hold her lucky in that her introduction to the world behind the magic screen was made by the side of Wallace Reid, who played Captain Ralph Percy, the dashing, good-looking hero.

It's a far cry from cabaret-dancing and the Ziegfeld "Follies" to the days when maids were bought for a few pounds of tobacco. But that was the jump made by little Miss Murray, from stage-land to her first picture. And in spite of the fact that she's one of the best-dressed girls on Broadway, both her initial Lasky pictures have been costume plays, as the second was "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," from the dainty little comedy by Agnes and Egerton Castle, "The Bath Comedy." In the first picture Miss Murray did for Lasky, her costumes were plain and simple; but as "Sweet Kitty," in her



"I'd enjoy changing costumes fifteen times a day," she cried, the second day she had been busy on "Sweet Kitty." "I've lost my heart to the character I'm playing, and the frocks are the sweetest things ever. Oh, *why* don't they wear dresses like that now?"

Seeing her in a great velvet hat with sweeping plumes, a trailing satin frock covered with lace, her wrists caught with black velvet bands, and her little feet, in their absurd little black velvet slippers, twinkling in and out beneath the voluminous skirt, one is tempted to echo "Why?" Perhaps, because in this case "the woman makes the clothes."

(Thirty-six)

New York, saw her and believed that she would be a good photographic subject. Just the year before, he had culled one of Mr. Ziegfeld's brightest blossoms, Ina Claire, and had screened her art and loveliness, with remarkably profitable

second, the reigning favorite of an Irish regiment, and the toast of the county, her costumes were exquisite and she fairly reveled in them.



# Marin Sais

## The Farmer Girl of the Screen

Baseball players may invest their earnings in billiard parlors; stenographers their nest-eggs in beauty shops; but Kalem's charming "American Girl" is an advocate of the "Back to the Farm" idea, and all of her pin-money goes to purchase blooded pigs, cows and chickens

By HECTOR AMES

**I**F you are ever in the vicinity of Lund, Utah, by all means ask the nearest native the way to the ranch owned and operated by Miss Marin Sais, the vivacious heroine of innumerable Kalem pictures. And if, perchance, this wholesome American girl should happen to be at home, prepare yourself for a talkfest that will leave you dazed and wondering if life on the farm isn't about the ideal life.

Who can deny that Fate (spelled with a capital letter) plays queer tricks on all of us? Had it not been for a most disheartening incident that threatened to wreck the operatic career of Miss Sais, and really did change it to one in pictures, readers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC would not be carrying in their minds recollections of the refreshing screen personality of this California girl, descended from one of the oldest Castilian families in America.

Marin Sais was in the East when it happened, winning countless admirers with her superb voice. The thought that her voice was gone, perhaps forever, was maddening. And then there came an offer from the Kalem Company—an opportunity to do some comedy rôles. The irony of it was pathetic. She, whose whole heart and soul had been set upon an operatic career, to be forced to play before the camera in comedies! But she put on a bold face, and it was only a short while before her ability was recognized and she was transferred to one of the dramatic companies.

Success came quickly after that. She was given the leads in a number of features, of which "The Pitfall" is a good example. Then came "Stingaree"; "The Social Pirates" series, in which she shared the stellar honors with Ollie Kirkby; "The Girl from Frisco" series of two-part Western dramas, written by Robert Welles Ritchie, twenty-five in all; and now Miss Sais bids fair to surpass all of her former work in "The American Girl," a series written by Frederick R. Becholdt, which will occupy her time until early fall.

What patrons and patronesses of the opera have lost has been given to lovers of Motion Pictures, and I can assure you that Marin Sais is so enthusiastic over her screen career that she would not change matters now if she could.

Second only to the whole-hearted devotion of this talented player to her camera-work is her enthusiasm for the great out-of-doors. One of the favorite sports of the Kalem players

at Glendale, California, is the tipping-off of an automobile salesman that Miss Sais is a "live" prospect. The smooth salesman, all smiles, will show up at the studios with a five-thousand-dollar car which he wishes to demonstrate to this girl who prefers her fleet-footed horses to the finest automobile ever created. As the crestfallen salesman departs, Miss Sais' associates will crowd round to hear him tell his experience. "First girl I ever met in my life that wouldn't fall for a machine" is the invariable reply. "Say, that star tells me she is dumping all of her salary into a ranch somewhere in Utah. Can you beat it?"

And that is exactly what she is doing, as you can see by the accompanying illustrations. And who, in these days of undreamed-of prices for live-stock and produce, will deny that Marin Sais is wise beyond her time in thus investing her money?



MABEL JULIENE

SCOTT

Photo by White

Rex Beach and His Com-  
pany of New  
Players Who  
Produced  
"The  
Barrier"



Photo by Moody

EDWARD  
ROSEMAN

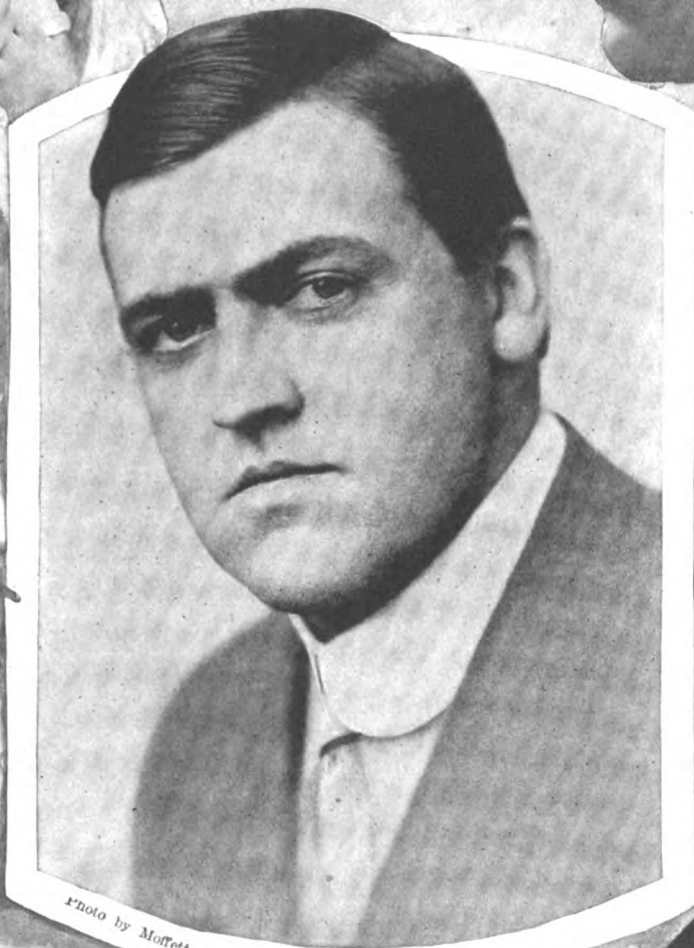


Photo by Moffett

REX BEACH



Photo by White

VICTOR SUTHERLAND

(Thirty-eight)



RUSSELL SIMPSON



Photo by White

MITCHELL LEWIS

# Psyche Gone Wrong

By H. H. VAN LOAN

With illustrations by GALE HENRY

WHEN the Plymouth Rocks curbed their daily outlay, despite the excellent prices being paid for their wares, and the decrepit old Jersey checked the flow of her product, Miss Phyllis Falters, pride of Pottage, decided to abandon the hen-house and cowshed and turn her attention to some profession which would kick her about a mile ahead of the drum-major in the big-success procession.

For sixteen years she had played maid to the chickens and butler to the cow with a faithfulness that approached white slavery. As she took a "long shot" of the years amassed in her young life she realized that she owed a lot of stuff to art. She had read about a dame whose only excuse for fame was the fact that she drest in a sheet, wore a couple of busted arms broken off above the elbows, in addition to a braid of hair coiled around her dome. Any one who could marathon into fame with such a handicap convinced her that this Venus dame must have had a remarkable press-agent. She didn't particularly care about getting her picture on a postage stamp, or having a holiday named after her; all she wanted was a chance to pluck some fame, and it didn't matter a great deal if it went across under the guise of notoriety.

Now, Phyllis wasn't the last of her line, but she was so near to it that the slightest vibration would have had a tendency to erase her ancestors and descendants right out of consideration by historians. The folks in Pottage used to rumor it that somebody must have tickled her when she was still in her swaddling-clothes. Whether this was true or not failed to be unearthed by archaeologists, who, while they admitted she might have gained a pedestal in some side-show as a specimen of Nature's cruelty, yet she would be of greater service to her generation doing permanent duty in a cornfield. But there wasn't much corn on the land that she came from and the country was too poor for crows.

Now, Pottage was a thriving hamlet on the Missouri River, where it swung around Wallie Dobb's barn, preceding its entrance into Abe Spiffins' orchard. Phyllis had labored so long for Spiffins that she had calluses on her knees and ingrowing headaches. Abe kept her around to work for her board, and made a fortune with her in sixteen years, because he fed her only every time she kicked. Pottage wanted to be cosmopolitan, but its six residents—including Dobb's pig and Spiffins' cow—couldn't stand the pressure. It was just far enough from everything to get nothing when the stuff was being passed around, and one of the results was that they never received the full account of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown



GALE HENRY

until late last fall. Then it came to light thru the eyes of Phyllis, who saw a review of a Moving Picture based on the event, as she was wrapping up a pair of soles to take to Jonas Inklestraw, who had made the lowest bid for building tops to them.

Immediately a bunch of inspiration struck her like a hurricane tuned up to full speed accompanied by a first-class wind as an auxiliary engine. She would make one flying leap into filmdom and crash into the lead of stellar stuff, regardless of the cost.

Two days later Phyllis boarded the tri-weekly train for Kansas City, with a bunch of clean thoughts and a change of hairpins, assisted by a ticket with thirty dollars' worth of miles and "Universal City" stamped as the climax. She was told by the conductor to remain on the train until it didn't have any other place to go. And she did. She lashed herself to the observation platform, leaving it only long enough to get a "hand out" in the diner occasionally. She stuck to that back platform so long that she changed her nationality en route, and when the thing pulled into Los Angeles all she lacked was a dish of chop suey to pass as a direct descendant of Confucius. Phyllis was pretty well shook up—besides and insides.

The fourth day after leaving Pottage the fair Phyllis discovered Universal City. In order to grab a bunch of celluloid atmosphere, she footed it out from Hollywood and attracted more attention than the Twelve Apostles did after they returned from the Sea of Galilee with

that historic fish-story. But to Phyllis it meant admiration.

Arriving at the entrance to the film city, she paused and took a peek. At that particular moment she looked more like a railroad signal, with no trains in the block, than anything else, for Phyllis had a figure that seemed to be a composite of all the numbers from one to ten and a couple more that we don't know anything about.

Now, Moving Pictures have any number of species since they first began to be a habit, but the residents of Universal City admit that for beauty, grace, form, nerve and wardrobe, Phyllis Falters eclipsed anything that ever whizzed thru its portals. I say whizzed because that's just what Phyllis did. She backed up, slipped off her chains, and then shot ahead and never stopped until she skidded up to the desk of the employment clerk. And there she came to a full period, with her engine throwing off steam.

The clerk, who had long since taken on weight from sitting around, looked up with all the dignity becoming a man of his position and tortoise-rimmed glasses.

"Can't you read?" he blurted out as he took a bird's-eye view of the institution before him.

"I—used—ter—sir. Usen't you?" replied Phyllis, as she came up for air.

"Well, then, take a 'long shot' of that sign on the door!" he added. "It says 'No Admittance.'"

"I couldn't stop," panted the modern edition of Cleopatra.

"Some day you'll strip your gears doin' that, Miss Venus," added the clerk.

"I aint Miss Venus," she corrected him. "I'm Phyllis Falters, of Pottage, Missouri."

"Where's that?" he inquired, somewhat in doubt, as he leaned back and scratched his head.

"On the left-hand side of the Missouri River, two miles from Len Hilken's farm, as the crow flies," she answered proudly.

"What lured you so far from the hen-house?" he inquired, growing interested.

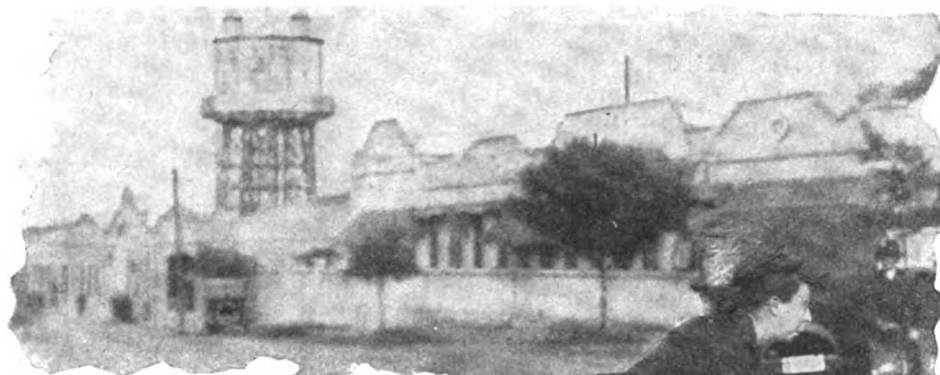
"Pitchers," continued Phyllis. "Want to be a Theda Pickford." And the coyness which accompanied that remark stamped her at once as a star of the first water.

At that moment Director William Worthington rushed into the office, very much excited.

"Say, Brown, I'm waitin' on you," he began. "The set is all ready, and I'm ready to shoot, but I've got to have a Psyche. How'n the—dickens—do you think I can make a picture of 'Psyche at the Bath' without a Psyche? Cant I have Gretchen Lederer?"

The man behind the desk shook his head as he glanced over a list of names





ON THE FOURTH DAY AFTER LEAVING  
POTTAGE, THE FAIR PHYLLIS DIS-  
COVERED UNIVERSAL CITY

before him. "You can't have Lederer, Gonzalez, Hill, MacLaren, McDowell, Hunt—in fact I don't know whom you can use," mused the clerk.

The face of the director flushed with anger. He was sore clean thru, to be held up in his work like this, when he was all ready to go ahead. He stood for some seconds, impatiently chewing on the stub of a cigar, and then turned and started to leave. But something happened to come between him and the door, and that something was none other than Phyllis. She looked like a spinster who was listening to her first and only proposal.

"Can you act?" inquired Worthington, somewhat brusquely.

"Wal," she hesitated, "Abe Spiffins used to say I was born to become a great subtitle." And the way she looked at the director made him appreciate the hand of Nature more than ever before in his life.

"By Jove! I believe she could do it!" he exclaimed as he turned to Brown, who had now risen from his desk and voyaged



PHYLLIS JUMPED INTO "THIRD" AND  
RUSHED THRU THE DOOR

around to the front. Then Worthington took a little trip around her, studying her defined dents and angles like a man contemplating the purchase of a mare at auction.

"Wouldn't do any harm to spend a few feet on her," suggested Brown, as he gave her a couple of squints.

"I believe I'll do that," decided the director. Then, as he started out, "Come with me," he added as he beckoned to her.

Phyllis jumped into "third" and rushed thru the door, only to receive a puncture, just as she crossed the threshold, in the form of Brown, who held up her progress long enough to get her name and address.

"Before we get any further, let me see what you can do," said the director, as they started down the walk leading to the dressing-rooms. "Step over there and strike an emotional pose. Make it happiness—get me?"

She galloped a few feet away and, with a bunch of cars for a background, struck a remarkable pose. It was a hesitation between a floating attitude and a crucifixion, while her features resembled that of one about to order prunes.

"That's rotten!" shouted Worthington. "Come along."

Reaching his office, he motioned her to a seat and left her with some of the members of his company while he went over to take a look at his "set."

The chattering ceased immediately, and each one took "long shots" and "close-ups" of the country gem as she gradually submerged into a chair near the window.

"She'd bring a big price at an antique sale," whispered Franklyn Farnum to a little ingénue who was spending most of her life, just then, gazing into her little mirror as she applied powder here and there.

"Unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me," added the fresh creature as she puckered up her haughty nose and drew her gown closer about her.

"It must be terrible to grow like that," said the camera-man who blew in at that moment.

"It's a crime in some States," interrupted the "property boy" who slouched in, looking for the director.

"I'll bet she was one of the spectators at the burning of Rome," remarked Billy Beaudine.

"Naw," argued the "property boy," "she's too young for that; she's the mother of the children of Israel."

"Are you talking about me?" inquired Phyllis, as she noticed the others snickering.

"Naw; I'm recitin' 'The Ride of Paul Revere,'" replied the youth.

"Front!" shouted Worthington, as he stuck his head in the doorway. "You!" he added, as he beckoned to Phyllis.

"Hither I come," she answered, as she swept gracefully from the room, leaving a very enthusiastic audience behind her.



IT WAS A HESITATION BETWEEN A  
FLOATING ATTITUDE AND A  
CRUCIFIXION

He led her to one of the dressing-rooms. The door was open, and seated inside was Agnes Vernon, who was attractively gowned and all made up, waiting the call-boy.

"I want to introduce you to the star who discovered that women can act," said the director as he winked to the actress. "Miss Vernon discovered the basic principle of Moving Pictures," he added.

"Wasn't that thoughtful of you!" grinned the maid from the soil.

"Now go in and make up," said Worthington.

Phyllis stared at him in surprise. "Why, we've never had any words between us," she remarked as she turned to the star.

"I'll be ready for you in about five minutes," continued the director, ignoring her words. "I want to shoot you in a couple of scenes."

(Forty)



AGNES VERNON GAZED AT THE OBJECT IN CONSTERNATION

"How murderous of you!" she ejaculated. "If you do, may the crime be on your head, Mister—I've forgotten your name."

Agnes Vernon gazed at the object in consternation. Here, really, was the culmination of all the ugliness in creation, a reissue of history, a travesty on beauty, and an evidence of how cruel Nature can be when she gets real angry.

"You're just wonderful!" she remarked as she handed Phyllis the lip-rouge, grease-stick, mirror and other implements.

"Do you really think so?" inquired the débutante as she smiled sweetly in return. To Agnes she looked as tho she were trying to peek over her own eyebrows.

"You're the one thing lacking—somewhere," she informed her as she stared in wonder and dismay at the rural specimen.

"Am I, real-ly? Do you think so?" came from the studio débutante.

"You might as well give me back those utensils," said the star, with a discouraged look; "you cant improve it, no matter what you do."

Phyllis was somewhat smitten with the words, and yet she wasn't sure she knew what the girl was driving at. So she just sighed and gave them back to Agnes.

"Are you ready?" asked Worthington, who bobbed in at that moment.

"Oh, yes—very," said Phyllis, as she passed out.

"Now then," began the director, as he escorted her to the big stage, where the camera-man and the remainder of the company were waiting for them, "in this picture you are supposed to be married. Your husband is very jealous of you,

while you, on the other hand, are a vampire."

"Oh, I couldn't be one of them things," protested Phyllis, as she drew back. "Abe Spiffins told me that one of them vampires got into the milk one day and soured ten quarts of cream. I hate anything germey."

"Egad! what are you talkin' about, woman?" exclaimed Worthington, in disgust. "This isn't a germ, and it hasn't anything to do with cows or milk! You trifle with your husband's affection. Get me?"

Phyllis shook her head sorrowfully. "I dont get-cher," she admitted.

"You are supposed to love him," he

explained. "You do, but you dont. Instead, you love another just as much as you do him."

"O-o-oh, yes," from Phyllis. She pondered for a moment. Then she became frightened. "Suppose the Methydist minister hears of this?"

"You'd be chucked right out of the congregation," he encouraged her. "But never mind about him now. I'll tell him about it after the war is over. As I said before, you trifle with your husband's affection, and the other man is an artist. You are caught posing for him as 'Psyche at the Bath,' by your husband, who disowns you. He puts you out of his home, in the middle of the night. The next day he starts divorce proceedings. You appear in court, clothed in black and suffering mental shame and misery. The sight of your children, sitting with their father, who is fighting to gain possession of them, fills you with bitter remorse, and you appeal to him for forgiveness. He weakens, there is a reconciliation, and all ends well. Now then, go to it. Camera!"

"Must I?" inquired Phyllis, stupidly, as she remained staring, with blank expression, at the director.

"Camera!" I shouted. Didn't you hear me? Get over there on the nine-foot line! No, not there—over further. Get in front of the camera!" yelled Worthington.

The camera-man was ready, with his hand on the crank; Lena Baskette and Zoe Du Rae, who were playing the children, were seated at the table, while the husband and court officers stood near for the big scene which was to reconcile the entire family and stamp Phyllis as the Bernhardt of her age.

"Now then," began the director all over again, "the husband has told the miserable story of your intrigue; you are filled with remorse and regret, and, with pleading tones and tears in your eyes, you turn to him for pity and forgiveness. Rehearse it first!"

Phyllis took one look at the rest of the



SHE WAS NUDE FROM THE WAIST NORTH, AND A HUGE SILK BOW LOCATED ABOUT NORTH BY EAST HALF-EAST CONVINCED ME IT WAS ABOUT THE NEAREST SHE'D EVER GET TO MARRIAGE



company, grasped her sturdy umbrella, and placing her body in the shape of a spiral staircase, she opened her mouth until her back molars showed. Then she started to act.

"Ugh, ugh—" she began. She was set like a peddler with a pack on his back. "Stop! stop! For God's sake, stop!" shouted the director. "There are no ughs in this. You're not getting your teeth pulled—you're seeking forgiveness. Now then, try it again!"

Poor Phyllis! She remained rooted to the spot like Lot's wife. Her position was that of some one who had started something and couldn't finish it.

"She looks like a copy of Victory on the bow of a ship," commented the camera-man.

"That habit comes from calling cows," added the little ingénue, who was waiting for her cue.

"Take twenty feet of that just as it's anchored there!" shouted the director. "And dont knock it over, or it may break."

The camera-man shoved his machine into the center of the stage and trained his lens on Phyllis, who seemed to be glued, cemented and riveted to the boards.

"Come back—" she started.

"Dont say a d—n word, now!" shouted Worthington. "If you do, you'll spoil the effect I'm after. Get twenty feet of her. Quick! If she ever loses that pose she'll never get it again!"

The camera-man churned out twenty feet, and then added five for good measure.

"Now then," continued the director, as he walked over to Phyllis, "go and change your clothes and we'll take the parting scene—the stuff in your home, where your husband throws you out. Put on one of those décolleté things. I want to show your beautiful arms and neck."

The wardrobe-lady, tho she used every means known to science to make Phyllis attractive, finally gave up in disgust. No matter what was slipped over her in the line of finery, Phyllis looked the same. She was one of those institutions that couldn't be repaired.

"Who's going to play opposite me in this stuff?" inquired Franklyn Farnum, as he stepped up to Worthington, who at that moment was giving instructions to his assistant.

"You'll see her in a minute," replied the director. "It's the greatest argument for birth control I've ever seen. Here she comes."

"How can any one look at that and remain neutral?" said Farnum, as he gazed at his leading-woman who was approaching. She wasn't exactly running, and it couldn't be termed as a walk. It was something between a trot and a canter. She was a cyclonic hit from the tips of her two "submarines" to the extreme ends of her disheveled hair. The wardrobe-lady had slipped her a gown which was neither evening, morning nor afternoon, but resembled one of those crea-

tions we see in divorce courts on stormy days. She was nude from the waist north, and a huge silk bow, located about north by east half-east convinced me it was just about the nearest she'd ever get to marriage.

When she came to a halt she seemed about as uncertain of her supports as an



SHE WAS SO CLOSELY RELATED TO "SEPTEMBER MORN" THAT THE DIFFERENCE DIDN'T MATTER

individual passing thru "Traitor's Gate."

"So I've got to take this along with me," remarked Farnum, as he turned to Worthington.

"It wont be for long," the director encouraged him.

"It wont be even that long," vowed the actor, as he walked over to Phyllis and scrutinized the specimen from head to foot.

"Who are you?" inquired the rural weed, as her eyes feasted on the handsome leading-man.

"I'm the company that ruined Belgium," replied the actor.

"Hon-nest?" said Phyllis. "Was she your star before?" she continued, innocently, as the others snickered.

"Yes," answered Farnum.

"My goodness! I hope you dont devastate me," she added, growing rather scared.

"You were wrecked from the beginning," said Farnum. Then he raised his hand as if to strike her, and held it above her head, as he shouted: "Now then, you get out of here! I cant afford to permit such an—an—an 'It' like you to blast my reputation. Get out!"

Phyllis at that moment looked interesting. She appeared like a mixture of a scenic railway and a person coming to the surface for the third time, while her eyes were rolled heavenward like a couple of peeled onions.

Worthington took one look and then became enthusiastic. "Say, get that! Quick, Bill! That's just the effect I'm after. Take fifty feet of it."

The camera-man got it.

"Say, Worthington," began the actor, as he walked away from Phyllis, "you dont mean to tell me you're going to use that?"

"Dont annoy me, Frank," replied the director, as he shooed him off. "I'll tell you about it in church."

With a firm belief that her reputation was being perforated, Phyllis went to the wardrobe-lady for comfort and encouragement. But she didn't get it. All she got was a second-hand union-suit and a couple of yards of white crêpe to keep her from disgrace. She was so closely related to "September Morn" that the difference didn't matter, and her gown could be adequately described in one word.

"I cant face the world like this," said Phyllis, as she gazed into the mirror, horror-stricken.

"You wont have to," the wardrobe-mistress assured her; "just face the camera, that's all."

But Phyllis couldn't muster up enough courage to creep out on the stage, for she didn't have enough on to catch cold. She pleaded with the wardrobe-mistress to ask the director if he wouldn't take the picture in his office, and finally she succeeded.

While the jailer of the gowns went after the director, Phyllis studied the picture of Psyche. Not only could she duplicate that pose, but she could make the immortal Greek dame resemble an Italian scrub-woman afflicted with obesity and the gout.

When Worthington arrived with his camera-man, he found Phyllis in the office of the wardrobe-mistress, standing in a wash-basin in a semi-Psyche pose as she gazed longingly into the big mirror.

"By Gad! get that or it's the last time you ever turn a crank for me!" yelled the director. And before Phyllis had

(Continued on page 66)

(Forty-two)

Our  
Miss  
Barrymore  
by Pearl Gaddis

WHEN I learnt on arriving in Jacksonville and registering at the Mason Hotel that Miss Ethel Barrymore was also stopping there, I was "unspeakably thrilled." But my hopes were dashed almost instantly when my informant added, "But you won't be able to see her, she leaves tonight." I turned to the clerk, "Is Miss Ethel Barrymore gone?" "Yes," he answered, "she left just a few moments ago." I turned away sick with disappointment. Above all, when I started to Florida I had wanted to interview Miss Barrymore. I wanted to cry.

"I beg your pardon," said a cool, sweet voice that was like liquid velvet, "did I hear you ask for me?" And I looked up into the calm but friendly eyes of Ethel Barrymore.

Overjoyed, I could only gasp, fish-like:

"Miss Barrymore!"

She smiled.

"Until an hour ago I was Miss Barrymore," she answered. "But now I'm Mrs. Russell Colt—only because I am leaving in a few moments with my husband for a vacation in Palm Beach. And the moment I finished my last scene and got my make-up off I ceased to be Ethel Barrymore," she added, explanatorily (is there such a word? I don't know, I'm sure, but if there isn't there *ought* to be!)

I made a request for an interview, but she shook her head in smiling distaste.

"Please—no!" she begged. "I have ten minutes before I leave, so let's just sit and talk; I dislike being interviewed."

Subsequently I found this to be true. She also dislikes posing for photographs and always puts such tasks off until the last possible moment. But when she can evade posing for photographs no longer,

(Forty-three)



ETHEL BARRYMORE

she goes, takes her maid, a trunkful of stunning costumes and grimly puts her whole self into the disagreeable task.

We were seated comfortably in the lobby of the Mason and, to the tune of jangling telephones, monotonous calls from "paging" bell-boys, all the thousand-and-one sounds of a well-conducted, prosperous tourist hotel, we had a few moments of quiet conversation.

Miss Barrymore—pardon, Mrs. Russell

Colt—told me about her lovely New York home—not as a successful and prosperous actress talking to a gaping-eyed interviewer, but as a well-bred woman talking quietly and with dignity to a chance acquaintance. She also told me about her children—jolly, sturdy youngsters, all of them, with happy faces and the joyous good spirits of healthy, well-bred "kiddies."

"This is my first vacation I have had in years," she said, speaking of this new trip, "and I am looking forward eagerly to it. I'm as happy as a child over the fact that my husband and I are to have this lovely, lazy month in Palm Beach together. His work keeps him very, very busy, of course, and so does mine. But now we are running away like two children. I have packed frocks and things that would photograph abominably—chiefly white—and I'm going to forget entirely that I know what a studio is like!"

Mr. Colt, you may know, is a very prosperous New Yorker. He "does things" in Wall Street.

We talked about Mrs. Colt's screen-work and I learnt that "The Awakening of Helena Richie" is to her the finest bit of work she has ever done. It wasn't until she had seen this play on the screen that she was willing to turn her back on the stage permanently.

The woman who can give us three such distinctly different characterizations as "Our Mrs. McChesney," her last stage-play, "Helena Richie," and Nightingale Nan in "The White Raven," is a precious acquisition to the screen-world.



# A Quartet of the Month's Prominent Leading-Men



Photo by National

EVART OVERTON (VITAGRAPH)

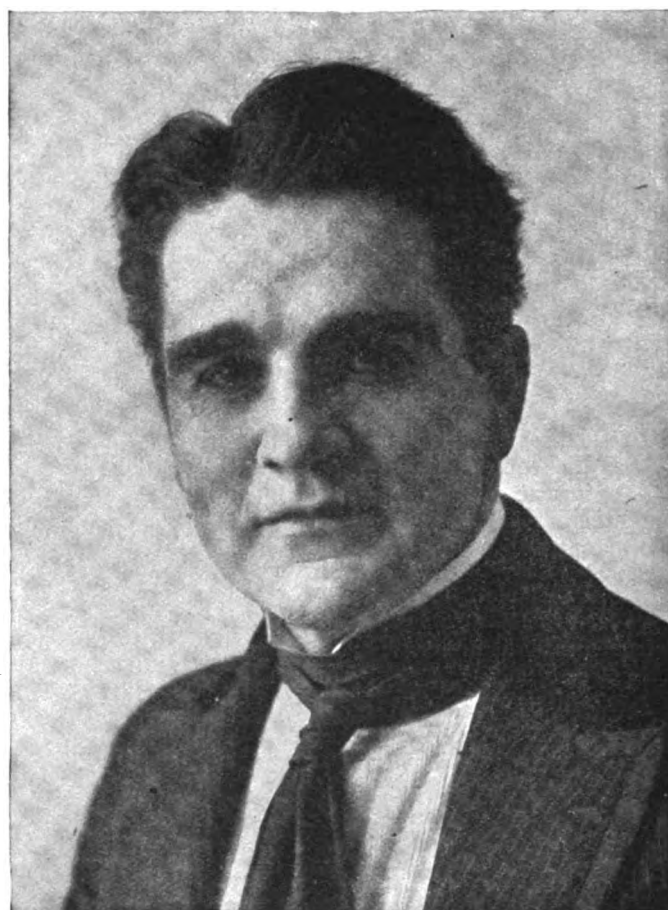


Photo by Ince Studio

WILLIAM DESMOND (INCE)



Photo by Witzel

WHEELER OAKMAN (MABEL NORMAND)



Photo by White

RALPH KELLARD (PATHÉ)

(Forty-four)



## “Jax” and the Cold Spell

By ELIZABETH  
REID



THE OLD LUBIN  
STUDIO, NOW THE SOUTHERN  
HOME OF THE UNIVERSAL



CREIGHTON HALE  
DOING A SOCIETY  
SCENE IN JACKSON-  
VILLE

JACKSONVILLE, according to the geography-books, is the largest city in Florida, situated on the banks of the historic St. John's River. According to the business-men, the Chamber of Commerce and others of that ilk, “Jax” as she is affectionately called by those who love the place, is a Mecca for tourists and Moving Picture companies. According to these worthy gentlemen, the tourist who fails to spend a part of his tour in “Jax” goes home, turns his face to the wall and raises great lamentations over what he has missed. And the movie company that goes any-



where else for Southern atmosphere and exteriors—well, a company so benighted in the fogs of ignorance doesn't merit even Christian tolerance.

According to "Jacksonvillians," weather conditions are ideal—it's never cold, the sun always shines, and the very heavens shine in benediction on "Jax."

Far be it from me to dispute any of these statements. Nevertheless, I happened to be in Jacksonville recently when the thermometer registered a temperature so low that disgruntled tourists wired home for their fur coats, mufflers and boots.

I wondered what the movie companies were doing during this "cold spell," and I started out to see.

In the lobby of the hotel I stumbled over a stack of movie cameras—eloquently still. Comfortably seated not far from the desk was George M. Cohan and his director, Joseph Kaufman, entertaining admiring friends with imitations of the "oldest inhabitant" and his "I 'member the freeze of '83." Nearer the door and grouped around a villainous gambling instrument known as a "punch-board," which can consume five dollars in as many minutes, stood Augustus Phillips, Crawford Kent and some famous Players actors whom I didn't know. Grace Darmond, a pink-and-white vision of loveliness, wrapped to the eyes in furs and heavy coat, wailed, "Oh, why did I ever believe them when they told me it was warm here?" She was manifestly

dreading the plunge into the cold. Rosemary Theby, who lives in "Jax" the year round, laughed as she patted Grace's arm soothingly. "Never mind, Gracie" (somehow, Miss Darmond is just the sort of girl to be called "Gracie"), she laughed. "Come along with me in my car!" And out they went to Miss Theby's blue-and-white car, which awaited them at the curb. Tiny, charming little Mabel Taliaferro came by on her way for some shopping.

"When I found that I was coming South," she laughed, "I gleefully packed all my winter things away and left out filmy lingerie frocks. But now I'm going straight out to buy the heaviest suit I can find."

Marguerite Snow, going to the hair-dresser's, paused for a moment in shivering dread of the cold that pressed on one like a leaden weight.

"Up North we expect this sort of thing—but down here we don't, and that makes us hate it twice as much," and having thus satisfactorily explained it, she hurried away, furs fastened close about her lovely chin.

I realized that all these people were working in outdoor studios, and, naturally, outdoor work in such weather was out of the question.

I started for the street-car—with a sigh for the blue-and-gold of Rosemary Theby's limousine and the smartness of the town-car of Marguerite Snow—and on my way I discovered four pilgrims

in front of a picture theater: Viola Dana; her director, John Collins; her leading-man, Robert Walker, and Mrs. Walker. They too were doing outdoor stuff, with Miss Dana in the next-to-nothing costume of an East Indian girl. No use to ask why *they* weren't working!

At the Kalem studio in Fairfield, I witnessed a strange scene. Grouped about the camera stood five fur- and-overcoat clad people. At one side stood two spectators about a blazing bonfire. Beneath the camera stood a little oil-stove, burning merrily. At one side, Harry Gordon, as the "heavy," was attempting to choke Ollie Kirkby, who was heavily wrapped in furs; beside the camera, the camera-man fussing with his machine; Bob Ellis, director, his overcoat supplemented by a warm-looking Indian blanket; and beside him, attempting dismally to keep warm, stood poor George Larkin, his lack of clothing emphasized by those around him and their heavy wraps. The rehearsal went on thus; Mr. Larkin rescued Miss Kirkby from the clutches of the black-browed villain (Harry Gordon), and the director consented to be pleased. But when the real scene began with the camera, heavy coats were discarded and in tropical summer garments the scene was "canned."

In closing and in justice to "Jax," let us say that this is the coldest weather "Jax" has encountered, according to the oldest inhabitant, for eighteen years.

But it *was* cold—quite cold!



## Moving Pictures in Army Life

By ROGER BATCHELDER, Machine Gun Company, Eighth Massachusetts Infantry

WHEN the National Guard was ordered to the Mexican border, last summer, many unforeseen problems arose for the military authorities to solve. One of the most important was that of entertainment for the new soldiers. It was absolutely necessary to furnish these men, whose transition from the independent civil life to the rigidity of military routine had been a matter of a day, with some form of amusement during their leisure hours. For the first few weeks, vaudeville shows, presented by the local talent of the regiments, took place at frequent intervals. But they became tiresome and the repertory of the amateurs was soon exhausted. One day, the Massachusetts camp was delighted by the news that the Y. M. C. A. was to improvise a Moving Picture theater, where shows would be held nightly. In an open space at the front of the camp, a frame was erected for the screen; at the opposite end a wooden operator's box was constructed about ten feet above the ground. The "opening night" was an important affair at the camp. The officers of the regiment were luxuriously installed on camp-chairs near the screen; behind them stood several hundred movie fans in khaki. As the first picture was thrown upon the screen a cheer came from the crowd.

"Just like home, Jack?" shouted one to a friend.

"Let's see, the last time I went to a show, I went with Mary. Remember that last Saturday night?" reminisced another.

The entertainment was a huge success. No longer need the guardsman recall, with a hopeless sigh, the curls of "Little Mary," or the dimples of Anita, when he can now see them night after night.

The pictures presented at the camp were of a very good quality, as the latest releases were easily obtained in El Paso. Five reels a night were shown, usually comprising one two-reel feature and three shorter films. Of these, the comedies proved to be the most popular.

The soldiers formed an extremely critical audience. Free from the disapproving gaze of the usher, they continually announced, in loud tones, the discrepancies in the acting. Pictures pertaining to military affairs failed to arouse enthusiasm, as their many shortcomings always provoked howls of derision. On one particular night the left-handed salute of a very un-military officer nearly caused a riot.

After a time, benches and a permanent stage were constructed so that the pictures might be observed with a fair degree of comfort. Until the return of the

troops, the movies continued to be the chief form of amusement. No vaudeville show was complete without one or two reels; the regimental boxing-matches were always supplemented by pictures.

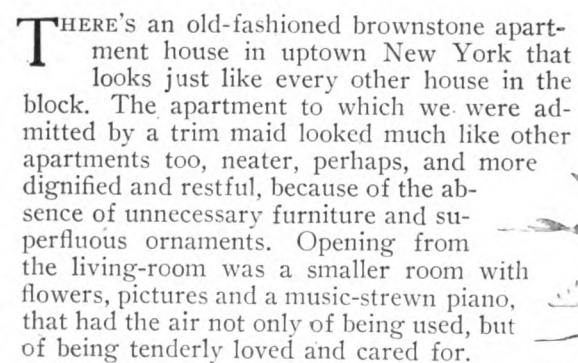
• Such open-air theaters are by no means confined to the camps of the National Guard. The soldiers at nearly every important army post have their pictures at frequent intervals. Along the Mexican border, where separate companies of the regular army are stationed at isolated points, a Y. M. C. A. auto-truck, equipped with a portable screen and projector, makes extended trips, stopping each night at a different post. In this way, practically all the South-western territory is covered, and anticipation and happiness are brought to the hearts of many lonely members of Uncle Sam's war machine. And so the next time you are seated on comfortable cushions in an up-to-date theater, enjoying the latest features accompanied by a skilled orchestra, let your mind wander for a moment, and picture, in distant foreign lands, in Honolulu and the Philippines, and on the deserts just this side of the Rio Grande, a group of the boys in khaki also enjoying whole-heartedly the greatest blessing of the present time—Moving Pictures.

(Forty-six)

# Doris Kenyon

The Girl Who Held  
Down Two Jobs and  
Finally Deserted the  
Stage for the Movies

By  
LILLIAN MONTANYE



THERE'S an old-fashioned brownstone apartment house in uptown New York that looks just like every other house in the block. The apartment to which we were admitted by a trim maid looked much like other apartments too, neater, perhaps, and more dignified and restful, because of the absence of unnecessary furniture and superfluous ornaments. Opening from the living-room was a smaller room with flowers, pictures and a music-strewn piano, that had the air not only of being used, but of being tenderly loved and cared for.

As we waited a few moments, there came from another room



DORIS KENYON (WHARTON)



the refrain of a song, a lilt of girlish laughter, the tripping of dainty feet—and there flashed into the room Doris Kenyon—youth, beauty, loveliness incarnate!

The apartment no longer looked "like any other apartment." Surely a daintier bit of humanity never graced a home, the stage or screen, and so adorably, almost absurdly young she looked in her white gown and pink-wool jacket, her dark hair bound with a wide pink ribbon, that involuntarily I glanced at a row of dolls sitting in state on a divan. "Do you play with them?" I asked. "No," she dimpled—"except when my small nieces play with them, then I help."

Miss Kenyon has been in Motion Picture work only a year, but her winsome personality and unaffected charm in many photoplays have won the adulation of the film-loving public, and a bright future is predicted for the clever little ingénue. She is brimful of enthusiasm for her work and for life in general, which has been for her, so far, a series of thrilling adventures—each one more thrilling than the last. Tho very young, Miss Kenyon is exceedingly businesslike, entirely ambitious, an earnest worker and on the alert for the main chance.

"I was born and brought up in Syracuse, New York," she said, "tho I was so young when we left that city that I remember very little about it. My father, James R. Kenyon, was a Methodist minister in Syracuse. But now he is just a writer of books and articles for the magazines. Since I can remember I have studied music. I went to school, and to high school of course, but my music came first, because that was what I liked best, and a musical career has been my ambition always.

"Finally, a year ago I mustered up courage and went for a try-out in Victor Herbert's opera, 'Princess Pat.' To my great surprise and delight I was given a part. Wasn't I the most fortunate girl in the world? I have a voice of course, and I have had good training, but I had not an atom of experience, and to walk right into a Broadway production was my wildest dreams come true! I surely was happy about it. I loved my part and the work, and how I did try to please and to improve!

"I was keeping up my music lessons and working hard, when along came a Motion Picture man and offered me a part in pictures. 'Oh no,' I said, 'I couldn't think of leaving "Princess Pat," and, anyhow, a musical career is what I want, not to act in pictures.' Why, I had never thought of such a thing. But he was insistent—and finally, after being told that I could act in pictures in and around New York and have my evenings, also my Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for 'Princess Pat,' I decided to try it.

"At first it was only another 'adventure,' but to my surprise I liked the work. Something about it appealed to me greatly. Acting in pictures is a real art—one can't work with the people I have worked with and not realize that. And every one was so good to me. Having had so little stage experience and knowing nothing of the camera, I had everything to learn, but the director and all the people with me were *humanly* kind.

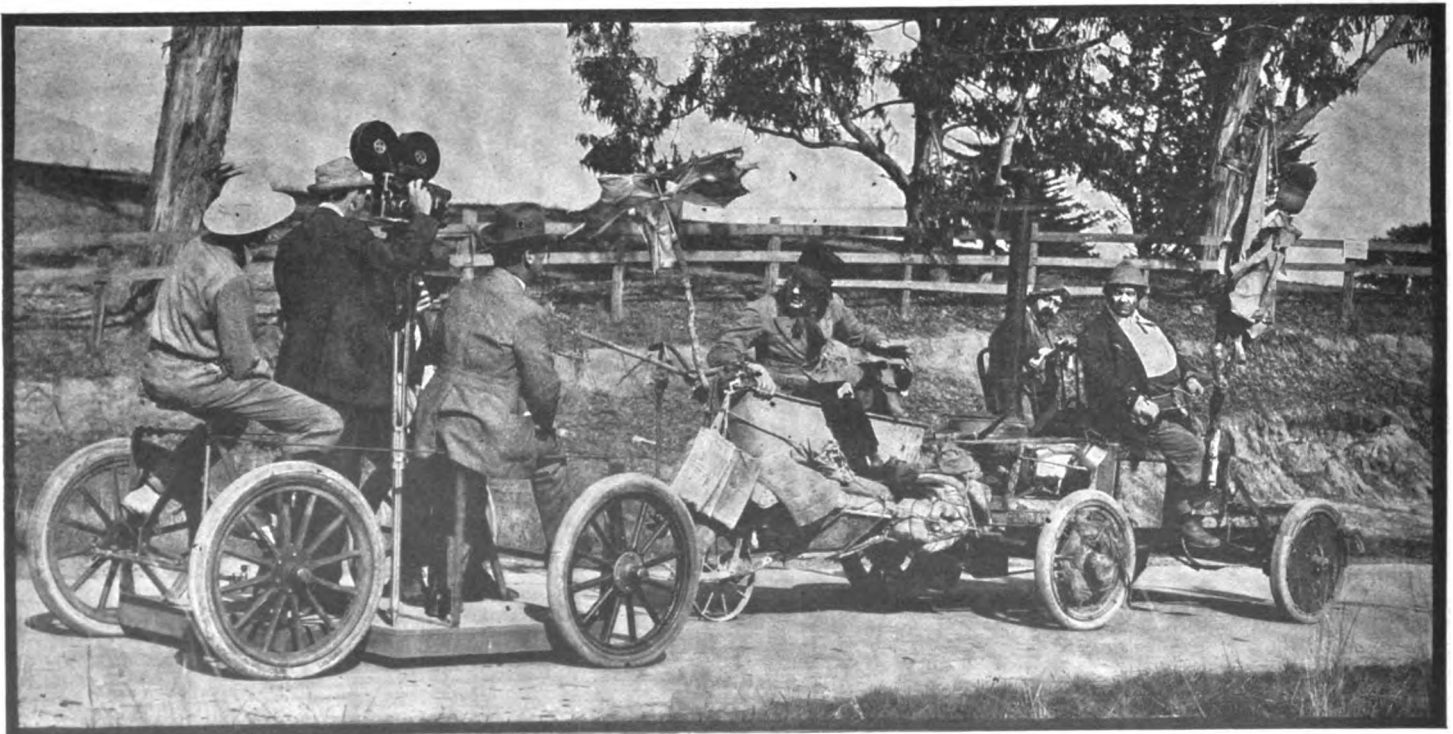
"Everything went along swimmingly for a few weeks, then I learnt that the film company was going south for a couple of weeks. It seemed that my hour of decision had come. But the manager

of 'Princess Pat' said I could have a leave of absence, so I went South. I came back and continued my work with both companies, until it was announced that 'Princess Pat' was going on the road. It had come—the parting of the ways—which should it be? It was a hard decision to make, but I decided on pictures, and I have not been sorry.

"Motion Picture work is the most interesting work I ever did and I love it; but one big reason for staying in it is that I can spend so much time at home with mother and daddy. I love my home, and I tell you candidly that I have no desire for any other home for a long time to come. Of course I go out of town occasionally; in fact, plans are now being made for a trip to Chicago, and my little roadster and I are going to have some thrilling adventures before we return.

"My favorite recreation? Motoring. In fact it is almost my only recreation aside from outdoor skating and a little dancing. But my *diversion* is my music—in reality it is one of my 'occupations.' I am keeping up my studies and working hard at them all my spare time. You see, I believe in 'hitching my wagon to a star'—and grand opera's the limit! Of course I may just go trailing along after the star all my life and never catch up, but I can at least try to keep it in sight."

We don't profess to know much about astronomy, but, judging from her ability and ambition, there's no reason to believe that little Doris Kenyon will not run the other stars of the universe a close race—at least fifty-fifty. She's already almost starring in pictures—ah, but opera, that takes time!



EVEN A HOBO CAN SPORT HIS FLIVVER NOWADAYS. IN "BELOVED ROGUES" "CLARRY" KOLB AND MAX DILL PILFER THE WRECKAGE FROM A CYCLONE-STUCK HOUSE AND BUILD THEIR ROADSTER TO ORDER.

THE TRAILER, CONTAINING THE DIRECTOR AND CAMERA-MAN, SHOWS THE METHOD OF FILMING AUTOMOBILE SCENES

(Forty-eight)



This photodrama will probably be released under the title of "THE 16TH WIFE?"  
This story was written from the scenario of VAN BUREN POWELL, based on a story by MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL, in which Peggy Hyland and Marc MacDermott are featured

**T**HE reporters, whose business it was to interview distinguished visitors for the metropolitan press, were beguiling the period of waiting in Mademoiselle Olette's drawing-room with an exchange of gossip that could be equaled only by a ladies' sewing-circle. They smoked innumerable cigarets, lighting one from the other with yellow-stained finger-tips, assumed man-of-the-world attitudes, and made use of occasional profanity and barroom humor with careful nonchalance, yet it was quite plain to the eye that they were extremely young and on the verge of panic. Mademoiselle Olette's reputation as a heart-breaker had preceded her across the Atlantic by the original wireless route of Rumor, and each

(Forty-nine)

and all quaked in his sporty tan shoes at the thought of meeting and questioning this paragon among dancers.

"Hear there was a Grand Duke's son crazy to marry her," said Phillips, of the *Star*, retaining his Mecca deftly between his lips as he talked. "Papavitch gets wind of it, mamavitch has hysterics, they lock their sonski up in the summer home at Newport-on-the-Steppes till her ship sails."

"Rot! Press-agent guff!" Gordon, of the *Times*, winked derisively, "but I have it on the best authority that she's the daughter of a Paris opera dancer and a certain royal person who visited Paris incog. twenty years ago just before ascending the throne. Get me? Yep, the same! Of course the old boy doesn't acknowledge her, but now and then he exchanges his crown for a derby and skips to Petrograd to see her dance."

Jimmy Warburton yawned and looked

out of the window, watching the doves in the neighboring church-steeple with lack-luster eyes. The prattle of these unfledged youngsters bored him unspeakably. The gilt and velour and bronze ornaments of the hotel room were old stories to his seasoned soul, and he had no illusions or anticipations regarding the lady they were waiting to interview.

"Fair, fat and forty, of course!" he muttered within himself. "Over-fed poodle, touched-up hair, upholstered in velvet, strung with diamonds, flirtatious and scented. Lord! Masterman had his nerve sending me out on a sob-story like a cub."

Jimmy Warburton glanced at his fellow reporters from the lofty pinnacle of his six years' newspaper experience, transferred his gaze to the short, puffy figure of Hackel, the dancer's manager, who bustled in, radiating manufactured cordiality upon the interviewers, and



turned back to the doves, stifling a yawn.

Behind him he caught the manager's guttural greetings.

"Ach, poys, so you haf coom to talk to Mademoiselle Olette, der gradest liddle dancer in der worlt? Lieber Himmel, bud we haf such troubles gedding away from Russia! Special permission from der government id took, and der bolice had to esgort us troo der streeds to keep der beople away!" Warburton heard the rustle of pads, the scratch of pencils eagerly putting down these pearls of thought that fell from

Hackel's Semitic lips. Tomorrow Graycie Maguffie, on the way to her ribbon-counter, would read and mutter, as she powdered her nose discontentedly:

"Say, dont that make you tired? Some goils get all the luck, and I bet she's got nothin' on me for figger at that!"

Hackel poked a fat forefinger roguishly into Phillips' waistcoat, and lowered his voice with a mysterious glance at the door into the next room. "This is in gonfidence, of course, poys," he said. "Olette would be quide unwilling to haf me speak of it, which is a pity, because id would mage such good reading! Bud when we were in Petrograd Kadir El Raschaud—you know, the gread diplomat of Turgey—fell in love with Mademoiselle Olette and asked her to begome Mrs. Sixteen!"

"Mrs. Sixteen!" chorused the reporters. "Mrs. Sixteen?"

"He has fifteen wives already," explained Hackel, "all surbassingly beautiful. Unfortunately I did not see them myself. Men are not permitted in the harem, bud mademoiselle tells me they were — ach! — ach!

Ah!" He kist his hand rapturously.

The reporters gaped in awe.

"Then—then she saw them? She visited his harem?"

Hackel became immensely secretive. He raised his eyebrows, shook his head, and did strange things with his hands.

"You must ask her! I haf said too much already. Perhaps she will gif you der whole story. Come with me and you shall see her in her own room. Be sure to speag slowly so she will understand."

Jimmy Warburton took out his pencil, looked at it vaguely, put it back in his pocket, and followed the others out of the room into the next apartment, where the dancer reclined on a chaise-longue among effulgent cushions, waiting to receive them. He stifled a bored yawn with difficulty as he glanced toward her for confirmation of his conception, then stood stupidly staring, forgetting to close his mouth.

Clad in a loose lounging-robe of some diaphanous stuff that clung to the slim lines of her figure, suggesting the beauties it concealed, Mademoiselle Olette was smiling up at them from her cushions, the shy, appealing smile of a little girl at her first party. The youth that radiated from her dark eyes and clear skin and the golden masses of hair twisted in foreign fashion about the small, shapely head, was not the product of cosmetic or massage. Sheer vitality and exuberant youth spoke in every flashing gesture, in every curving line.

There was not a trace of rouge on the fresh pallor of her cheeks; a man would have sworn she could

not be more than eighteen, and

even a woman have given her more than twenty-two years. She met the open admiration of their gaze with frank cordiality.

would not than twenty-two years. She met the open admiration of their gaze with frank cordiality.

(Fifty)

THE KADIR HAD FIFTEEN OTHER WIVES WAITING AT HOME FOR HIM

"Eet is so—what you call eet?—so kind of you to come to see me!" she smiled. "Zula, bring chairs for zeese gentilemens."

A dusky attendant who had been standing, motionless as a figure carved in bronze, beside the couch, obeyed. Under the swathing turban, two eyes, inscrutable, watchful, noted her mistress's every motion. Mademoiselle Olette was evidently a jewel well guarded.

"Zula ees my *duma*, my slave," explained the little dancer, touching the dark cheek above her with a caressing hand. "I foun' her in ze Nubian Desert, a heart of gold, my Zula! She can no' understan' English; me, also, not ver' well. I not spik ver' good, I think?"

A murmur of dissent assured her she spoke it wonderfully, divinely. The reporters' pencils vied with one another in taking verbose notes of the dancer's appearance. Warburton withdrew unostentatiously to the shadows where he could watch her, unobserved. Throughout the interview that followed, his eyes did not leave the vivid face among the crimson and orange cushions, nor did he make the slightest attempt to record for posterity Mademoiselle Olette's dawning and complimentary views on America and Americans.

"But I adore it, zeese America!" declared the dancer. "Eef it like me also, I stay, maybe always! But I ver' afraid I not be what you say—*success*."

Six reportorial heads shook violently, six tongues reiterated the opinion that Mademoiselle Olette would be the hit of the season.

"Tell us about Kadir El Raschaud," begged Gordon. "How soon may we say you are going to make him happy by becoming Mrs. Sixteen?"

Olette made a little *moue* of amazement and raised protesting hands. "Oh, la! la!" she cried, distressfully. "How did you hear zat? Well, since you know I will tell you all. You see, ze Kadir is one ver' nice gentile-mans, but I not marry heem, I think. He got fifteen wives already. My hoosban' must have just one wife—*me*. Is that not so?"

Warburton smiled. As he listened to the story of the tempestuous wooing of the Turkish potentate the smile grew in volume and meaning, altho the tale, far from being humorous, was one of harrowing dangers and hairbreadth escapes. Baffled in his desire to add the beautiful little dancer to his harem by persuasion, the Kadir had invited her to visit his palace, had displayed his wealth and wives to dazzle her, and, when she

showed symptoms of wishing to depart, had coolly locked the doors and announced, with a bland smile, that she must remain. A slave with sickle-bladed scimitar barred every exit, and there seemed no escape, but at the height of her despair Mimi, the fifteenth wife, and favorite of the moment, had helped her to escape by exchanging clothes with her.

"I think Mimi not love me ver' much," Olette laughed. "Eef she had not help me go away maybe she stick a knife into me. But zeese Kadir ver' big mans, ver' strong. I think may-be he get me by-and-



OLETTE ESCAPES FROM THE PALACE

by, so I come away—to America. Here I am safe, is it not so?"

The interview was palpably at an end. Reluctantly the reporters gathered up their note-books and took their farewell. In the street, Warburton uttered an exclamation.

"I've left my gloves—go along, fellows, dont wait for me." He swung on his heel and re-entered the hotel. As the elevator shot skyward with him he sought his reflection in the mirror and worried his tie.

"Mademoiselle Olette!" he drawled derisively, aloud. "Mademoiselle Olette!"

"Yes, sar," said the elevator man, misunderstanding him; "twelfth floor, sar. Thank you, sar."

Warburton rapped on the door of the drawing-room. Receiving no response, he pushed it open and went in, closing it carefully behind him. The click of the latch brought a figure to the curtained doorway across the room. Arrayed in more conventional costume than the one of a few minutes before, the dancer stood in the doorway, regarding him with wondering eyes.

Still smiling gently, the reporter came across the room and took her hands in his own.

"Well, Mary Ann!" he said, "have you forgotten the mud pies you used to bake for me?"

A breathless wave of color swept to her temples.

"Jimmy!" cried Mademoiselle Olette, late of Petrograd and Constantinople, "Jimmy Warburton! Mammy, come here this minute and see who's here. My goodness me, I was never so surprised in my life!"

Gone was the French accent, gone the foreign airs and graces. Olette was dancing about Jimmy like a schoolgirl, clapping her hands with joy. In the doorway Zula's dark face lightened with a dazzling, white-toothed smile. She lifted off the jeweled turban, disclosing a head covered with kinky gray wool, and dropped a curtsy in good old "mammy" style.

"Ef it isn't Mars'er Warburton!" she cackled. "Laws, honey, how you done grow!"

"Mammy Sophy, I recognized you the minute I laid eyes on you," declared Jimmy, shaking hands vigorously. "Remember the waffles you used to bake for us back in Kentucky? M-m-m-n, I can taste 'em yet! I suppose, now, they dont make waffles in the Nubian Desert—"

"Don' yu-all go to pokin' fun at *me*, Mars'er Warburton!" Zula regarded her trappings with such scorn as a delivery-horse might exhibit for circus tassels and bells. "It's all part o' Miss Ma'hy Ann's foolishment; Ah jes' done hit to please her. Lordy! Hit cla'r skeer me sometimes when Ah see mah-self in de lookin'-glass! Ah reckon Ah couldn't bile an egg in dis here outlandish dress, but Ah got a caliker gown an' an apron somewheres in mah trunk. Yu-all wait roun' a while, honey."

"Poor mammy!" sighed Mary Ann as the decorative figure of the "Nubian slave" disappeared. "I expect I'm a sore trial to her, Jimmy! But she knows I couldn't get along without her an hour, bless her faithful soul!"

"You took her with you when you



went to Paris, didn't you?" Jimmy drew the girl down beside him on the divan, looking at her vivid beauty with hungry eyes. "Lord! Mary Ann, but you take my breath away. To think the little girl I used to beau around to parties down in Elmville, Kentucky, has grown up and become the most famous dancer in the world!"

"Pooh!" Mary Ann wrinkled her nose in high scorn. "Only in press stories, Jimmy! Of course, I *did* succeed pretty well on the other side, but over here—I don't know. I'm a little bit scared when I think of facing a New York audience. I do so terribly want to succeed—and suppose they don't like me, just suppose?"

Jimmy's young face grew a trifle grim. He did not quite meet her eyes. "If you can dance as well as you can act, you'll be all right," he said rather dryly. "You had 'em all going this morning with your clothes and your accent and your Kadir. Oh, you are the Real Thing, all right, Mary Ann!"

"Advertisements!" she shrugged. "How many people would pay five dollars to see Mary Ann of Elmville dance? But Mademoiselle Olette of Paris and Petrograd is a different matter, and, of course, I have to dress the part and speak the part. But the Kadir story wasn't a press-agent yarn at all, Jimmy! That's the funny part of it. I wouldn't have had the nerve to make up such a lurid tale!"

"You mean that Turk fellow actually dared to lock you up in his miserable old palace!" Jimmy's jaw sprang out under his crimsoning cheeks. Involuntarily his fists clenched.

voluntarily. Yes, this was Mary Ann, his Mary Ann, whose face he had carried in his soul for six years, where he could look at it as a man gazes at a picture—

But she was Olette, too—a famous dancer who spent more in a year on hats alone, no doubt, than his entire salary. He must not forget that, whispered Pride. For a long moment he looked into the beautiful, uplifted face, then he

"I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THE NERVE TO MAKE UP SUCH A LURID TALE"

turned quietly away and sat down on the divan again.

"Well, perhaps you can turn the Turkish gentleman to account by making an advertisement out of him," he said with determined matter-of-factness. "Have him leave his harem pining and follow you across to this country—By Jove! that's not a bad idea if you could find the right man—"

They stared at each other breathlessly, struck by the same thought. Then, with perfect gravity, Jimmy Warburton fell on his hands and knees on the carpet and touched his forehead to the floor in a salaam. Mammy Sophie, appearing in the doorway with the waffles, which she had bribed the hotel cook to let her make, almost overturned the plate when she threw up her hands.

"Yu-all, too!" she moaned. "Miss Ma'hy Ann done drug yu-all into her foolishness too!"

Three days later, New Yorkers, journeying to work in the subway, read in their own or their neighbor's newspaper that one Kadir El Raschaud, distinguished Turkish diplomat, had arrived in the city to lay his heart, his fortune and his fifteen wives at the feet of Mademoiselle Olette, the dancer, soon to make her debut at the Metropolitan. Later in the same day New York was treated to a glimpse of the beautiful dancer and her impetuous suitor, riding up Fifth Avenue in a snow-white automobile. The Turk, the curious noted, was young and handsome, with the white turban he wore setting off and accentuating the darkness of his skin.

All the world loves a love-affair. During the next two weeks, to the day of Olette's debut, there were few editions

(Fifty-two)



"Damned impudence! He deserved to be kicked into the middle of next week, and, believe me, I'd like the job—"

"Jimmy!" Mary Ann laid her hand on his arm soothingly. The movement brought her face very close to his shoulder, and he caught his breath in-

JIMMY DREW THE GIRL DOWN BESIDE HIM, LOOKING AT HER BEAUTY WITH HUNGRY EYES

ture in the back of his watch, and find strength to keep clean when tempted.

of the papers which did not contain either a snapshot of the dancer and her imperturbable escort or at least some mention of them, and there was a rush to secure tickets for her first performance in America. Jimmy's heart grew sick with the mummery, but he found his reward in watching her face glowing and eager as she bent over the newspapers.

"Just till her début!" he told himself grimly. "I'll stick it out till then. Afterward I'll get out. I can't stay here and not make love to her, and I won't do that, God helping me! There are some things a decent man doesn't do——"

And so he stained his face with walnut-juice, put on the turban and rode abroad beside the girl he loved, conscious of the eyes upon them, still

more conscious of her nearness and dearness and the ache of her beauty in his veins. And at last the night of her début came.

It was seven o'clock when Mary Ann, fidgeting in her dressing-room, heard the outer door open and a man's footsteps striding over the thick carpet in the next room.

"Jimmy! How could you be so late!" she called reproachfully. "I ought to be at the theater now. But, there, I won't scold you. No man could be expected to know how long it takes to hook up a dancing-gown!"

She stood in the doorway, looking up at him with a little smile that froze into a grimace on her stiffening lips, as she met the smouldering fire of the dark eyes under the turban.

"Kadir—you!" She barely breathed the words.

The man bowed with the grace of a panther.

"Mademoiselle, it is I." He spoke in flawless English. "I have come, daring to hope you have changed your mind."

(Fifty-three)

She drew herself up coldly. "I am sorry you took such a long trip so needlessly," she said. "You will have to pardon me to-night. I am making my début here. I thought you were a friend who is coming to take me to the theater."

"Mademoiselle," said Kadir El Raschaud calmly, "your friend is not coming."

Amazement gave way to swift fear. She stifled a cry.

"You haven't—killed him?"

"Merely detained the gentleman," the Kadir bowed. "Mademoiselle, it is very simple. I wish you for my wife. If you object to being the sixteenth, I will have the others executed; then you will be the

theater. The performance will be over by eleven. That will give us ample time."

The début of Olette, favorite of Paris and Petrograd, was a remarkable success. Never, so the papers said the next morning, had the fire and fury of her dancing been equaled on an American stage. At times she seemed like a living flame, as in saffron and orange draperies she leaped and glowed; again she was a dream creature, the shadow of a rose dancing in the moon to the lilt of the breeze. Mary Ann was hardly conscious what she did. Surely—as she swayed and dipped—surely, this must all be a terrible dream and she would waken in a moment.

Surely—as the orchestra wailed and soared



"THERE WERE  
FOUR OF THEM,  
AND WE HAD  
QUITE A ROW"

first. There is a steamer sailing to-night for the East. Come with me on it."

"And if I do not?" she laughed incredulously. "You forget this is America, Kadir, not Turkey. There are such things as police here."

He made a careless gesture. "As you please," he said. "If I am not back with you at midnight, my servants have orders to kill the American who was to have come for you tonight. But that is, of course, in your hands."

Mary Ann stood quite still. It was, as he had said, quite simple, barbarically simple. She had not the least doubt that this man meant what he said. She sparred desperately for time.

"But my début—I must dance——"

Kadir El Raschaud smiled indulgently. "By all means. Let us go at once to

—surely, only a dream. Yet she was conscious always of the motionless black figure in the wings, bidding his time.

"Jimmy!" her tortured heart cried in the ears of her soul. "Jimmy! He is in danger. You must save him—you love him! Now you know you love him, don't you, Mary Ann?" With the thunder of a great audience's approval beating about her, the girl turned from her tenth curtain-call, brushed aside the guttural congratulations of her manager, and went to the waiting figure with a face as livid as her tawdry gown.

"Quickly! We must hurry," she said. "I don't dare wait to change. What if we were too late——"

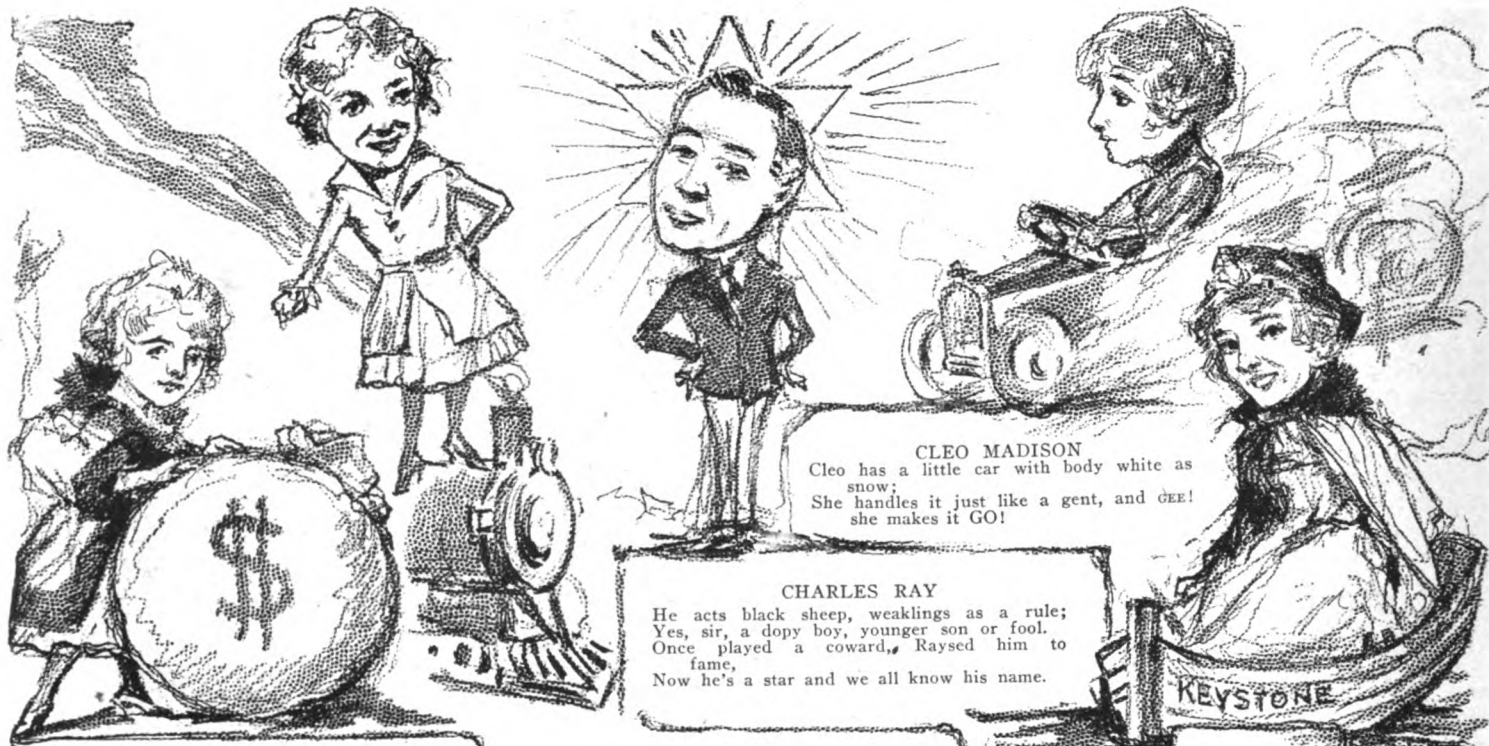
Triumph blazed in the eyes of the Turk. He put out one hand, grasping her naked arm with the touch of the master, but almost before his fingers had closed on the quivering flesh, another hand struck them away. Bruised, bleeding from a dozen cuts and scratches, covered with dust, but victorious like one of the old gods, Jimmy Warburton stood at her side.

"Thank God I was in time!" he said with a deep breath. "There were four

(Continued on page 72)



# Movie Nursery Rhymes By DICK WILLIS



**CLEO MADISON**  
Cleo has a little car with body white as snow;  
She handles it just like a gent, and GEE!  
she makes it GO!

**CHARLES RAY**  
He acts black sheep, weaklings as a rule;  
Yes, sir, a dopy boy, younger son or fool.  
Once played a coward, Rayed him to fame,  
Now he's a star and we all know his name.

**BESSIE BARRISCALE**  
See her salary grow, like a ball in the snow,  
And what will our Bessie do then, Poor thing!  
Buy furs which are warm and a house and a barn  
And live like a Queen or a King, Poor thing!

**HELEN HOLMES**  
Tune up the fiddle, Helen Holmes to the middle,  
She will jump from a train very soon;  
The audiences laugh when the villain is caught,  
Helen's pluck is a wonderful boon.

**ORA CAREW**  
Oh, little Ora Carew, bo, how could you go for to do so?  
You are safely afloat on the old Keystone boat,  
You are funny 'cause, Ora, you grew so.

**JAKE W. KERRIGAN COMPANY**

**ANNETTE KELLERMANN**  
Oh, Foxey dear, may I go swim?  
Why, do, my God's Own Daughter;  
No use have you for hickory bough,  
Just high-dive in the water.

**JACK WARREN KERRIGAN**  
Jack was nimble, Jack was slick,  
He formed a Kerrigan company quick.



**CHESTER CONKLIN**  
Little Chester Conklin in a car a-honkin',  
throwing a custard pie,  
He puts a weekly plum in his bank account  
"to hum,"  
Saying "What a funny boy am I!"

**WILLIAM AND DUSTIN FARNUM**  
Dusty and Bill went up the hill  
(Their stock sure needs no water),  
They own the town, both wear a crown  
Which other stars are after.

**CHARLES CHAPLIN**  
There was a comedian who one time felt blue,  
Now has so much cash he doesn't know what to do,  
He is feted, applauded and—yes, it is said  
That he banks all his shekels down to the last red.

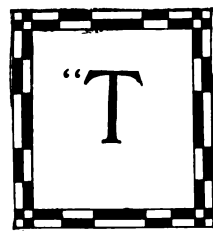


GETTING READY FOR A  
SCENE IN "THE SIXTEENTH WIFE?"  
IN WHICH OUR EXTRA GIRL APPEARS  
WITH MARC MACDERMOTT AND  
PEGGY HYLAND

# The Classic Extra Girl Visits Vitagraph

By ETHEL ROSEMON

In the present narrative—and those which each month we hope are to follow—the **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC** presents something entirely new in studio literature. Miss Ethel Rosemon, a trained newspaper-woman and amateur actress, visited the Vitagraph studio, under an assumed name, and "worked extra," under our instructions. Her impressions, her work, the life and sayings of the studio are most graphically reported. We trust that our readers will await her further adventures with the interest that such an unusual assignment deserves.—THE EDITORS.



**T**HAT girl in green didn't I tell you not to move? Now I'll have to make that scene all over again. And yet you take money for it."

Director Brabin's voice rang thru the harem—and I wilted. If I could have been sure of anything at that hazy moment—of even my own identity—I would have sworn I had not moved a muscle. But was it possible that his eagle eye had witnessed the inner writhings of my soul? He had ordered:

(Fifty-five)

"When I count nine, hold it."

But why had he to shout "nine" just as I had had that beastly cigaret between my lips, especially since inhaling is not one of my favorite indoor sports? The diabolical weed had simply smoked itself and I had not dared to release the fumes into the harem air. Still I thought mind had triumphed over matter. In fact I was sure I had not budged.

And yet he had said, "That girl in green."

Surreptitiously I let my eyes wander down to my Vitagraph costume—what there was of it—and, praise to the Moving Picture powers, it was *pink*! The lights, the smoke and the novel situation had caused me to forget for the moment who, what and why I was. To the green all things were green.

Encouraged by the robe's rainbow hue I bravely turned my head. Yes, right near me, reclining on brightly colored sofa cushions, was a wife in green. My heart went out to her in sympathy. But why? Evidently this was not *her* first day as an extra. Instead of sinking thru

to the subterranean passages beneath the harem as I had longed to do, she gazed nonchalantly at the other wives, and arranged the folds of the fatal green costume, seemingly oblivious to the fact that precious film had been wasted on her account.

Right then and there I learnt my sixty-fifth rule in the handbook of the extra girl: "Dont let anything short of dismissal from the scene bother your pretty head."

And what other lessons I had learnt as morning after morning I had stood in the "yard," hoping against hope that some director would like my "type" and "pick me for a scene."

"This is a good business—if you can hold on and you dont turn gray while you're holding," one extra had confided to me. "If you can do anything else, I advise you to do it."

"What's the matter, kid? 'Fraid of a new face in the 'yard'?" a tall man near her teased. But I didn't wait for an answer, for gazing out of the window of the Castle of Hope were Mr. Loomis,



the casting director, and his assistant, Mr. Watkins. Surely they were looking my way. Could it be? It was. Slowly the finger of fate beckoned to me and I picked my way through the crowd to the Room of Opportunity. There I found assembled twenty-five or thirty girls, with all degrees of hope in their eyes.

"I wonder if Brabin will take me," a pretty blonde near me ventured.

"You never can tell," her companion returned.

Just then the door opened and a tall figure filled the remainder of the room. From the murmurs I knew that this was Director Brabin, who had the final vote in the matter. One by one he looked the girls over, engaged some, dismissed others. Then it came my turn. Here was a new face, for the other successful candidates were on the regular list; that means some of them had "worked extra" for as long as two years.

"A little tall," Mr. Brabin said, referring to me, not himself. "However, she's dark. I guess she'll do."

With these words of unstinted praise I found myself engaged as an extra at the Vitagraph studio.

"It's for the harem scene with Peggy Hyland," one of the girls told me. "We're two of the sixteen. Peggy's the sixteenth wife, you know. We're all dark but Peggy. That's the reason the blonde girls had to be measured for wigs. It's too bad they can't give their hair to Peggy so she won't have to wear a wig."

"But that man, Mr. Bra—Brabin, didn't say what to wear," I suggested.

"The studio supplies the costumes," my new friend, whose name I learnt was Arline Roberts, assured me. "Meet me

Name	Nan Newton		Photo No.	
Address	413 Quincy Street, Brooklyn			
Phone No.	Bedford 17155			
Age	21			
Height	5' 5 1/2"			
Weight	130	Ride	yes	Style
Complex.	light	Dance	yes	Waist
Eyes	Brown	Swim	yes	Shoes
Hair	Brown	Salary Week		Bust
Part	Extra	" Day	\$5	Skt. Lgth
Type	Ingenuite			

No. 363		Date	12/1/21
EXTRA'S CARD			
Director	Picture	Pro. No.	Check No.
Costume	O.K.	Received Payment	
VITAGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA			

INSTRUCTIONS  
This card must be carried by Artists at all times—The card will not be honored by cashier unless OK'd by Costume Dept. and Director of Director or Casting Dept.  
When a Director changes the rate of Pay and must be issued by Casting Dept.  
VITAGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA

REGISTRATION CARD AND EXTRA'S CARD OF THE CLASSIC'S EXTRA GIRL

at the 'gate' tomorrow morning at a quarter of eight—the call's for eight-thirty, isn't it?—and I'll show you what to do."

Promptly at seven-forty-five I was waiting at the "gate" and a few minutes later my guide appeared. She ushered me over for my extra card, which I received under the name of Nan Newton. Like my illustrious predecessor, Oliver Osborn, I believe in alliteration at any cost. Besides, when you have the privilege of christening yourself, why not do the matter up brown?

Next Arline steered me across the yard and upstairs to the costume department. Here on racks that extend over every available spot in the long room was an array of finery that would do credit to any specialty shop. And the frocks were not "faked." The satin was the real thing and not percale in disguise. The chiffon was the light, fluffy variety, which is so pretty as long as it stays together—but who can venture to say how long that will be?

Mrs. Lewis, who is queen of the costume room, handed me a pair of dainty pantalets of the perishable variety and a coat of silver lace.

"But where's the thing I really wear?" I queried anxiously.

"That's the costume," she returned with a glance that took in my greenness in the Moving Picture world.

"But I'm sure it isn't all here," I insisted.

"I have another one in stock," she volunteered. "The overdress is long."

"If it's an overdress, produce it," I pleaded with an attempt at a winning smile, and she took it from the rack.

Next Arline led me into a room where a number of girls were dressing.

"Working for Brabin?" some greeted my companion, and as they scanned my face their eyes plainly asked, "who let her in?"

Arline smiled assent, hurried to a locker and took out her make-up. Then I knew I was really an "extra" extra, for I didn't even own a locker as the regular extras did. However, I managed to get an end of the dressing-table and the kindly offer of a large mirror. Then, rather a lone figure in spite—or was it because?—of the secret I was hugging to my breast, I began to make up.

Those other girls had worked together for months.

They called one another by their first names, exchanged confidences upon the previous evening's entertainment, the quality of the dinner, their escort for the coming dance. But I was an outsider in spite of my pretty little blonde neighbor's efforts to make me feel at

home. With an artist's eye she superintended my make-up, pointed out what lines would "screen well" and patiently explained why I had to change the make-up to which my amateur dramatic experience had accustomed me.

Finally I reached that stage of joy which I had anticipated from the first daub of grease-paint. Here I was sure I would need no direction. The delight of seeing each eyelash grow dark, heavy and vampire-like under the spell of hot cosmetic has always held a peculiar fascination for me. I smiled as I lighted my candle, for I really believe no artist approaches his canvas with more joy than I do those time-worn lashes.

"Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, look at zat new girl," an excited voice cried in broken English. "She make ze light."

And then I couldn't complain of being unnoticed. I became "a star overnight," as the critics would say. But why?

"It's against the rules of the studio to light a candle



PEGGY HYLAND REVIEWING HER WORK IN SCENE



MARC MACDERMOTT AND MISS ROSEMON EN FAMILLE

in the dressing-room," Mother Dixon, who is the guardian angel of the extra girls, warned me, and, presto! my neighbor had extinguished it.

"But you've snuffed some of the joy out of my life," I laughed wistfully. "Better zat zan burn



BETWEEN SCENES—MARC MACDERMOTT AND PEGGY HYLAND DISCUSSING THE SCRIPT WITH DIRECTOR BRABIN

ze films out of ze studio," my French friend rejoiced.

"Here, use my mascaro," my side-partner offered. "It has almost the same effect and all you have to do is add water."

"And serve," I finished. However, I assured her that in common with a certain advertising manager my motto was "Accept no substitutes," and that for the day at least I would run the risk of taking cold by going without my eyelashes.

"Marc MacDermott makes some Kadir, doesn't he?" one of the girls remarked after the excitement caused by my attempt to illuminate the studio had subsided. "Got a look at him yesterday when I was having my wig fitted and I didn't know him from the real thing." (From which I took it that real Kadirs were commonplace happenings in the life of this little extra girl.)

"Peggy looks like a million dollars as the dancer," another one added. "I don't blame Marc for leaving his harem to follow her to America. He shows good taste."

And then the group of happy extras began "In My Harem," and powder-puffs and sticks of grease-paint waved in rhythm to the tune.

"Say, does any one here know how to adjust these clothes?" an anxious voice came from the corner.

"If you want them put on in the approved Oriental style, get Mrs. Lewis or Katherine to do it for you," her neighbor suggested. "Mrs. Lewis tied this gazaza around my head and I know Marc won't take a second look at you when he sees

me and my outfit arriving on the scene."

"Fade out, Tillie," another haremite admonished. "If you had to carry the ton of dingle-dangles I have on my head you wouldn't care if you never had a close-up—and all for five bucks a day."

"You ought to be glad you're working, Helen," came from the other side of the room. "Irene was put on this scene, too, you know, and then she was taken off it. I tell you what, it's tough to be an extra—when you're not working at it."

"All Mr. Brabin's girls on the set," a masculine voice interrupted the dressing-room philosopher. A final powdering of noses, pen-eyes en- s u e d a n d then the



BETWEEN SCENES—EXTRA GIRLS TAKING IT EASY IN THE HAREM SET

Kadir's wives, fourteen strong, filed out of the dressing-room.

"But where's wife number fifteen?" I asked my neighbor. "Did she die young?"

"No; but she's not an extra. She's a regular actress, Gretchen Eastman, some relation to the Kodak. Ever see her?"

By this time we had reached the "set," or rather we were in Turkey, for who would believe that the large Oriental room with its cozy corners breathing the spell of the languorous East, with the towers rising in the background far beyond the latticed windows, was really in the Vitagraph studio?

"Now, girls, forget that you're nice little Brooklyn ladies and behave like naughty haremites," directed Mr. Brabin. "Now don't tell me you don't know how, for every girl knows from the time she's two years old," he added as with an artist's eye for effect he draped one wife on a divan, sat another, tailor-fashion, on a mound of pillows, posed a third in an archway.

Luckily for me one of the comfy divans fell to my lot, and as pillow after pillow was piled beneath my head and I was ordered to "look lazy," I forgot the days of waiting in the yard and decided I was a movie star by nature if not by nurture and the press-agent's ready pen.

"Now we'll rehearse it," Mr. Brabin called.

"Fine," he commented when we had all "looked lazy" with an ardor that could not have been surpassed by Mary Pickford, Theda Bara, or even the "divine Sarah."

"Lights. We'll take it," he ordered. Something sizzled beside me and the "set" was flooded with a white light.

"Don't look at the lights," Arline, who had been appointed my divan companion, admonished. "If you do you'll get 'movie eyes.' I was blind for a night once and I tell you there's nothing in the world like it. Feels as if some one had rolled back your lids and put red-hot sand under them."

"But they fascinate me, I want to look right at them," I persisted.

"Well, if you do you won't want to



look at anything else for a couple of days, I can tell you that much," she predicted.

"Give those girls on the divan some cigarets, Walter," Mr. Brabin directed, his eye for detail still working in spite of the bright lights.

"Now when I count nine, hold it. Ready! Picture!"

Then followed those moments of anxiety which I have (so graphically) described.

"Next scene, girls," Mr. Brabin called after the retake due to the unruly behavior of the wife in green. "The Kadir has come to visit his harem. This is a great occasion for you, and you all

get into your places to greet him. As he appears in the back-

By this time the pebbles of the seashore had nothing on the floor of the Vitagraph studio. As a kneeling place it made an excellent nutmeg grater. Each of the fifteen wives had contributed a few beads from their head-dresses, a few stones from their costumes, not to mention a number of tacks contributed by the company. I began to reverse my decision. Nature went against her better judgment when she designed me for a movie star.

"Now foreheads on the floor, girls. The Kadir is nearing the top step. Now up. Take a second to see Miss Hyland. No; forget I told you she would be there and register surprise. Now horror.

General movement to the other side of the room. All right. I guess we can take that. Ready! Lights! Down on your knees! Foreheads down!"

How quiet it was so close to the floor, but how ungracious was its surface even when the forehead was of the M. P. M. type!

The Kadir must be at the top step now. It

thought, some emotion. The little extra girls, I thought, who were "hitching their wagons to a star," might do well to study the work of the finished artist so near at hand.

Anyway, I had been early prejudiced in favor of Mr. MacDermott. In the midst of the excitement of the big scene he alone of all the group had thought of the two little parrots who were perched on a swing to give the final touch to the Oriental atmosphere.

"I wish we had some way of keeping those birds from staring into the lights," I had heard him remark to Mr. Magill. "If we suffer even when we do our best to protect our eyes what will happen to those poor parrots?"

When a few more ensemble scenes had been disposed of Director Brabin turned with a

sigh of relief to the principals. Peggy Hyland, as Mary Ann, who in the guise of Mlle. Olette, head of the Russian ballet in Petrograd, has a cap-



BETWEEN SCENES—THE USUAL PICTURESQUE GROUP OUTSIDE THE CAMERA LINES

ground you raise your arms above your heads in salutation and then, as he slowly approaches, bend over and touch your foreheads to the floor."

"Ah, Mr. Brabin!" came the chorus.

"Why, what's the matter, girls? You're not wearing corsets, are you?"

"No; but anyway, the floor's a long way from our foreheads."

"Oh, I forgot to mention that you kneel first."

"That's more like it!" the wives agreed.

"As you rise from this position you see the Kadir is ushering a strange woman into the room. This is unprecedented in the history of the harem and you are horror-stricken. You look to Miss Eastman, the fifteenth wife and the favorite, to avenge this insult. As she goes toward the Kadir, you huddle together at the other side of the room. Ready! Rehearse!"

must be time to rise. Slowly with my companions I lifted my head and gave the blood a chance to start on its bon voyage to my toes. But across the aisle, all oblivious to the arrival of their lord and master, were three bent bodies, three heads still caressing the floor.

"What's the matter with you girls over there? So comfortable you want to sleep? The Kadir has been in, read the latest news from the front as to the high cost of women's shoes, has rejoiced that he can dress his harem as he pleases and is now ordering a Manhattan cocktail. Girls, do pay attention. If you ever expect to be stars don't fall asleep on the job. Ready! Start again. This time get up when the others do."

And all thru the grinding of the camera the Kadir dominated the scene. Not a gesture was lost or wasted; not a turn of the eye but what registered some

tivated His Highness, Kadir Marc MacDermott, was the spirit of life and untiring energy. Almost before the directions were issued Peggy was obeying them. She seemed particularly fond of jumping from the harem window to the courtyard below, which was her method of conveying to the Kadir that his feelings were not reciprocated. She took the leap with no thought for the dainty gray frock and the pretty high-heeled shoes, much less for the towered building painted on the canvas outside the window which swayed with every jump.

So interested was I in watching the graceful little lady flit back and forth thru the big harem that the call of "Lunch!" rather jarred upon my artistic temperament—which I am glad to say is an unusual emotional reaction to that word.

"Three-quarters of an hour and don't make me hunt in a different part of the

(Fifty-eight)

studio for each wife," was Mr. Brabin's parting injunction.

The lunch-room, where the meal was served for a punch of the extra ticket, presented a motley array of costumes and make-ups of all stages and shades. With my Graphflex I snapped wives and eunuchs in the act of consuming sandwiches and coffee in the spirit of the happiest camaraderie.

"Ever act here before?" asked my neighbor, one of the attendants at the harem, who informed me that when not in Turkey he is Mr. Gilson, a regular actor. In return for which information I had to introduce myself as Nan Newton. My conscience smote me as my name slipped glibly from my tongue.

"Just starting in the picture game," I volunteered.

"Well, stick around here, kid, and I bet you'll get a part before long," he encouraged.

"Do you think it's possible?" I queried, smiling hopefully. "Some of the girls say, 'Once an extra, always an extra.'"

"Don't you believe it. It all depends upon yourself," he returned. "Why, some of the biggest stars today started 'in the yard.' Look at Anita Stewart. Isn't she example enough for any one?"

And I replied that my simple mind needed no further proof.

"Don't forget to follow my advice and stick around, he called after me as I hastened back to the studio, anxious to get some more between-the-acts atmosphere.

And I wasn't disappointed, for there, comfortably reclining on pillows, was my friend Arline deep in the pages of the *MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC*.

"They're doing it everywhere, even in Turkey," I thought as, unknown to the reader, my Graphflex caught her in the very act. (And I'd give a day's pay—as an extra, I mean—to see her brown eyes widen in surprise when she sees this picture.)

Soon Mr. MacDermott came slowly into the harem.

"Dare I? I thought.

"Why not?" I answered, and with an invitation from my poor neglected eyelashes I lured the haughty and surprised, but albeit polite, Turk into the most picturesque corner of the harem. His eyes seemed to say, "The lady is a trifle bold, my lord," but finding no courteous mode of egress he was forced to submit.

And now for my little scheme. How was I to work it? Just in the nick of time I saw Billy Painter, the still cameraman, approaching the set. I hadn't been in the studio an entire morning without learning that he was one of the most

obliging members of the Vitagraph staff. His desire to do favors for all, even the extras, the girls had told me, was restricted only by his adherence to the company's rules.

"I'll take a chance," I mentally commented and nodded in the direction of my Graphflex which I had left on a tabouret near-by, after I had snapped Arline. Mr. Painter caught the idea at once and it is to his kindness that I owe this reproduction of the top and bottom rungs of the ladder of movie fame.

By this time the girls were returning to the set and the afternoon's work was soon in progress. As it neared its close the question "Will it be another day?" filled the air. The extra girl's creed does not say, "Sufficient unto the day are the five bucks



THAT DELICIOUS MOMENT WHEN THE  
PAY-CHECKS ARE SIGNED

thereof." And why should it? One girl told me that for months sometimes she doesn't average two days a week.

"All off! Made up and on the set at nine tomorrow morning and every one on time. If one wife is late it upsets the entire harem," Director Brabin finally called, and the girls, with pleased murmurs, crowded around Assistant Director Magill, upon whose signature depended the "to be or not to be" of their five dollars.

As I waited my turn two important-looking men appeared upon the scene.

"Other stars?" I asked the girl near me.

"No; that's Production Director Earle and his assistant, Mr. Roosevelt," she answered. "They're making a great many improvements here. I heard the other day that this summer when the companies come back from the road and fill the yard Mr. Earle's going to arrange it so the new people won't get the work at the expense of the girls who have been

here all winter." The keen-eyed man with whom they were talking, my informant further announced, was Martin Justice, the man behind the scenery. I looked at him in pity. How sad it must be to design a set as beautiful as the Turkish harem and know that "e'en this too shall pass away," not in the natural course of events, but by the rude hand of the carpenter in his eagerness to make room for the next scene, for studio space is precious even at this large plant. As we worked in our harem a spacious staircase was being erected right near us for the feet of some dainty Vitagraph star—it might be for just one tripping descent.

As Director Brabin watched the workmen, he remarked to a man at his side:

"Just think, when I started in the business if the scene required a clock we drew one on the wall. The day I made the company spend \$2,000 dollars for a set seemed to be the millennium in the studio. That wasn't a century ago either and look at the money that is lavished today on one set."

"Don't you want your check signed, young lady?"

Mr. Magill's voice broke in upon my reverie, or rather my eavesdropping, and with a blush thru what was left of my greasepaint I held forth the little yellow card. (Those Vitagraph people must have thought Nan Newton an inquisitive extra—if they gave her any thought at all. I am glad of this opportunity to justify her in their eyes.)

When I reached the dressing-room I found the wives hastily changing back to their normal selves. Black wigs were being removed, revealing golden tresses beneath, costumes of chiffon were being changed for those of more substantial material, and here and there girls were groaning as they endeavored to get truant feet, rebellious from a day of freedom, into civilized shoes. Meanwhile those who had succeeded in picking up snatches of the scenario were trying to piece it together into a whole.

"Peggy is really an American girl who has studied in Paris," one volunteered. "Her manager thinks this Turk stuff will be good for the press-agents when he gets back to the United States. The Turk is really in earnest, tho. He pesters Peggy to death, follows her all over Europe and back home where, of course, as Olette she creates a great sensation."

"Does she really enter the harem and become one of the Kadir's wives?"

"Of course she doesn't. Were you napping when she jumped out of the window and escaped?" another teased.

"But there was no other man in the scene, so how does Peggy get married?" a romantic wife with sleepy gray eyes lazily inquired.



"Oh, she marries a reporter when she gets back to America. Charlie Davis, the camera-man, told me that George Forth plays that part, but that's back in New York, so we're not in any scenes with him."

"But what was Templer Saxe doing, hanging around the set all made up to-day?" another inquired.

"Oh, he's Peggy's manager," the bureau of information supplied.

"Well, so long, girls. Hustle up, slow-pokes, or you won't get your money to-night," the first girl to be dressed for the street admonished.

For two days more we lived in the same scene.

"Guess it's the end today, because I heard Mr. Brabin say he'd be thru with the set tonight," one girl remarked toward the close of the third day.

"But there must be another," a third predicted. "You know that scene we had yesterday when we came out of a room and watched Marc making love to Peggy? Well, we must be in that room to come out of it, so I bet we get another day."

Sure enough. The next morning we reported at another studio of the plant where the inner room was set. It seemed rather unkind to me to change just as

I had gotten my bearings and could find my way from the studio to the dressing-room without wandering around the "yard" three or four times—and this without the forethought to supply me with a compass. However, being an extra, not a star, I dared not assert my rights.

And on the last afternoon one of the chances which Mr. Brabin constantly impressed upon the girls he was only too glad to give to one who showed talent, was bestowed upon—no, this is not fiction or a press-agent's yarn—not Nan Newton, but "Frenchy." It happened that the director wanted a wife to gaze in at the Kadir making love to the American girl and 'portray the emotions that such a scene would arouse.

"Now's your chance to show what you can do, Francois," Mr. Brabin said. "Get up on that divan, look into the other room and then run down to the other wives and exclaim in horror, 'He wants to make her his wife!'"

Francois was in earnest, so in earnest that the French and English became upon such intimate terms, the genders so amalgamated, that it was difficult to know who wished to wed whom. However, the wild look in her eyes must have "screened well," even tho when Miss

Eastman met her information with "I'll kill him," little Francois cried in an odd mixture of Irish, French and English, "Sure!"

In spite of the extras' wish that it would last still another day the wives were dismissed for good at the end of the fourth afternoon.

"My! but I'm glad that's over," remarked one of the black attendants at the harem. "I have to scrub for three hours each night and then the stuff doesn't come off, to say nothing of having to be painted over in spots just before each scene."

Lampblack makes an effective disguise, but is it warmer than chiffon? I don't know.

Four days in my Turkish costume had made me immune to weather and everything else, and it was with a feeling akin to regret that I passed my chiffon draperies—what still remained of them—over into the hands of Mrs. Lewis. From henceforth the mysteries of the harem would be a closed book, my little extra friends, but pleasant memories.

And Nan Newton? How sad the parting with her! I had really become quite attached to her. I wonder if she will ever become a star!

## Kings and Queens Contest—The Classic's Great Personality Contest Begins

Vote for Six of Your Favorites—Each with a Different Trait

**T**HE NEWER and GREATER CLASSIC which starts with this issue desires to inaugurate a contest worthy of its place in the field of Motion Picture literature. Ever since the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE started the idea of popularity contests, and obtained over 3,000,000 votes in its first contest of five years ago, the plan has been taken up and copied by other publications and newspapers, until now it is an old story.

Our readers want something new—something startlingly different. We think the KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST is not only entirely different, but that it fills a long-felt want. Thru our long and intimate association with studios, players and audiences, we have come to realize that no one player is the greatest. Dramatic greatness is the sum of many traits—many characteristics.

### WHY DO THE PLAYERS APPEAL TO YOU?

Answer this question and you catch the spirit of the KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST. Mary Pickford, for instance, means charm, youth, innocence, naturalness, to many of her admirers, but these same devotees may see more Grace or Beauty in another actress. The same must be said of the sterner sex. You admire a certain actor for his good looks, his manly beauty, but do you concede that he is gifted in dramatic ability above his fellow players?

The CLASSIC believes that the elements

of appeal can be separated into three main characteristics, and that no one player can assume the autocratic crown of them all. We ask your support in a world-wide vote to help us elect the six players who shall be declared the kings and queens of Beauty and Handsomeness, Charm and Portrayal. Surely the crown of greatness could not be more fairly divided among the world's six greatest players.

### THE JURY MUST AGREE ON THE FACTS

In order to render a fair verdict, the jury must be instructed on the law. In order that we may all start with a fair understanding of each term in the Great Personality Contest, we will define each attribute:

**Beauty:** Regularity of feature or form, or both—physical gifts that delight the eye. **Handsomeness:** The same attributes for male players.

**Charm:** Winsomeness, personal appeal, attractiveness, womanliness or manliness, manner, and all that goes to make up a charming personality.

**Screen Portrayal:** Acting ability, command of technique, characterization, naturalness. A fine and finished reflection of Life, whether dramatic or comic.

On another page will be found a voting coupon with instructions how to vote.

### SIX PRIZES FOR EACH CONTESTANT

We promised you as well as ourselves that the rewards of this novel contest would be equally as novel, and we think that you will agree with us.

Here is the pleasing novelty of the awards: Each reader of the CLASSIC will personally share in the prizes. At the completion of the contest, when you have finally selected what players shall best represent Beauty, Charm and Portrayal, we will ask the new-crowned Queens and Kings of Motion Pictures to sit for especially posed portraits that will best typify the attributes that our readers have selected them for. Each portrait will be the exclusive property of our readers, will be especially posed for them, will be autographed by the players, and will be beautifully reproduced in color on heavy paper suitable for framing. On the month following the closing of the Great Personality Contest we will publish one or more of these exquisite pictures, and follow with one or more each month thereafter until the six kings and queens have all had their reign. After that we shall probably do likewise for the six next highest on the list.

And now the jury is charged, and we ask you, our readers, to bring in a verdict heavy with your preferences. We ask you to make this the most interesting, the most praiseworthy, the most influential contest that has ever been conducted in the interests of the players.

(Sixty)

# Muriel Ostriche

*An Impressionistic Sketch  
By Hazel Simpson Maylor.*



FINE-SPUN hair of gleaming gold, coiled into a crown of glistening curls; a winsomely molded face, whose long, almond-shaped eyes scan you with a slightly mysterious veiling of their azure depths; all in all a plump, well-rounded little personage encased in a simply constructed dancing-frock of cloth-of-silver, garnitured with richly encrusted silver lace—that was Muriel Ostriche as I saw her, dancing, dancing tirelessly to the strains of scintillating music, while all the black-coated, white-gloved dancing-men buzzed about her like flies about a jam-pot.

It was during an intermission that I noticed a small, hump-backed lad, whose large, pathetic eyes spoke of ages of suffering. Not once did his hungry gaze leave Miss Ostriche's face. One could clearly guess his thought as he stood there, "Who am I, to covet a dance with such as she?"

Then suddenly I saw Miss Ostriche slip away from the five lithe-bodied men who were teasing her for the next dance.

She approached the lonely hunch-back with no air of



Photo by Floyd



MURIEL OSTRICHE

condescension, but as one "Wont you dance the next with a singularly soft voice. The lad turned quite pale. It was impossible for him to articulate, but he nodded vehemently.

The music struck up a one-step, and the illy-matched couple went bobbing away, the observed of all.

But Muriel Ostriche's silver-shod feet twinkled as merrily, her golden ringlets fluttered as cheerfully as if she were dancing with the handsomest man in the hall.

This bright little sunbeam who has danced her way thru everything and into the hearts of every one who saw her as

who asks a favor. me?" she asked in

"Babette," the dainty butterfly dancer of "A Circus Romance," and have viewed the five silver loving-cups, dancing trophies, which she modestly exhibits, cannot fail to understand the dancing bit of sunshiny joy that she must have infused into the heart of her chosen partner.

When she brought the lad back to his corner of observation, his face flushed with happiness, his eyes alight with joy, a something to dream about thru his dreary days safe in his heart, she shook hands with him like an old comrade and thanked him prettily for the dance.

"Muriel Ostriche," said I to myself, "here's to you!"

(Sixty-one)



## The Fine Art of the Still Camera Touches Corinne Griffith



The lens has climbed to its place beside the other tools of the fine arts—the brush, the pen, and the sculptor's chisel.

This photograph of Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph leading-woman, is a beautiful example of how artistically the camera can “paint” the expression of the eyes and “model” the contour of the hands and features

*(Sixty-two)*

Miss Ruth Roland is one of the beauties of the modern photoplay who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Since Sarah Bernhardt began the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream over twenty years ago, this preparation has been a favorite of theatrical stars.



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Dear Sirs:—I find that Ingram's Milkweed Cream keeps my skin in a condition of perfect health and freshness despite the hard work and exposure involved in my profession of photoplay actress.

Yours,  
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Send us 6c in stamps for our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a time-proven preparation. 1917 marks its thirty-second year. It is more than a "face cream" of the ordinary sort. It is a skin-health cream. There is no substitute for it.

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Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.  
Removes the Actual Cause of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instant Support for weak arches.  
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HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

### THE REWARDS FROM PHOTOPLAY WRITING SOME ACTUAL FACTS AND FIGURES

#### Close Views and Inserts

The first question, I regret to say, that most new photoplay students ask me is, "How much am I going to get out of it?"

And I have but one reply, "How much are you going to put into it?"

Such a question implies the wrong attitude. Such an inquirer begins at the wrong end. First learn to write photoplays and then you may give some thought to how much you are going to get for them.

There is a possibility that you cannot learn to write photoplays at all. I think every one has a talent for doing something, but not all of us are gifted with a talent for photoplay writing—thank heaven!

Nor will the sluggard succeed as a photoplay-writer. Competition is too keen.

Nor that group of persons who think they can master photoplay writing without first mastering its principles and technique.

The day when any one might send in an "idea" in a few hundred words and receive a check for it has forever passed by. That sort of merchandising was not photoplay writing. In many cases it was not unlike selling a part of some one else's treasure that had been found in reading over a current magazine.

Today the need is not for crude ideas only, but for men and women behind the ideas with capability and training to build them into effective photoplays.

Now we may talk about rewards.

On all sides I hear the plaintive cry that the new writer is not wanted, is not given a chance, is not given a reading, is not encouraged.

Nonsense. I have personally canvassed most of the reliable markets for photoplays. They are in deadly need of material; they are on a constant hunt for new writers.

And what of those who bring forth evidence of their rebuffs? Why, in nine cases out of ten their work was totally unfitted for the purpose it essayed, their ideas were seldom in the least dramatic, they were never developed. Those who maintained their maltreatment were in the main deserving of little less.

On the other hand, I saw one of the best-known men in the producing field

# The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism,  
Timely Hints, Plot Construction  
and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

patiently reading a pile of manuscripts more than two feet high, fifty per cent. of which bore the names of unknown writers. Unknown writers, but *not untrained writers*.

We could not expect a merchant marine company seeking an up-to-date liner even to consider the purchase of a dug-out canoe offered by some well-meaning but ill-advised Indian.

What the producers want are dramatic ideas fully developed into effective photoplays.

Granted you have what is wanted, you will receive for your article a larger reward than is offered for any similar effort.

Imagine it! \$200 to \$1,000 for a piece of dramatic work that can scarcely consume more than two months of your time at the very most. The actual mechanical work will occupy less than a week. And no arduous years and large sums of money spent in attaining the training necessary to being rewarded in such a magnificent manner. The product turned out in a hall-room, maybe, after the investment in a typewriter and a dozen sheets of paper. Perhaps the whole play was turned out during leisure time.

Here then is the profession that is open to those who have talent, perseverance and common sense.

It is worth your best effort, since the rewards are as great as the best efforts of any worth-while profession receive.

I speak now of the five-reel synopsis-only photoplay, for which you receive approximately the same amount as a surgeon receives for an operation, as an artist for his picture, as a lawyer for a case, as an author for a novelette, as a playwright in advance royalties. And when I say surgeon, I mean too after he has given not less than ten years of his life in studious and practical education; I mean a good picture by a well-trained artist; and an important case won by a well-known lawyer—and so on.

It will not be always so. You have a wonderful opportunity to get in on the ground floor of a big new profession that is going to grow bigger—and harder to enter—as each year goes by.

#### Plotting the Photoplay

The chief function of the plot is to create an obstacle. There must be an obstacle looming between the perfect happiness of your hero and heroine.

(Sixty-four)

If you set about to tell the story of their unalloyed happiness, you are merely laying a plan that is apt to bore your audience.

Your audience is more interested in how the hero and heroine won or lost their happiness than in knowing to what degree they are enjoying it.

Each of the incidents, or minor crises, that show this may consist of an obstacle.

The ultimate crisis—or climax—of the play represents the final and greatest obstacle in the entire play, in the process of being removed.

**Screenings  
from  
Current Plays**

Here we have one of the most progressive producing companies of the day butting its head against the stone wall again. When are they going to awaken to the fact that the technique of the novel is one thing, the technique of the photoplay is quite another; that the method of constructing a stage-play is in nowise the same as that employed in making a photoplay effective?

Take the case of "Sapho," recently released by the Famous Players.

There is a certain pathetic tenderness in the original novel that has made a classical idyl of the streets of it. The deft French touch has made of Sapho's passionate adventures a fine tragedy that has more nobleness than vice in it. Still it is neither immoral or unmoral, but contains a moral no less austere than "The wages of sin is death."

But none of this beauty is brought to us in the present screen version. Full emphasis is laid on the sordid side, the passionate mood—a vixenish woman who strews her path with victims, and when she is pursued and caught by love, like a scorpion she stings herself to death. In this version we cannot help but feel that she well deserves worse punishment than she gets. For the play ends in a flight into sentimental mawkishness.

Sapho comes to the church where her last lover is being married and forever torn away from her. After the ceremony is over she spies one of the religious pictures in the church and suddenly decides to reform!

And so we come away with the fine record of the book forever mushed up by this saccharine daub.

**Lessonettes**

Emphasis will be laid especially upon those perfections and errors which must ever tend to make or mar the claims of any and all classes of writers to literary excellence.

The mere presence of flagrant faults in a manuscript of any kind must condemn it on sight in the eyes of the discerning editor or reader and rob it of its chances of success.

Bear in mind that literary expression is not spontaneous, but requires practice, *practice*, PRACTICE—whether it be story-writing or drama-writing.

(Sixty-five)

It has been our purpose for two years to seek out reasons why manuscripts are returned by photoplay editors almost as quickly as they are received.

My search and inquiry has revealed the fact that not one manuscript in fifty is presented with anything approaching literary excellence or elegance.

**Questions  
and  
Answers**

To repeat, I am very desirous of giving you specific aid in this little sub-department. While I have tried to make that point clear, I have tried to become equally emphatic on all other conditions governing this service. And yet, much of the correspondence I have received verifies the worst that editors can say of those who submit material unintelligently.

"A Theda Bara Admirer" asks me about actors who appeared in a play with her. Several have asked my good offices in obtaining them jobs as players. One correspondent asks me to get places for her two children.

My sympathies are with these inquirers and I thank them for the confidence they impose in me and the honors they thrust upon me—which are utterly out of my line.

Anything that concerns the construction, sale and criticism of photodrama is my field.

Another mother asks my advice as to whether or not she should give an actor-trainer \$50 to teach her five-year-old boy to become a movie actor. If he is young, take him to a studio and try to have him cast.

And most of the letters are pages in length. Be brief.

Where my service was requested outside the immediate field of this department, I have tried to suggest an alternative.

**ANSWERS.**

*Banker.*—You have no insurance against the idea-thief. Thieves are thieves, and they practice their nefarious work in all lines of endeavor.

*Banker.*—Do not put a price on your manuscript; let the producer make you an offer.

*Banker.*—Simply send in your story for consideration.

*Shippey.*—If you are inexperienced and desire to know the merits of a story, submit it to some competent judge at his rates.

*Marshall.*—My book is called "The Photodrama," with an introduction by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton.

*Marshall.*—I do not think that you would receive less than \$100 for a five-reel play—probably much more.

*Watkins.*—"Close-up vignette" is a close-view of an object with all surrounding matter blocked out.

"Scene against a black drop" means some action depicted in front of a black curtain.

"Short flash" is a scene of only a few seconds' duration.

Double space is preferable in typing Synopses, with no extra space between paragraphs.

I use red ribbon for all matter that will appear unchanged on the screen.

I capitalize all letters in a title (Caption).

You are not paid by the reel, but for whole play. See above.



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Send me the booklet about the Feuchtinger Method. Have put X on subject that interests me:  
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☐ Stammering ☐ Lipping

Name.....  
Address.....



# Why Some Foods Explode in the Stomach

By WILLIAM ELDRIDGE

"THE combinations of food that most people eat three times a day inflict nothing less than a crime against their health and are the direct cause of 90 per cent. of all sickness."

This is the rather startling statement of Eugene Christian, the famous New York Food Scientist whose wonderful system of corrective eating is receiving so much eager attention throughout the Nation at the present time.

According to Eugene Christian we eat without any thought of the relation which one food has to another when eaten at the same time. The result is that often we combine two foods each of great value in itself, but which when combined in the stomach literally explode, liberating toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

All of this, states Eugene Christian, can be avoided if we would only pay a little attention to the selection of our daily menu instead of eating without any regard for the consequences.

This does not mean that it is necessary to eat foods we don't like; instead Christian prescribes meals which are twice as delicious as those to which we are accustomed.

Not long ago I was fortunate enough to be present when Eugene Christian was relating some of his experiences with corrective eating to a group of men interested in dietetics, and I was literally amazed at what he accomplished with food alone and without drugs or medicines of any kind.

One case which sticks in my mind was that of a mother and daughter who went to him for treatment. The mother was forty pounds overweight and her physician diagnosed her case as Bright's Disease. She had a sluggish liver, low blood pressure and lacked vitality. The daughter had an extreme case of stomach acidity and intestinal fermentation, was extremely nervous, had chronic constipation, and was 30 pounds underweight.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multimillion-

aire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 726, 450 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

## CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY,

Dept. 726, 450 Fourth Avenue, New York City

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days after receipt or send you \$3.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

## VOTING COUPON

### CLASSIC KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST

Any reader may vote once a month by filling out this coupon and mailing it to the CLASSIC, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The same player may be voted for for all three attributes. Additional coupons can be obtained by addressing the CLASSIC Sales Manager, also clubbing rates and extra coupons for subscriptions.

I vote for the following players:

MALE

FEMALE

Beauty..... Beauty.....

Charm..... Charm.....

Portrayal..... Portrayal.....

Name and address of voter.....

MOTION PICTURE

## Psyche Gone Wrong

(Continued from page 42)

thoroly awakened to the fact that she had company, the camera-man had clicked off about two hundred feet.

When she finally did forget herself long enough to realize she had visitors, she leaped from the wash-basin. "O-o-oh, heavens alive! Bring me my clothes!" she shouted, as she gazed helplessly from one to the other, at the same time trying to cover herself with her hands.

Then, as the wardrobe-guardian departed to obey her, she turned to the director. "You—you—you—wont tell them who this is, will you?" she pleaded.

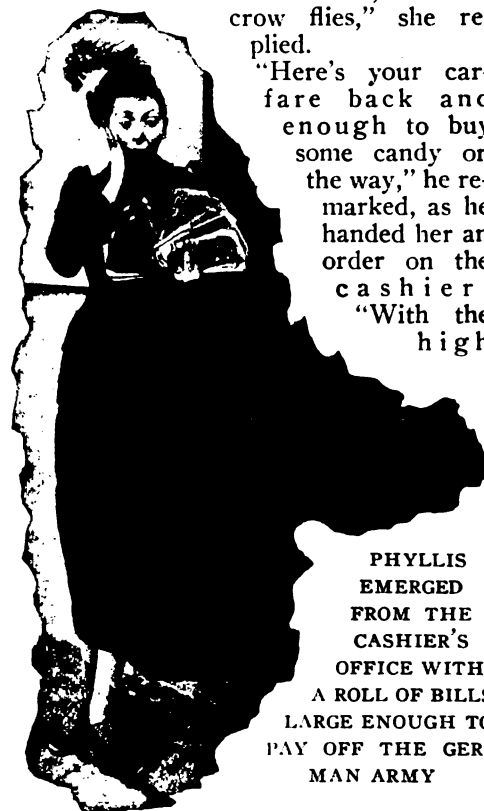
"The woman shall be nameless," Worthington assured her with a smile.

"Where did you come from?" he added.

"Pottage, Missouri, ten miles from Len Hilken's barn, as the crow flies," she replied.

"Here's your carfare back and enough to buy some candy on the way," he remarked, as he handed her an order on the cashier.

"With the high



PHYLLIS  
EMERGED  
FROM THE  
CASHIER'S  
OFFICE WITH  
A ROLL OF BILLS  
LARGE ENOUGH TO  
PAY OFF THE GER-  
MAN ARMY

prices of food products, you can become an heiress in three hours back there."

Then he turned to the camera-man. "Say, Bill, put it in a bag and carry it so far It cant come back."

A little later Phyllis emerged from the cashier's office with a bundle of bills large enough to pay off the German army.

"That dame spoiled the picture!" said Farnum. "Are you crazy, Worthington?"

"You're talking dry," answered the director. "She did more for it than you've done in two weeks."

"Whatterderymean?" asked Farnum. "She's killed a corkin' good drama."

"That's just what she did," agreed the director; "but she gave me a burlesque of it that's going to sell like hot cakes."

"What's that!" exclaimed the actor.

"Just what I said," calmly replied Worthington. "Its name now is 'Psyche Gone Wrong!'"

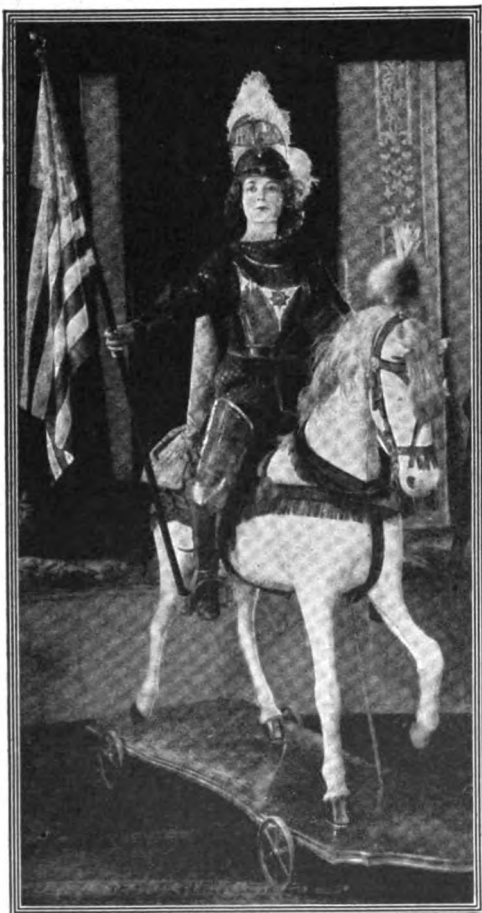
(Sixty-six)

CLASSIC

HAVING A LITTLE FILM FUN-  
OUT-OF-DOOR SPORT



CHARLES RAY (OF TRIANGLE-INCE-KAY-BEE FAME) ENGAGED IN A FRIENDLY STRUGGLE WITH HIS ENGLISH BULLDOG. BOTH HAVE A GRIPPING HOLD. WHICH WINS?



MARGUERITE CLARK, AS JOAN OF ARC, DISPLAYING THE STARS AND STRIPES AND THE SPIRIT OF 1917 IN "THE VALENTINE GIRL" (FAMOUS PLAYERS)

(Sixty-seven)

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# THE ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

**BRUNETTA, 17.**—No; Harry Myers came North not long ago. The answers to the chess puzzle were in the April 1917 Classic. Walter Long was Roth in "The Years of the Locust." Marjorie Temple was the girl in "The Wolf Woman."

**COUNT MONTE CHRISTIE.**—Lou-Tellegen is Dutch. Annette Kellermann was born in Australia. It would be a good idea, but you can get rid of an awful lot of stamps.

**ONCE A MONTH.**—I do wish you wouldn't write on postal-cards. It's never too late to give up our prejudices. Honest confession is good for the soul. Glad you find that the picture shows give you more than "value received." You can't always say that of "uncanned" drama.

**A. K. O.**—No, no, no! Harold Lockwood and May Allison are not married. They don't even play opposite now. Emily Stevens is the niece of Minnie Maddern Fiske. I can't sympathize with you in your wish for a long, lacy, angel-sleeved negligée such as she wore in "The Wheel of the Law." I wear starched cuffs on mine. Read your Shakespeare again. Her screen play, "The Unchastened Woman," was not plagiarized from "The Taming of the Shrew."

**JEANNE.**—H. B. Warner and Rita Stanwood in "The Lost Paradise." Florence Reed and Fuller Mellich in "The Dancing Girl." Maclyn Arbuckle and Myrtle Stedman in "It's No Laughing Matter." Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "Sunshine Molly." Marshall Neilan and Gertrude Norman in "May Blossom."

**BETTY, ALTOONA.**—Mrs. Vernon Castle was born in New Rochelle. Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn.

**GERDA, CHICAGO.**—Neither of the Moore boys was in "Tess of the Storm Country." You refer to Harold Lockwood. Subscription to the Magazine is \$1.50 and the Classic \$2.00 a year. Why should you think any the less of Marjorie Rambeau after seeing her in "The Greater Woman"? Courage, again, my Brave Brightness. How wealthy was Uncle Sam in 1912? In round figures \$130,000,000. Nothing careless about my 0's. Has increased \$57,739,071.090 in past five years.

**MARIA ANTOINETTE.**—Yes, you want a picture of David Powell. He did; he was Lieutenant Bon in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." You write a clever letter, all right.

**L. M. P. STAND.**—So you think William Hart the best player, Douglas Fairbanks second and Antonio Moreno third. Speaking of punctuation, if we draw the line on Eve's conduct, it should be when she made a dash after Adam.

**R. A. R.**—There were several "Fugitives" produced. Every State has different divorce laws. In Hindustan either party for a slight cause may leave the other and marry. Divorces are scarcely ever known to occur in modern Greece.

**DIMPLES.**—No, my dear child; Edmund Breese is no longer in pictures. Well, then, remember this: A money lender serves you in the present tense, lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive and ruins you in the future!

**ANNA W. L.**—The tallest sky-scraper in the world is the Woolworth Building in New York City. It is 792 feet high. Mignon Anderson and Bert Delaney in "The Knotted Cord."

(Sixty-eight)

TRACEY W. B.—Various shades of yellow, from light to dark, are called leghorn, maize, chartreuse, golden glow, sulphur, lemon, orange, mustard and gold. Yes; Howard Hickman was the Count in "Civilization."

INEZ.—About time for you again. Margaret Thompson was the girl in "The Strike at Centipede Mine." Robert Edeson was the lead in "Where the Trail Divides." I gave a full description of that war some time ago.

MRS. FLORENCE M.—So you think Mrs. Vernon Castle is wonderful. Stripes are as *au fait* outside as inside the (Sing-Sing) "bars"—black and white, or Roman, wide or narrow, perpendicular, bias, parallel, any way it pleases your fancy or becomes your form to wear them they are certain to be *très la mode* (whatever that is!)

CAROLYN V.—"Patria," pronounced like pa. Guy Coombs in "My Madonna." James O'Neill in "Painted Woman." Maury Stewart was David in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." Pauline Bush is not playing now. You know I have always said, "Love is like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life."

MARY T. EVANSTON.—No, no, you have never seen the story "Armstrong's Wife" in the Classic. You may have seen still pictures used in connection with another story. We never printed "The Marriage of Kitty."

JOHN M.—You refer to Paul Willis in "The Fall of a Nation." Perforations are round, square and barrel shape. The square and barrel holes give longer life to the film than the round form. You should put your name at the top of the letter.

GERTRUDE C.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a new list of addresses of film producers. We had a chat with Pearl White in June 1916 Classic. Otis Skinner was born in Cambridgeport, Mass., in 1857.

L. G.—Arthur Albertson was Bruce in "The Argyle Case." That's right, but the girl who pins herself together every morning is liable to get stuck on herself some day.

ANNA R.—You refer to Olga Olonova. All right, call me droll and whimsical. Perhaps I am, but you can't guess what a lot of fun I get out of life watching others' fun. Hazel Dawn and Owen Moore in "Under Cover," released about eight months ago.

ABRAHAM M.—Your questions are all out of order.

A FOOL THERE WAS.—Well, I hope not. Florence LaBadie is still with Thanhouser, and they are releasing under Pathé. Your favorite vampires are Dorothy Dalton and Elsie Jane Wilson.

JULIUS.—Your question is about as aimless as a pin—it's headed one way and pointed another.

ZULEIKO.—Ann Murdock as "Envy," first play of McClure's "Seven Deadly Sins." Constance Collier, with Sir Herbert Tree, in the photoplay production of "Macbeth." Always willing to oblige, but impossible to give answer to your third. Mormons migrated to Great Salt Lake 1846.

ROSE C.—E. H. Calvert and Dorothy Phillips in "Into the North." Dolores Cassinelli and Billy Mason in "Their Waterloo." Francis Bushman and Dolores Cassinelli in "When Soul Meets Soul."

GEORGE C.—Raymond Hatton was the crook and Florence Dagmar was Alice in "The Kindling" (Lasky). Ruth Bryan was Annette in "The Wolf." Hal Forde was Neal in "A Maker of Dreams" (Kalem). Nazimova was Joan, Charles Hutchinson was George, and Charles Bryant was Franz in "War Brides." Frank Lanning in "The Victoria Cross" (Lasky). You're welcome.

LUCILLE S.—Mary Miles Minter's eyelashes are an inch long. As observed, Charlie Chaplin prefers blondes. Edna Purviance is still with him. Woodrow Wilson was born December 28, 1856.

MILLIE, BOSTON.—Yes, there are all kinds. And you are thinking of getting married. Some men are born small, some shrink, and some others never find out how really small they are.

(Sixty-nine)



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**ANNA L.**—You've a delicate way of bestowing gratuities. How did you guess I had a sweet tooth? *Mille gras, ma chere ami.* Charming sentiment, thanking the movies for giving you a memorable picture of Thomas Jefferson in his beloved father's celebrated character of Rip Van Winkle.

**SOCRATES.**—It was in "Dulcie's Adventure" that Mary Miles Minter carried the cunning little piggie in her arms. She named him "Hamlet." He was not a Mutual nor an American pet, only loaned to the company.

**HERMAN.**—White is the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, faith, joy and life. In the judge it indicates integrity, in the sick humility, in the woman chastity.

**EVLYN F., BROOKLYN.**—This from you? "Owen Moore left town one day owing more than he could pay; Owen Moore came back one day, owing more." "Well, excuse me!" as the lobster said, backing away from the shark. Nope, indeedy, not our Owen Moore. There are four of 'em—Matt, Owen, Tom and Joe. Matt opposite Mary Pickford in "Pride of the Clan." Pauline Frederick was in "Sleeping Fires."

**AUGUST T.**—Ethel Barrymore will play in "The Call of Her People." Well, if you make money your god it will plague you like the devil. Money never worries me.

**TOTO.**—So you have been going to dances. Good exercise, all right. Naomi Childers is with Art Drama in "The Auction of Virtue." You will see Clara Young on the cover some day, no doubt.

**PRINCE CHARMING.**—Delighted! Did you know that all the decorations in Germany are rusty on account of the shower of iron crosses? (More soft music, please.)

**MARY T., PITTSFIELD.**—No, I don't find the city distracting. I'm in a quiet corner—so still I could hear my blood circulating while composing a poemlette on the silent drama recently. Don't get discouraged; try again. Yeast, tho compressed, will rise again.

**NUTTY.**—Lionel Barrymore will play in "The Millionaire Double." Louise Huff and House Peters are playing opposite. Well, recently formed ice (and on the surface) one and one-half inches thick will support a man, four inches thick will support cavalry, five inches thick will support an 84-pound cannon, ten inches thick will support an army, eighteen inches thick will support a railroad train.

**JUSTSO.**—Little Helen Costello was in to see us yesterday. She laughed and joked with the Answer Man and thought I was a very funny creature. Even Helen has her suspicions.

**JUNIOR.**—Elliott Dexter and Mary Pickford will play opposite in her next play. Well, if Edna Purviance sends us some of those new pictures I'm sure the Editor will use one.

**JACKSON T. T.**—William Courtenay is playing opposite Marguerite Snow for Astra, released thru Pathé. I should say it is a hard proposition to try and keep track of the different players.

**LIBERTY.**—I agree with you. Think it was about a year ago that Kitty Gordon posed and reflected her glorious self in a World scene version of "As in a Looking Glass." Lily Langtry appeared only in the speaking production of F. C. Phillips' popular drama.

**BUSTER.**—There always has and always will be a high cost of living. They say that William Russell absolutely refuses to appear in person at any theater where one of his plays is being shown because the women always want to kiss him. William is quite reserved.

**MELBA H.**—Permission is sometimes, tho not often, granted for the making of actual scenes in and about the homes of the four hundred. Mrs. George Gould opened the gates of her country estate, Georgian Court, Lakewood, N. J., to "Beauty and the Beast." Scenes from that famous old fairy story were made on the grounds. Mineta Timayo was the sleeping beauty.

**HENRY W., TOLEDO.**—Don't wonder you got lost imitating Charlie Chaplin. You probably did trying to follow in his footsteps, but wouldn't you like to walk in his tracks breaking a path thru the deep snow? He's some pathfinder and pace-maker. I'd suggest you name the triplets in this way: Write several names of your movie favorites on slips of paper, shake in a hat, draw one, two, three. Congratulations.

## TRUTH

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

**T**HE millions asked for Truth in the Motion Pictures. The Genius smiled. He gave them Truth. The millions applauded. To the Genius came a half-dozen men. Said they: "We are censors. We understand you are portraying Truth. We don't exactly understand what Truth is. Therefore we are suspicious. It's true the millions laud your work, but they cannot be trusted to know what is decent. That is where we come in. The American Citizen must be protected. He has no sense. We shall watch this Truth thing!" The Genius smiled.

He produced a picture portraying a crisis in our country's affairs. It was the Truth. The millions applauded. Came to the Genius the Great Politician. Said he: "Your picture cannot be shown in my city. It would inflame the populace. My fair city would be rent with riots. A few of my constituents disapprove of it. I shall not allow it to appear!" The Genius smiled. He went to law. A clear-headed Judge was discovered. The picture was shown. The city's million applauded. There were no riots. The Genius smiled. Men of affairs visited him. "It is Truth," said they; "give us more!"

The Genius did. He produced a picture exposing the ramifications of graft and vice. Being the Truth it also exposed the men of affairs. The men of affairs revisited the Genius. They also reviled him. The Genius smiled. Came to him certain eminent and worthy ministers. Said they: "You have shown the Truth! We love you! Give us more!"

The Genius did. The millions applauded. Came to him again the ministers. They reproved him, saying: "Your picture portrays scenes of violence, rapine, drunkenness and debauchery!" The Genius smiled. Said he: "But it is all scenes from the Bible, whose every word is Truth!" The ministers departed. The Genius smiled.

**THE SCREEN STAR** (angrily)—I wish I had married a woman of common sense.

**HIS WIFE** (sweetly)—You couldn't, dear, for no woman of common sense would have married you.

(Seventy)



The report that Edna Mayo had severed her connection with the Essanay Company was entirely without foundation, and we take pleasure in publishing this very gratifying news for our readers.

Those who know how to appreciate Harold Lockwood's past performances have a rare treat in store in his forthcoming (Yorke-Metro) society comedy, "The Haunted Pajamas," in which he will be comically supported by the three hundred pounds of Ed. Sedgwick as the star's jovial college pal.

At the recent banquet of the Authors' League at Delmonico's the silent drama was represented by Wilfred Lucas, of Triangle fame. He has appeared in a great many photoplays of his own creation.

Hiram Abrams, President of the Paramount Corporation, has a great deal to say about the blue law prohibiting Motion Pictures on Sunday. He makes good use of the old adage, "A tax on innocent pleasures puts a premium on vicious ones."

Joseph Kilgour, whose charming personality brought out the full value of Clara Kimball Young's part in "The Eastest Way," has been secured for one of the leading rôles in Triangle's new production, "Her Excellency, the Governor."

A striking instance of the legerdemain of the films is given in a remarkable development of Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl" by the Famous Players. Starting as a little girl, she achieves maturity in time to enter upon the grown-up romance before the end of the first reel.

Pearl White did her patriotic bit, costumed in khaki uniform and a big flag. With the aid of a derrick she aviated on a fourteen-inch beam girder to the top of a sky-scraper, scattered tiny flags and printed appeals from her perilous perch, entreating thousands of cheering young men below to enlist.

Mrs. Vernon Castle, "Patria" heroine, comes back as a Pathé box-office result-getter. She will be presented in some of the great literary and stage successes, as well as original stories, produced on a lavish scale.

Emmy Wehlen, in "The Duchess of Doubt," has the difficult business of cooking griddle-cakes in one very trying scene. She must appear to be momentarily diverted while the neglected cakes burn. It requires all her self-control to refrain from rushing close up to the camera to give the scorching flapjacks the once-over.

When that cleverest of comédiennes, Marie Cahill, appears in Mutual's "When Betty Bets" it is sure to be the one best bet that the S. R. O. sign will be displayed long and early.

A perfect nightmare for actors comes to us from Thomas Meighan, Famous Players-Paramount leading-man. It appears that innumerable requests for autographed photographs of the lucky star, accompanied by stamps and coin, were turned over, with the requested photographs, to one alleged Miss Marjorie Van Allen—a newly acquired secretary, with a mole on her left cheek and, generally, of a brunette type. All of these—also Margy—have disappeared! The police have been called upon for help.

Mary Anderson has of late been experiencing the feelings of a mole. She has been living underground in the mines and wearing regulation miner's overalls and cap while playing opposite Antonio Moreno, for the last time, in "The Lady Sheriff."

The release of "A Modern Othello" should disclose some real pictures of the finest types of horses—a feature, alas, too frequently missed on the screen. Robert War-

wick and company have gone to C. K. G. Billings' million-dollar breeding estates near Richmond, Virginia, where important scenes will be taken. Mr. Billings' patriotic tender of his splendid property for a cavalry station for drill maneuvers has been accepted by the government.

Mae Murray and Director Robert Leonard have made a transcontinental trip from Hollywood to Manhattan to obtain New York atmosphere for some scenes in "Little Miss Grown-up," and, incidentally, during her stay she has signed a new contract to continue in Lasky-Paramount pictures for the next two years.

The promising field of Motion Picture colors has attracted a promising reaper—W. F. Fox, in his new \$850,000 Natural Colored Picture Company, of Whitestone, L. I. The day of the colored movie is dawning.

Henry B. Walthall, the fighting rector of a fashionable church, in "The Saint's Adventure," lands uppercuts on burly rough-necks, blisters his palms chopping wood, rescues the scarlet lady, rights the wrongs of the poor at the hands of the wealthy congregation and altogether fights to clean up the slums and gives a true reflection of the actual experiences of the author (Judge Willis Brown) in this kind of work.

A little army of pretty picture stars, clad in Red Cross uniforms, invaded the lobbies of the leading hostleries of the Great White Way and disposed of hundreds of tickets for the Movie Ball given for the benefit of the American Red Cross Society.

Earle Williams and Virginia Pearson, "Fatty" Arbuckle and Leah Baird, Francis X. Bushman and Alice Brady, George M. Cohan and Ethel Barrymore led the grand march, opening the Movie Charity Ball at Terrace Garden, N. Y.

"Fatty" Arbuckle has a well-stocked wardrobe—garments cut to fit him for any rôle—but he draws the line at wearing long baby clothes. His next release will be "His Wedding Day."

Thomas Meighan capably responds to the terrifying question, "Is there a doctor in the house?" in the professional rôle of an M. D. in "Her Better Self," Famous Players' latest release featuring Pauline Frederick.

No need to cry over the lack of photoplay material as long as the enormously rich store of former stage successes by well-known authors remains unexhausted. Famous Players Film Company have just purchased the right to adapt the following Broadway hits for the screen: "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" by Augustus Thomas, Margaret Illington's starring vehicle of a few years ago; "The Witness for the Defense," by A. E. W. Mason, in which Ethel Barrymore appeared at the Empire in 1911; "Freckles," by Gene Stratton Porter; "The Painted Woman," by Frederic Arnold Krummer, and "The Dummy," Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford's sensation of two seasons ago.

Billie Burke could not resist the lure of the Famous-Lasky Corporation's flattering, "fat" offer of a two years' contract under their exclusive management. The delightfully tantalizing Billie will next be introduced as "The Mysterious Miss Terry."

Following "In Again—Out Again," Artcraft presents Douglas Fairbanks to us as "A Regular Guy," with another new little leading lady—Eileen Percy. "Doug" discovered this seventeen years young beauty in the orange and cocoanut groves atop the New York Century Theater. "Doug's" winning smile did the rest. She has gone with the Artcraft Company to the Golden West.



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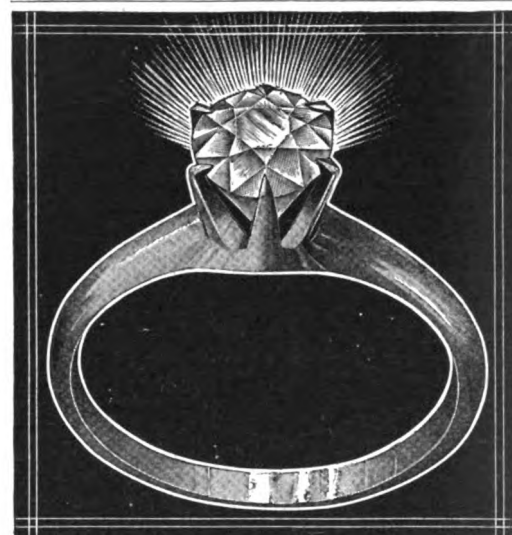
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Two new attacks on the high cost of movies have just been reported from the front (of the screen). A home-made flower garden is to be forced to produce all the floral decorations used by the Lasky studios, and a garage has given up its automobiles to enable it to afford space for useful properties. No provision has been reported, as yet, for storing the money saved by these two new movie moves.

At a notable Motion Picture benefit performance for the "Infant Welfare" fund, Roger's Park Woman's Club, Chicago, "The Collie Market," one of the Paula Blackton Country Life stories, and June Caprice as "A Modern Cinderella," assured its financial and artistic success.

Marie Doro's leading-man, Arthur Roscoe, in "Heart's Desire," who wore spurs and won honors with the Fourth United States Cavalry in the Philippines, will try his wings flying in the present war with the Aviation Corps Reserve. Jean Jacques Gauthier, also cast in this picture, won the war cross and military medal with the French Aviation Corps at Verdun.

Every loyal baseball fan will want to see Triangle-Kay-Bee's "The Pinch Hitter." Charles Ray, the man behind the bat, was instructed in the crucial ninth inning to fan the air. Ray is such a good player that he caused the re-making of the scene several times—simply couldn't avoid letting his bat collide with the ball, until the sixth attempt. He finally "struck out."

Movie birds are always migrating. Recently H. B. Warner flew from Triangle and McClure's to the Selig nest; Alice Lake one-stepped from her Keystone perch to Universal's gilded cage; Wallace Reid hopped to the Morosco Western branch to pose opposite Myrtle Stedman; Hazel Dawn soared from the Century Theater to Selznick's protecting wing; Fritzie Brunette volplaned from Selig to Lasky and Carmen Phillips fox-trotted from Fox to Lasky.

Balboa Producing Company have discovered a new ocean of joy in little five-year-old Gloria Joy, successor to Baby Helen Marie Osborne. Little Gloria will sparkle, shine, dazzle and blaze opposite that solemn-eyed chocolate-drop piccaninny, Leon Purdue, in a new series of "Little Sunshine and Shadow" pictures.

Ladies, attention! When the posters announce the coming of Miss Louise Glaum in "Sweetheart of the Doomed" prepare for a rare treat. When not disguised as a peasant she is a French adventuress, gowned in gorgeous raiment and wears a dozen different creations, notable among which is a beautiful Parisian gown of her own design.

M. is the first initial of five of Goldwyn's famous "eighteen-carat-fine" gold stars—Mary Garden, Maxine Elliott, Marguerite Marsh, Mae Marsh and Madge Kennedy.

The following Motion Picture stars are a few of Uncle Sam's nieces and nephews doing their part as recruiters: Mollie King replies to letters from masculine admirers, who state that they "are willing to die" for her, advising them to enlist and fight for Old Glory or she will give them the "double cross."

Theda Bara has been honored by a request to present a new regulation United States service flag to a company of volunteers raised by Captain Kraber in the old historical town of York, Pa. This banner will be carried by the standard-bearer of the regiment, with Miss Bara's autograph on the canvas band, into the thick of the fray, in case of a clash of arms.

Helen Holmes' fearless husband, J. P. MacGowan, director of the Signal Company, has enrolled in a Los Angeles aviation squad.

William and Dustin Farnum, enthusiastic yachtsmen, have equipped their fifty-one foot motor craft with two rapid-firing guns to join the mosquito fleet guarding Los Angeles harbor.

The recent overthrow of the Czar has created a phenomenal interest in Edison's production, "The Cossack Whip." Sixty-five per cent. of the original exhibitors are applying for a re-booking of this tragic five-reel production.

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Baby Marie Osborne will be featured in Lasalida (Spanish for Light-of-the-Sun) Producing Company's first picture, "When Baby Forgot." Baby Marie wishes to be quoted as saying (lest we forget) that she is the undimmed and ever-twinkling evening and morning and only star of her own brilliant Lasalida Company.

Shirley Mason, soon to appear in a Western story, "Light in Darkness," has issued a challenge to philologists. She says Noah Webster probably "knewed it all," but why didn't he give us a fitting name for he-vampires? Hasn't little Shirley heard of the "tango-lizard?"

Alma Reuben, who co-starred with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mystery of the Leaping Fish," has emerged as a Spanish beauty of the old régime, appearing with W. S. Hart in his latest California gold-hunting adventure, picturing the period of the "roaring forties."

William Duncan of the Vitagraph studios proved equal to the retort courteous recently when a particularly difficult script marked "Scenario-ized with liberties" was handed him for production. He completed the production and added the following notation below that of the scenario writer's: "Directed with liberties."

The downfall of imperialism in Russia makes Alice Brady's appearance in "Darkest Russia" particularly timely. It's a long, long way from the court and military pomp of Petrograd and the serfs and convicts of Siberia to little old Broadway, but little Alice brings all these nobles, troops, common people and exiles to us in this great picture-play.

At the age of nine years Naomi Childers, now starring in the film version of "The Auction of Virtue," was the original Alice in the first stage presentation of this famous story by Lewis Carroll.

Harry Carter is a perfectly good devil in "Even as You and I." As Saturniska, ruler of the sizzling realms, he is simply great, and as a silk-hatted man of the world in the upper regions he portrays perfectly the modern prototype found in all earthly circles.

(Continued on page 76)

## Tina and the Turk

(Continued from page 53)

of them, and we had quite a row. I thought I'd never get away!"

She began to laugh shakily, clinging to his arm. Seeing the look she gave her lover, Kadir El Raschaud turned on his heel and took himself silently away. After all, he had fifteen wives already, and they would be glad to welcome him home.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" whispered Mary Ann. "Put your arms round me, Jimmy! That's the only way I'll feel safe again."

But Jimmy held his arms with a mighty effort stiffly at his sides.

"I—cant," he said slowly. "Dear, I love you too well. I'm going back to Elmville, Mary Ann."

"Then I'm going back, too!" she answered. "You cant get away from me, Jimmy boy. I dont want to dance again—ever! I want to wash dishes, and make layer lemon-cake, and have the minister to tea. I want to go home, Jimmy! And, boy dear, boy dear—I want you!"

Then his arms went about her and he gave her the kiss that he had saved for her all his clean years. Beyond the curtain three thousand people applauded earnestly and in vain.

(Seventy-two)

## STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

**Cohan and Harris.**—"The Willow Tree." In this age of murder, mystery and society plays, this little legend of Japan is as fresh as a lotus-flower. Beautiful stage-settings, charming dialog and clever characterization round out an evening of enchantment.

**Booth.**—"A Successful Calamity." One of the best plays that New York has seen for many a moon. William Gillette in the lead is simply immense and so are the entire company. A charming play that leaves a delicious flavor in the mouth.

**Bandbox.**—"Nju." An interesting Russian play. Something different. Very unique, entertaining, artistic, and capitally done.

**Lyceum.**—"The Case of Lady Camber." A strong, well-acted, English drama. Unusually tense situations and many surprises hold the interest from beginning to end.

**Knickerbocker.**—"Disraeli." An absorbing comedy-drama in which George Arliss has abundant opportunity to display his remarkable ability of characterization.

**Belasco.**—"The Very Minute." An interesting preachment against King Alcohol. It creates a strong part for Arnold Daly, who takes full advantage of it.

**Hippodrome.**—"The Big Show." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined.

**Playhouse.**—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

**Century.**—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater.

**Cort.**—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. The whole cast strong.

**Cohan's.**—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not so winsome as those in "Daddy-Long-Legs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

**Empire.**—"A Kiss for Cinderella." A dainty fantasy with Maude Adams as Cinderella, a girl of dreams. Sparkling, clever and full of delightful sayings all thru.

**48th Street.**—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Veillier.

**Fulton.**—"Pals First." An intensely interesting comedy that is full of laughs, caused mostly by Thomas Wise, who adds to his long list of recent hits. William Courtenay also stars in a becoming rôle. This play should enjoy a long run—it certainly deserves it.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Show of Wonders." A delightful conglomeration of a little of everything for everybody, mostly music. "Submarine F-7" is an attractive feature.

**Criterion.**—"Johnny Get Your Gun." A very funny farcical entertainment in which a Motion Picture scene is shown in course of making.

**Eltinge.**—"Lilac Time." An absorbing interesting dramatic play of modern French war-time in which Jane Cowl does some excellent dramatic work, supported by a good company. In spite of the unhappy ending, the play has a strong appeal and is no doubt destined for a long run.

**Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.**—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

**Rialto.**—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

**Strand.**—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

(Seventy-three)

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## JUST READ THE STORY

## "Psyche Gone Wrong"

on page 39 of this issue and decide if you can afford to miss the July Classic, when you are informed that that issue will contain another similar story by the same author, H. H. VAN LOAN, entitled:

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## JULY MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC



## Individuality in Dress

(Continued from page 28)

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. All questions will be answered in this department as soon as possible.

Number One—A quaintly charming wedding-gown worn in "Where Love Is." It is of stiff white taffeta, made with a very full skirt, edged with five rows of narrow, real lace. The sleeves depend for charm on their quaintness, and the rather short, plain little bodice has a shallow round neck. The bonnet is in quaint poke-bonnet style, and filled in, around the face, with lilies-of-the-valley.

Number Two—A tea-gown of soft, cream-colored embroidered net, finished with bands of lace at the bottom. The quaint little jacket is of palest pink chiffon, also embroidered. The whole is worn over a pale pink slip. The slippers are of pink, with diamond buckles, and the stockings are cream.

Number Three—This little frock is of pale pink chiffon, silver-embroidered over a slip of pink, also decorated in silver. A narrow silver girdle, and shoulder-straps of silver, with silver slippers and stockings, finish an outfit ideal for the graduating girl or debutante.

Number Four—A dinner-gown of ivory-white satin and silver. The tiny little cap-sleeves are of silver lace, and there is a silver band about the top of the bodice. A girdle of dull, soft green forms a pretty note of color.

Number Five—An afternoon costume composed of black panne velvet coat and tam-hat, and an ivory-white broadcloth skirt. High white kid boots and an ermine scarf complete the costume.

Number Six—An evening dance-frock of pale green net over green taffeta, sequin-embroidered. Tiny, pastel-shaded satin flowers weight the top flounce, and a corsage bouquet of the same flowers is worn at the rather high-waisted belt. Green satin slippers and green silk stockings are worn with this frock.

## The Trench Toddle

(Continued from page 16)

step backward, and then one forward, describing a square during the course of this part of the dance. Thus position Number Four is accomplished in preparation for the Daredevil Dip. At the last one-step backward, lady whirls before partner, hands are crossed as in a skating step, and the dip is made.

Number Five, the Dip, finds partner in position as in picture Number Five. Four Russian steps (which are done in sitting position, as in picture, by placing each foot in front of you alternately while proceeding along the floor), rise at finish of four steps, glide sideways, pirouette several times, walk a few steps, pause, turn sideways, and glide, then quick whirl, at the finish of the dance.

The proper music for this is a three-step mazurka—"Zulma" being the selection chosen by Mr. Larkin and Miss Kirkby as the favorite.



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Mary Miles Minter Pearl White  
Mabel Normand Harold Lockwood  
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Valeska Suratt May Allison  
Emily Stevens Theda Bara (2 poses)  
Douglas Fairbanks Francis X. Bushman  
Sidney Drew Helen Holmes

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GLADYS LESLIE, THANOUSER'S PRETTY PICTURE PLAYER, SERVING HOT COFFEE TO NAVAL MILITIAMAN STATIONED AT QUEENSBORO BRIDGE

(Scene 4 four)

# Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

Bessie Love has left the Fine Arts studio and is working at the Thomas H. Ince Culver City studio under the direction of Paul Powell. Alma Reubens, Carmel Meyers and Kenneth Harlan are also working at Ince's.

The Kalem "Stingaree" company, in which True Boardman was the shining light, has disbanded for the present.

Alan Forrest, the popular juvenile, has reported back for duty at the American studios in Santa Barbara.

Margarita Fischer, the Mutual star, is in the hospital at San Diego, but hopes to be able to resume her work in a week or two.

Herbert Rawlinson has just purchased a new Scotch collie with a pedigree that stretches two city blocks.

Chester Conklin contributed his efforts at the benefit game of baseball between the comedians and the tragedians, for the Red Cross, and suffered a wrenched knee as the result. Chester is now in bed at his home, and a Red Cross nurse is looking after him.

"The Daughter of the Daring" company, in which Helen Gibson is featured, has stopped dramatic operations at the Kalem studios.

Monroe Salisbury has joined the Morosco Company and is playing with George Beban in a new feature. It is a splendid part, just suited to Salisbury's talents.

Bill Hart has signed up with Thomas H. Ince for two years more of screen-work with a fat raise in salary. His weekly stipend has made almost as big a leap as his popularity during the past year. It is hard to determine which is the happier, Mr. Ince or Mr. Hart.

Harold Lockwood has just signed a new contract with the Yorke-Metro, which includes productions for two years more and a big raise in salary. The rights to several famous books have been secured as starring vehicles for Harold.

Edward Sloman, who has been directing the William Russell pictures for the American Film Company, has just signed up again with that company for another year, and will continue to produce the Russell pictures. This team has proved a very popular and profitable one for American.

Seena Owen has just purchased a beautiful horse and a riding-habit to match. She delights in riding and certainly looks very neat indeed riding atop her noble steed.

Douglas Fairbanks has arrived on the Coast to do a picture for the Artcraft. On with the dance, professor!

Gypsy Abbott has returned to the Coast, after her vacation in New York, and Henry King is smiling once more in consequence.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran have a well-known pugilist for an assistant camera-man now and feel perfectly safe when he's around.

A farewell party was given Ben Turpin, former Vogue comedian, by his fellow players at the Vogue. Ben is leaving to join the Keystone forces and will be sadly missed. The party was given at Lillian Hamilton's house, and proved a gala affair, breaking up in the wee sma' hours of the morning. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Turpin, Lillian Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton, Al Ray, Paddy McQuire, Hugh Allen Saxon, George Crone, John Oaker, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Laurie, Mrs. Hugh Saxon, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Bowes, Owen Evans, Walter Newman, Linney Templeton, and many other Vogue favorites. The evening and the morning, too, were voted a huge success. In response to loud applause, Ben made a speech, and for an encore did a hula-hula dance.

Lamar Johnstone has had his wardrobe, which was burnt to ashes in the recent fire at the Crown City studio in Pasadena, replaced by an entirely new line. Very becoming to Lamar, too.

(Continued on Page 76)

(Seventy-five)

## Mary Pickford's Latest Play

### "A Romance of the Redwoods"

has been fictionized into a charming story by Edwin M. LaRoche. It is a strong, fascinating, Western yarn, full of heart-interest, beautifully illustrated, and holds the interest from first to last of the thirteen pages it occupies in the

### July Motion Picture Magazine

This story would do credit to O. Henry and you should not fail to read it, either before or after seeing the film. We can recommend it as one of the best short stories that has ever appeared in either the Motion Picture Magazine or Classic.

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After reading the stories in this Classic, ask your exhibitor to show the films on the screen. You will find that the Photoplay is doubly interesting after having read the story, and it will be delightful to see the characters you have read about MOVE!



## FOR YOU

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To meet the enormous demands of our readers for fine pictures of the players we are now offering FREE with a year's subscription to either the Motion Picture Magazine or the Motion Picture Classic, a very attractive set of 80, 4 1/4 x 8 1/4 unmounted Rotogravure portraits containing only those subjects given in the list below.

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Henry B. Walthall	Fannie Ward	J. Warren Kerrigan	May Allison	Annette Kellermann
Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne	Fritzi Brunette
Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman	Mary Fuller
Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood	Mary Miles Minter
Frank Morgan	Dustin Farnum	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova	Pearl White
Huntley Gordon	Myrtle Stedman	Mabel Normand	Valli Valli	Ormi Hawley
Anita Stewart	Lenore Ulrich	Dorothy Gish	Mrs. Sidney Drew	Edwin August
Lillian Walker	Edna Goodrich	Bessie Barriscale	Sidney Drew	Kitty Gordon
Leah Baird	Mary Pickford	Norma Talmadge	Ethel Clayton	Mae Murray
Dorothy Kelly	Marguerite Clark	Douglas Fairbanks	Carlyle Blackwell	Blanche Sweet
Lucille Lee Stewart	Pauline Frederick	Mae Busch	Mollie King	Anita King
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## Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from Page 72)

Our little snow-bird, Marguerite Snow, made her last appearance in Pathé's "The Hunting of the Hawk" and immediately took flight over the border-line. She feels at home in the Northern zone and will be filmed and featured this summer by the Canadian National Features Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Versatile, delightful Ann Pennington, who plays battledore and shuttlecock, appearing alternately before the real stage curtain and on the reel screen curtain, comes back to her innumerable admirers of the movie world in a patriotic photoplay, "The Boy Scout," written especially for her. As a recruiting medium for enlisting the "little soldier man" this should prove a record-getter. Forward, volunteers!

Elaine Hammerstein, who assisted Robert Warwick in unraveling the mysteries of "The Argyle Case," will play the part of a desperate Desdemona opposite him in "A Modern Othello."

## Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

(Continued from Page 75)

Lois Weber, the famous woman producer, is getting her own studios on the Coast, and expects to turn out her biggest achievements in her new surroundings.

Charles Ray is just completing his third feature for the Triangle under his new contract in which he will be starred alone. President John K. Tener of the National League has wired Tom Ince, complimenting him on "The Pinch Hitter," Charlie's first picture under his contract, and saying that he has never witnessed a more thrilling baseball game than is shown on the screen.

William Stowell and Dorothy Phillips have proved such a good team that Universal seems to have decided to keep them playing opposite each other indefinitely.

Charles Spencer Chaplin missed seeing the bouts at Vernon last week for the first time in many a month. It was the cause of much comment, because Charlie is always at the ring-side every Tuesday night.

Ora Carew, the Keystone beauty, must be combating with the high cost of living or taking no chances on the war conditions, because she has started a bakery all her own, and makes her bread and cakes herself. Ora says she is doing it because she likes to. I think she does it because they taste very good.

Jay Belasco, who is co-starring with Billie Rhodes in the new Strand-Mutual brand of comedies, bought himself a new car last week. It must pay to play in comedies, after all.

Tom Santschi, the Selig star, has lost his faithful dog "Dandy," which died last week. It had become quite a pet around the studios and its loss is keenly felt.

Agnes Vernon, the Universal leading lady, says that she wants to be known as "Brownie" hereafter. This is her nickname among her fellow players, and Agnes likes it so well that she has asked all her friends to call her "Brownie." They all seem to do it, anyway, so what's the difference?

Lots more next month. This is the last stick of news I can dig out now—and this isn't news, anyway.

## The Close-Up Kiss

By LOUISE M. BEVITT

We like the Motion Pictures,  
Good plays we never miss;  
But the bane of our existence  
Is the close-up of a kiss.

They always look so silly  
With their lips 'way out like this—  
Do they like their pictures taken  
In a close-up of a kiss?

Oh, directors of the love-scenes,  
If you needs must show their bliss,  
Won't you "shoot" them at a distance?  
Spare us! Don't "close-up" their kiss!

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Photos by Underwood & Underwood

(Seventy six)

CLASSIC

PRISCILLA DEAN (UNIVERSAL) KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN SHE SEES IT



WM. S. HART WORKING OUT DETAILS OF "THE DESERT MAN"

(Seventy-seven)

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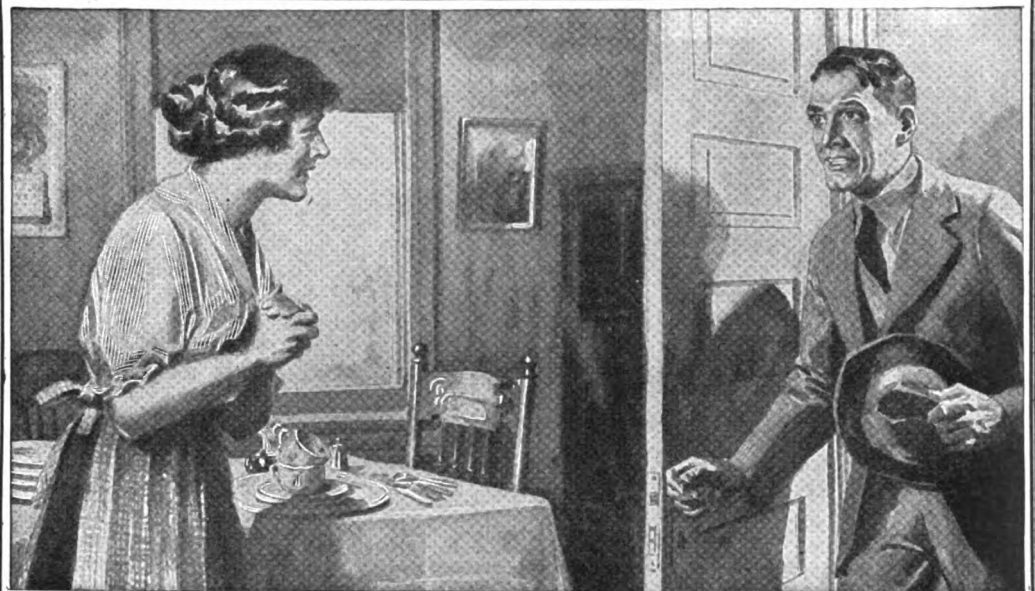
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# How I Raised My Earnings from \$30 to \$1000 a week

## *The Story of a Young Man's Remarkable Rise, as Told by Himself*

THREE years ago I was earning \$30 per week. With a wife and two children to support it was a constant struggle to make both ends meet. We saved very little, and that only by sacrificing things we really needed. Today my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a \$25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motor-ing, traveling, wherever I care to, and I do less work than ever before.

What I have done, anyone can do—for I am only an average man. I have never gone to college, my education is limited, and I am not "brilliant" by any means. I personally know at least a hundred men who are better business men than I, who are better edu-cated, who are better informed on hundreds of subjects, and who have much better ideas than I ever had. Yet not one of them approaches my earnings. I mention this merely to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education and to convince my readers that there is only *one* reason for my success—a reason I will give herein.

One day, a few years ago, I began to "take stock" of myself. I found that, like most other men, I had energy, ambition, deter-mination. Yet in spite of these assets, for some reason or other I drifted along without getting anywhere. My lack of edu-cation bothered me, and I had thought seriously of making further sacrifices in order to better equip myself to earn more. Then I read somewhere that but few *millionaires* ever went to college. Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie—not one of them had any more schooling than I had.

One day something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of no great consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover myself. Along to-wards dawn I resolved to try an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, be-lieving that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to put it "over"—that I would not be "afraid" of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt.

I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to "give" me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—to *demand and command what I wanted*.

But how shall I begin? What shall I do first? It was easy enough for me to deter-mine to do things—I had "determined" many times before. But this was a question of will power, and I made up my mind that the first step was to muster up enough of my own will power to stick to and carry out my determination.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject, and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will. So, with a directness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a little later in my investigation I encountered the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce, had just completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body"! My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of Training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Had-dock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is excep-tional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no super-developed powers, save that of my will. And to further prove my contention let me cite one or two instances I have since come across, which seem to show conclu-sively that an indomitable will can be developed by anyone.

One case that comes to my mind is that of a young man who worked in a big factory. He was bright and willing, but seemed to get no-where. Finally he took up the study of will training, at the suggestion of Mr. W. M. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert of the Willys-Over-land Company, and in less than a year his salary was increased 800%. Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the North-

western Life Insurance Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Just a short time after receiving the methods in will development suggested by Prof. Haddock, he felt that they would be worth from \$3,000 to \$30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from \$40 a week to \$90 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. These are but a few—there are many other equally amazing examples which I person-ally know about. And aside from the financial gain, this training has enabled thousands to over-come drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has author-ized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly con-centrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fear-lessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investi-gate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 150,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Post-master-General Britt; General Manager Christe-son, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-J Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by re-turn mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

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# PICTURE CLASSIC

GRACE CUYARD

Fielke-Joy

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**H**ERE at last is a souvenir and gift novelty that combines *beauty* with *serviceability*. The "Photoplayer" teaspoon is distinctly *new* and unlike any other article of a similar nature ever offered.

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# A "CHEAT" ON THE FACE OF IT

**Fannie Ward—"The Little Cheat"—Wins Our Readers and the August Classic Cover. Bessie Barriscale at Home, in a Painting without Lettering, on the Back Cover**

## ALL ABOUT

Anita Stewart  
Bessie Barriscale  
Howard Hickman  
The Sidney Drews  
Margarita Fischer  
Pauline Frederick



## MORE ABOUT

Douglas Fairbanks  
Grace Cunard  
The Triangle Players  
Shirley Mason  
"Little Mary Sunshine"  
Hundreds of Others

Twenty years ago Fannie Ward was the comedy Princess of the two Continents—the craze with English "Johnnies" and American "Charlie Boys." She married and retired. Then suddenly she performed a miracle—went into pictures and made an instantaneous hit in the highly emotional "The Cheat." Actors and managers said it couldn't be done, but "The Little Cheat" came back with a vengeance.

## THE AUGUST CLASSIC

reproduces a stunning painting of Fannie Ward, by Leo Sielke, Jr., on its cover, and contains a profusely illustrated biography—the strange career of the Perennial Fannie.

**The Beautiful Bessie Barriscale at Home** Painting is a charming homestead of the "Little Colleen," is suitable for framing and well worth the price of the entire Classic.

**"Here Comes the Bride!"** Every gossip now knows that Grace Cunard was recently the star performer in a most romantic marriage—that she is now Mrs. Joseph Moore. The inside story of how she came to be led to the altar is as interesting as a thrilling feature picture. H. H. Van Loan discloses the facts in a charming news-story surcharged with the Los Angeles studio atmosphere.

**"The Screen Kiss"** was so lasting that we thought it would keep without spoiling, and lots of other good things crowd it out of this month's issue. Edwin M. LaRoche, the veteran actor, author and playwright, is at his best in this highly amusing and instructive feature article on just what the Screen Kiss means and how it is expressed. Illustrated with fifteen kissing pictures—some especially posed.

**Kings and Queens Contest**—which made its bow with the Bigger and Better June Classic, was a hit from the start. A new and taking idea in

Players' Contests. The votes for the screen's most beautiful, most charming and most finished player—both actor and actress—are pouring in with every mail. Each voter shares equally in the prizes. The August Classic will tell you lots of news about the Kings and Queens Contest and will give a tabulated list of the player's standing up to date.

**The Classic Extra Girl Plays with Theda Bara**—Miss Ethel Roseomon, our extra girl, has just finished playing in a picture with the one and only Theda. Her extra work was finished too late to appear in this issue, but the story holds the same absorbing and human interest as her tale of Vitaphone experiences with Peggy Hyland in the June Classic. Miss Roseomon's "Camille" story in the August Classic tells us all the hazards and chances of the extra girl.

**Via Camera, Wire and Telephone** presents itself with this issue and promises to grow bigger, better and more newsy in the August Classic.

**All the Regular Departments Are There**—A superb Rotogravure Gallery of Players, Greenroom Jottings, the not-to-be-imitated Answer Man. And, for good measure, look forward to a heart-to-heart Chat with "Polly" Frederick; the "Confessions of a Scenario Reader"; "At Home with Beatriz Michelena"; "The Home Life of Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscale"; eight beautiful portraits of Anita Stewart; "Filmdom's Tiniest Star—Little Mary Sunshine," with the "cutest-ever" illustrations; "Kid Love Affairs," in which Margarita Fischer "fesses up" her youthful indiscretions; Shirley Mason in a new "Daughter of Eve" dance, beautifully posed and illustrated; "Roping Douglas Fairbanks Into an Interview," some brand-new slants at the famous comedian. But why continue? Enough is as good as a feast—and the August Classic is the richest feast of Motion Picture news, views and stories ever set before a hungry reader.

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## THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Grace Cunard is one of the best-known screen stars now appearing in films. While still a very young woman, she was among the first to become famous in the films many years ago. Her appearance in several serials with Francis Ford made her face familiar to all film patrons the world over. The beautiful picture on the cover is a characteristic pose and excellent likeness, from a painting by Leo Sielke, Jr.

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This magazine comes out on the 15th of every month. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. Both are on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world.

(Five)



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DECORATE your room or den with these neat 3 x 8 in. felt pennants. Just the thing to make round pillow tops and table covers. Use them as favors, souvenirs, etc. Something new.

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Ruth Roland	Antonio Moreno
Earle Williams	Helen Holmes
Dustin Farnum	Henry Watball
Theda Bara	Vivian Rich
Mabel Normand	Francis Ford
---and many others.	Write to-day.

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Is there some condition of your skin that is keeping it from being the attractive one you want it to be?

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Begin tonight to get the benefits of this skin specialist's soap for your skin.

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Now, with the tips of your fingers, work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Be particular to rinse the skin thoroughly and dry it carefully.

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(Six)



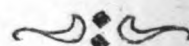
# Ruby De Remer



The footlights bow down to the arc-light as time and again the studios ravage the stage of its beauties. Ivan Films made a sad hole in the front row of the Ziegfeld "Follies" when they recently captured Ruby de Remer.



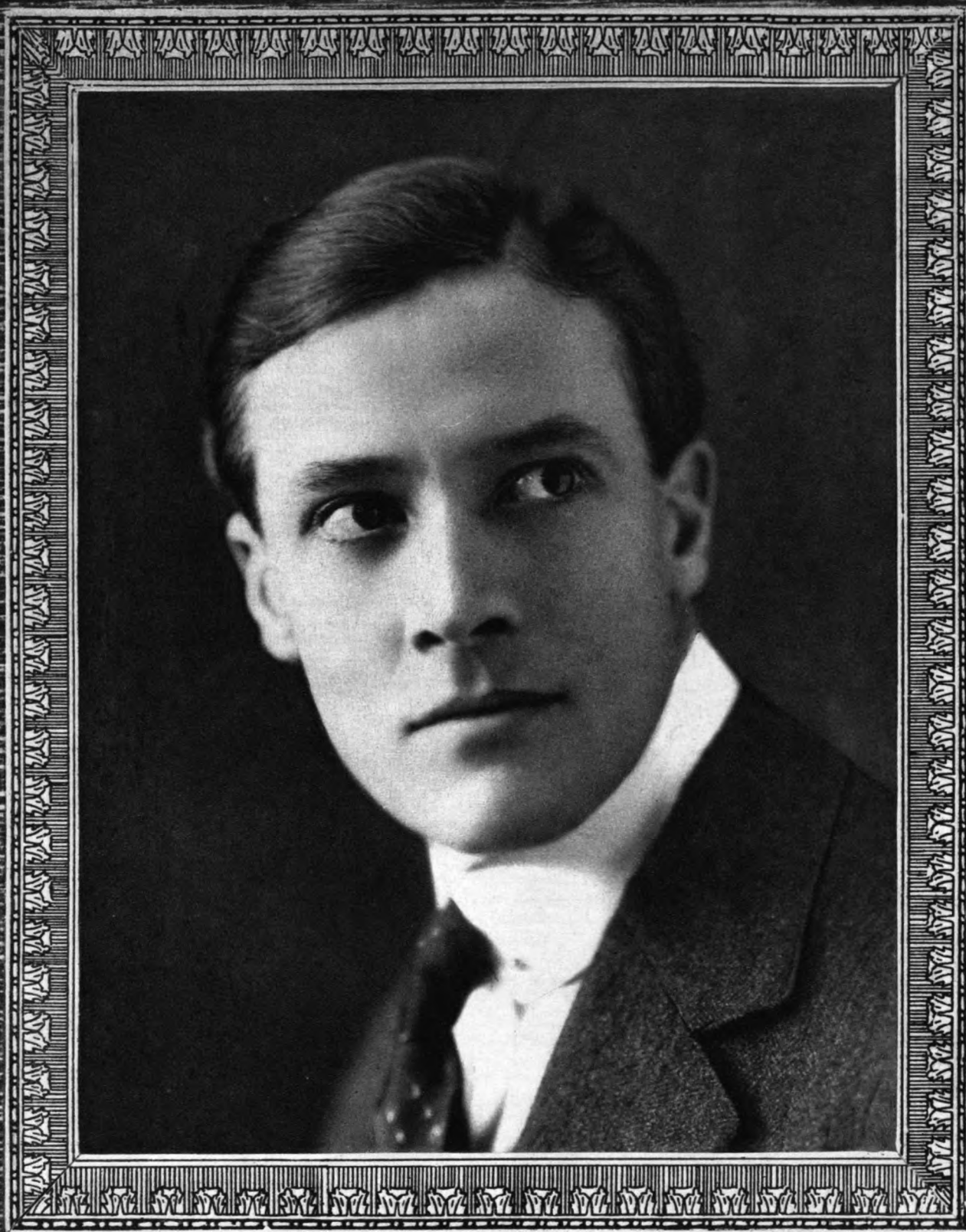
# Anna Little



Anna Little, the latest Selznick star, is a true product of the golden West. She literally drove, shot and rode her way into pictures. Her recent marriage to Alan Forrest is the culmination of a fine bit of studio romance.



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## Vernon Steele

Not content with playing leading man for Mme. Petrova and Marguerite Clark, Vernon Steele has at last found his "screen mate" in Mae Marsh of the Goldwyn Company. Altho born in Chile and surnamed Steele, Vernon is an ardent Englishman.





## Anita Stewart

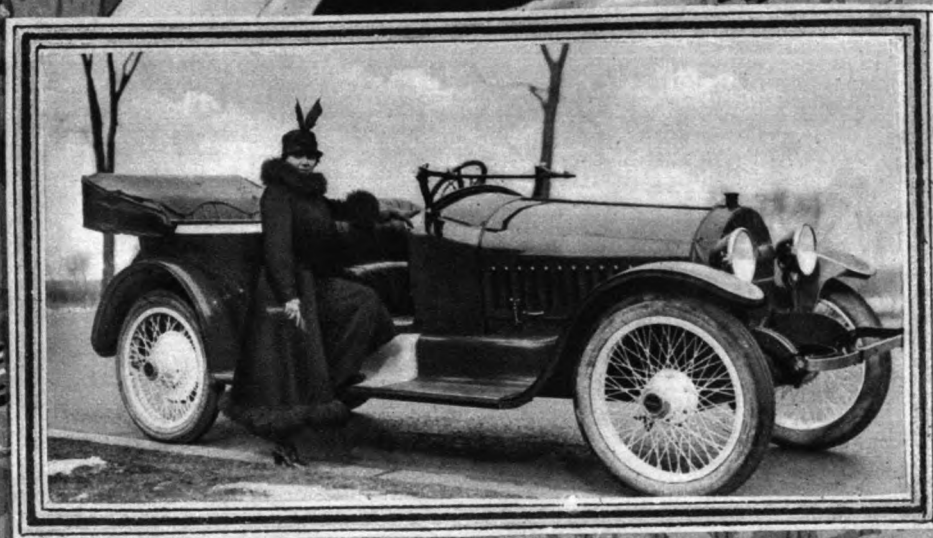


Anita Stewart is an example par excellence of the screen star who has no stage career back of her. Solely thru her silent voice and her shadow self has she achieved her world-wide popularity.





Nell  
Craig



Nell Craig, Essanay leading woman, is a fine example of the type that the stage could not create and the studio found a way to create—a fearless feminine athlete. The rich browns of gravure hardly do justice to the shade of her hair and eyes.



◆ ◆ ◆  
Santa Barbara  
needed a parti-  
cularly bright  
star for its shad-  
ed streets, so  
Gail Kane join-  
ed the American  
Company and  
now all's serene.  
Her six years of  
stellar honors on  
the stage and  
screen have  
placed her firmly  
among the  
Who's Who.  
◆ ◆ ◆

*Gail Kane*



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# Pauline Frederick



If there is a Clara Morris  
of the Camera Stage it  
is rightfully Pauline  
Frederick. In her many  
and varied voiceless rôles  
she has run the entire  
gamut of human emo-  
tions.

CAMPBELL STUDIOS





## Douglas Fairbanks

Douglas Fairbanks needs no introduction—his smile has made him famous. The electric comedian's pet motto reads: "Smile and the world smiles with you; cry and you get the gate."



ELIZABETH BURBRIDGE,  
TRIANGLE'S "JACK ROSE"

Photo by Witzel

## Four American Beauties



Photo by Hoover

DOROTHY DAVENPORT,  
UNIVERSAL'S BRILLIANT  
"POPPY"

MINTA DURFEE, PARA-  
MOUNT'S PENSIVE  
"PANSY"



Photo by American

CHARLOTTE BURTON, THE VAMPIRE "ORCHID" OF SCREENLAND'S  
CONSERVATORY



# Ready for the Splash of

FROM Venice to Santa Monica; from Manhattan Beach to Narragansett, the silver sands of the West have sent the call to the East to summon forth its denizens, those beauteous creatures of form and face who are raised by artificial light in glass houses—the studio Naiads. The heat of the sun-baked glass and the thousands of banked



BILLIE RHODES

MAUDE GEORGE

Photo by Witzel

LOUISE FAZENDA

HELEN HOLMES

CLARA WILLIAMS

# the Oncoming Waves

"overheads" is unbearable in summer, and a bathing-suit is the camera-player's readiest relief. Most of the fair players' water-toggery is built for business—they've had enough of the hot-house kind that "hangs its clothes on a studio set and wont go near the water." And please remember that when stars and starettes take to the water they are "Little Dippers."



SYLVIA BREMER

ANN PENNINGTON

RUTH ROLAND

MARCIA  
MOORE

LILLI  
WALL





### The Latest Studio Capture from Broadway

**"S**ENORITA" OLIVE THOMAS's perfectly proportioned classic Greek features shaded by a broad-brimmed Mexican sombrero, with the "come hither" expression of her eye, register a defiant challenge to combat. She doesn't know

just what she wants to fight about any more than the "greasers" do; it may be merely a hint to start an argument—not for the sake of the cause, but just for the sake of the argument. She makes her entrée into filmdom, via "The Follies"

beauty show in N. Y., in an Ince-Triangle play as a débutante in a college dormitory. A pajama party, scenes in a gymnasium, on Fifth Avenue and at Palm Beach, give unlimited opportunity for bewildering changes of apparel.

(Eighteen)



# Hustling for the "Movie Fan"

By JAY EDWARDS

**EDITORIAL NOTE:** These figures were secured from three widely separated producing companies. That each company agreed within \$1,000 as to cost and within 1,200 as to number of employees, while no one company knew any other was making estimates, is really remarkable. It is true that over 99% of our 28,800,000 movie fans haven't the least idea of the amount of work necessary to keep an ever-changing variety of pictures on the screen for them. This article gives a clearer insight into just what is going on "behind the scenes" in the world of Motion Picture production than any hitherto published.

**T**HE "movie fan" is the biggest proposition to amuse in the United States. Collectively there is almost twenty-nine million of him to be entertained every day—more than a quarter of the country's population.

What he *sees* is the picture on the screen and the little projecting-box up back. What he *knows* is that a group of actors stand before a camera-man who turns a crank and makes the picture. Beyond that, in the minds of at least 99 per cent. of the movie fans is but a vague idea that the pictures the camera-man takes must be developed and sent around to the picture-houses.

Few are the

movie fans who have accurate knowledge of the almost unbelievable amount of

hustling that is necessary in order that they may go weekly or nightly to be entertained in their favorite picture-house.

That there is a scenario, which is to the Motion Picture what the play manuscript is to the spoken drama, is generally known, but the opinion seems to prevail that a director merely takes this in his hand, reads the directions and gives his orders.

All this is but an infinitesimal fraction of the actual hustling that is necessary in order to provide our 28,800,000 movie fans with their money's worth of amusement. To begin with, some one must originate the plot, whether a single-reel comedy, a five-reel drama or a sixteen-part serial of five reels each.

No amateur and

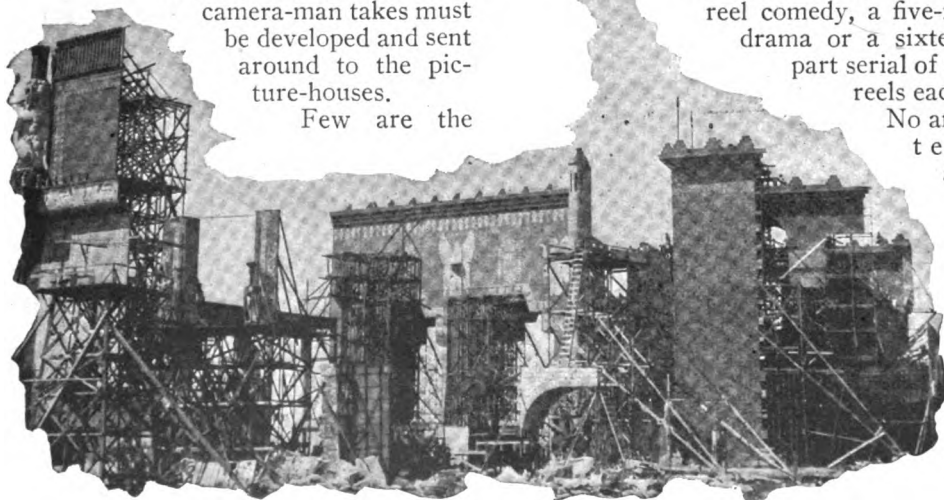
few professional writers of Motion Picture plays can turn out a scenario that will be produced as it is written.

While all this hustling is going on to produce the pictures, some one is constantly paying out great quantities of money. It is no exaggeration to say that a number of big features have actually cost as high as \$800,000 to produce. Some are advertised as million-dollar productions, which really come within a hundred thousand of that figure.

The first work for the movie fan is done with paper and pencil—the scenario. Nowadays a synopsis of the story is preferred rather than a detailed scenario. Anywhere from \$200 to \$1,000 is paid for a good 3,000-word synopsis. In some instances \$10,000 has been paid.

The best producing companies now pay from \$50 to \$100 a reel for scenarios or synopses. A "reel" is a thousand feet of film. After this is purchased it goes to the editorial staff. These men are on salary—the chief editor receives from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. Others receive good salaries, or work on piece-work. It will cost about \$300 to have the story put in workable scenario form. These skilled men know all about their actors, their studio, their possibilities—I was going to say "limitations," but in these days the prosperous producer of photoplays must have no limitations—and so they work up the story, cutting down a long series of scenes into one and building up a single scene into a full reel or more.

The scenario is now presented to the manager for his approval. His word may be final, or he may have to put it up to the "Big Chief," president of the corporation, as is done in many firms. If the play is approved, it goes back to the editors and the experts who make titles and "leaders"—that is, the reading matter between the scenes that explains where pictures cannot. The scenario is then ready for production. But the company



TAKING PANORAMIC VIEWS, FOR "INTOLERANCE," FROM A CAPTIVE BALLOON  
(Nineteen)





A HASTY LUNCH BETWEEN SCENES AT THAN-  
HOUSER STUDIO

has to pay its general manager anywhere from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year for his services.

It would seem that the actors might now step before the camera and produce the story in animated pictures, but much yet remains to be done. A copy of the scenario goes to the director. He studies it thoroly and decides on the scenes. He must go himself, or send out intelligent, high-salaried "location men" to select the exterior or out-of-door places for the making of the pictures. Permission must be secured to use handsome residences, sweeping lawns, the grounds of great estates and many other such places, or wild scenic beauty spots.

For the interiors, special scenes must be made. The ever alert movie fans would soon become disgusted if the same settings were used over and over. Suppose a great drawing

room was used in one picture as the home of the heroine, and in quite another picture was used as the home of the aged rich uncle, and in still a third as the home of a diplomat. The movie fans would exclaim, "Oh, they cant fool me; I saw the same room in half-a-dozen other pictures!"

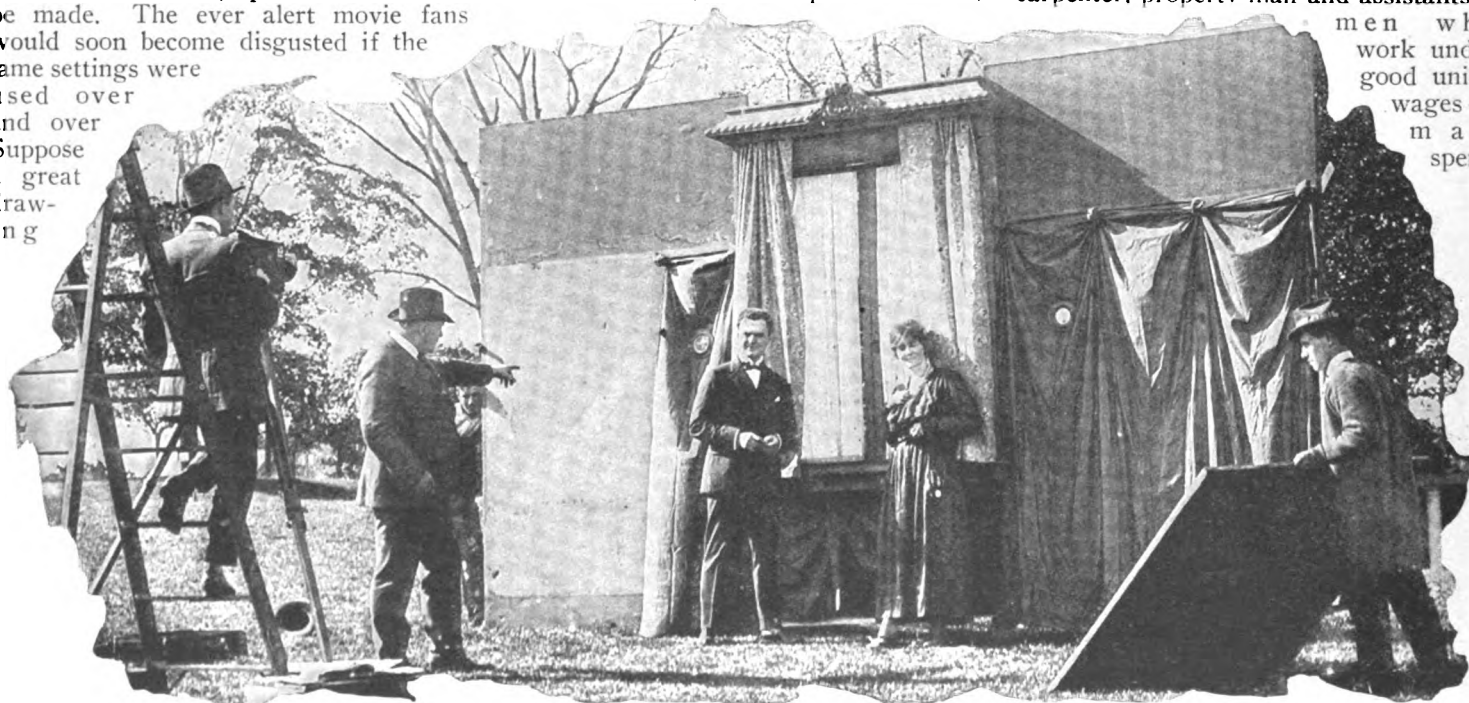
"New settings" is the constant cry. Carpenters, scene-painters and property-makers work under the directions of the producer, and make the three walls of a dining-room, a chamber, a library or any other room. Or it may be a dance-hall, or a café, or a squalid kitchen,

or a factory interior. Real plush hangings are used, or real wall-paper and real wood-work, with real

wooden doors. Nothing shows up so quickly as flimsy, make-believe scenery. The scenery that looks good on the stage of the spoken drama would show up in the Motion Picture for just what it is—painted canvas.

All this work must go on before a picture is taken. The scouts find the out-door locations and bring back pictures for the approval of the director. The chief carpenter, property-man and assistants—

men who work under good union wages—may spend



THEODORE MARSTON DIRECTING NANCE O'NEIL IN "GREED" (MC CLURE)

(Twenty)



THE ASSEMBLING DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS STUDIO

weeks getting the scenery ready. And now, before an actor has appeared, the cost has piled up. The \$1,000 for the original scenario seems a paltry sum. Overhead expenses in the studio, in the making of scenes, the rewriting of the play, the salaries of the heads of departments and the scouts, all pile up, until from \$10,000 to \$25,000 is expended before a single inch-long picture is taken.

Next come the actors. One or two stars are necessary. They are under contract, and their weekly salaries range from \$5,000 up to \$15,000—Douglas Fairbanks was getting that at the time he decided to form his own company.

It is difficult to estimate the number of actors; some plays need no more than a dozen, but most five-reelers need about sixty people. In spectacles two or three thousand are needed. In one big spectacle taken at Jamaica ("Daughter of the Gods") 1,500 natives were used at a "salary" of from \$0.48 to \$1.50 a day, and two hundred real actors on a salary of from \$5 up to \$10 a day, with the stars getting several thousand each week.

Sometimes a trip across the continent is necessary; sometimes a trip of only a few hundred miles. Again, trips to Florida, Arizona, Bermuda, Canada, Alaska, etc., are necessary.

In the studio other pictures are made. It may cost as high as \$11,000 (as it did in one instance) to put on a café scene with many people at the tables, and yet this scene did not run over three minutes on the screen.

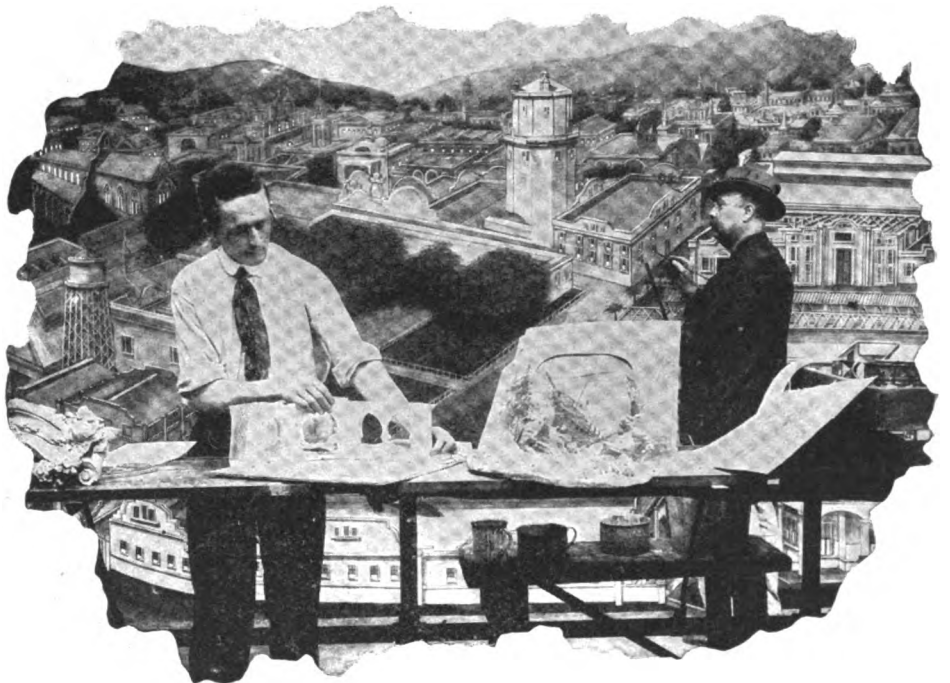
It is seldom that some scene does not have to be retaken because of trouble in developing—with the film, or in the work of the people before the camera. As each

ing not ten minutes will have elapsed. Pictures finally made, the hustling is only started. Each camera holds two hundred feet of film. Five thousand feet are needed when the picture is perfect. Probably ten thousand feet are taken, because parts have to be cut out or "edited" with the shears, just as an editor will cut down copy with a blue pencil.

Into the dark-room go these light-proof cases holding the films. High-salaried men, expert chemists, work in this darkness; only a glimmer of light is there. The films are so sensitive that the ruby light safe for the amateur photographer's developing would fog these films.

Into the great vats of developer they go—and this war has made developing chemicals about as precious as gold. Then they come out and are put in the fixing-bath, then wound on giant reels which will hold about eight hundred feet.

In a room of proper temperature, cooled by electric fans, these developed films, now negatives, are placed. When dry they are taken into another sort of editorial room, where experts go over them, holding them to the light, looking at each one of the tiny pictures. If there are flaws the scene has to be done over. When the films are perfect, the story editors go in and cut out here and cut out there, and order another scene in this



TECHNICAL DIRECTOR O'NEIL (UNIVERSAL) AT WORK ON MODEL





THE MAGNIFICENT CORONATION SCENE IN "JOAN THE WOMAN"

place, until finally one film—the master film—is just right and passes the National Board of Censors.

From this master film other films are made. A corps of men and women work in the cutting-room, cutting, trimming, and patching together these films. These are rolled in fire-proof, numbered cases ready for shipment. The work is dangerous. Only a few weeks ago a fire started amid the inflammable celluloid in a cutting-room in a studio on Eighth Avenue, in New York City; the actors barely escaped with their lives, and half-a-million dollars' loss resulted in an hour.

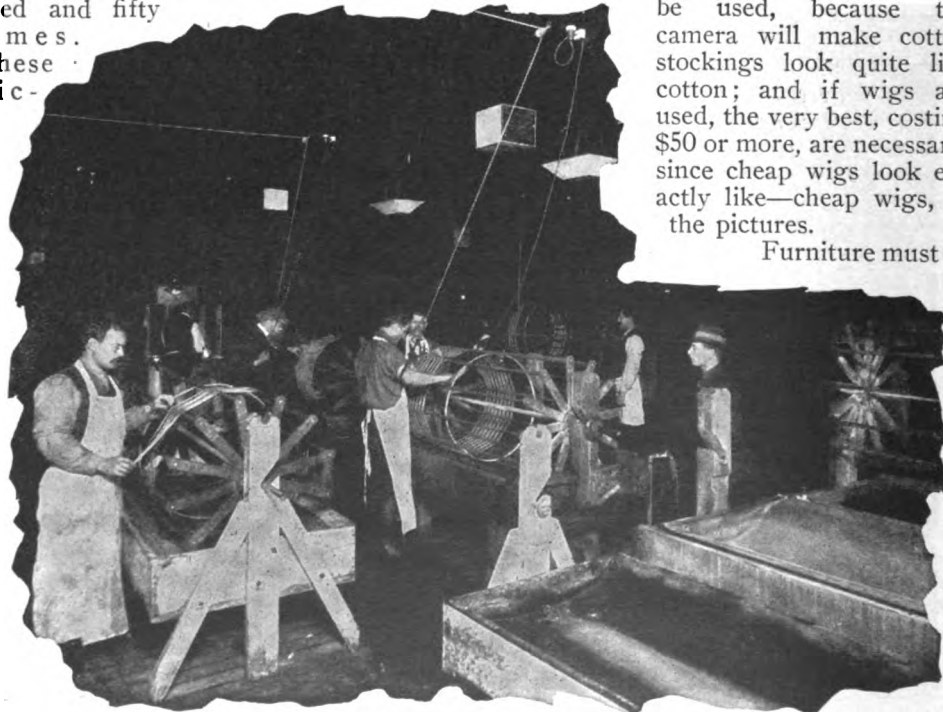
The films are then shipped to the various distributing agencies and released all over the country—and the life of the average moving picture is about three months. Some last a year, and a few, like Shakesperian plays, "Quo Vadis?" and the like, will run on and on indefinitely.

For every sixty people who attend Moving Picture theaters there is one man who earns his living hustling for them—or one woman. More than six hundred thousand people earn a good living, many a luxurious living, in the Moving Picture business.

And for every Moving Picture actor or actress there are twenty men and women working in the business who never step before the camera.

A list of the employees in one concern, totaling more than 3,000, is astounding. First come the officials of the corporation, the clerks and stenographers, then the general managers, advertising-men, editors, actors, camera-men, developers, camera-assistants, scene-setters, driers, cutters, packers, shippers, animal-keepers, wardrobe-keepers, carpenters, scenic painters, printers, property-makers, electricians, engineers, location-hunters,

agents, publicity men and many others. A great many Moving Picture producers have found it advisable to combine for distributing purposes. Four or five big producers will have one general company thru which they release their combined productions, such as the K. E. S. E., Paramount, etc. One big combination, Kleine, Edison, Selig and Essanay, has a set program of two short comedies and one five-reel picture every week, a super-feature of eight reels and many series and two-reel features every month. They produce, by actual measurement, five hundred miles of film every month. They duplicate their weekly features ninety times and their monthly features one hundred and fifty times. These pictures



DEVELOPING-ROOM OF THE FINE ARTS STUDIO

tures, or "releases" as they are technically called, go to all parts of this and other countries. One of these combinations will employ fifteen thousand people. They receive four hundred scenarios each day, and purchase about five in a month, creating the others in their own offices.

Striking an average of expenses during the time it takes for production, here is a conservative estimate of the cost of one five-reel picture:

## BEHIND THE SCENES

Salaries of corporation officials.....	\$5,000
General manager.....	3,000
Director.....	2,500
Two assistants.....	1,300
Three camera-men.....	1,200
Three assistants.....	600
Three stage-carpenters.....	250
Twenty other employees.....	1,800
Overhead expenses.....	900
	<hr/> \$16,550

## ON THE STAGE

Two stars.....	\$12,000
Three near-stars.....	5,000
Three prominent characters.....	2,500
Forty other players on salary.....	3,000
Supes, by-day actors and dummies..	1,100
Transportation and expenses on location.....	1,200
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$41,350

These figures are based on careful estimates from three big producing combinations. The figures of each did not vary more than a thousand dollars, and none of the three knew that any other producer was to furnish figures.

Some very successful five-reel pictures have been produced at a cost of no more than \$15,000. Others have cost nearer \$100,000. But both cases were exceptions.

The incidentals are enough to make Rockefeller worry. Wardrobes must be furnished—uniforms, hats, shoes, all sorts of costly garments. The real goods must be used, because the camera will make cotton stockings look quite like cotton; and if wigs are used, the very best, costing \$50 or more, are necessary, since cheap wigs look exactly like—cheap wigs, in the pictures.

Furniture must be

made or bought—costly “props,” flowers, bric-à-brac, and all such things. In making the interior of the home of a wealthy character in the play, the real thing must be used—costly rugs, pictures, books, draperies, hangings, mantels, pianos. Boudoir scenes must show modern furnishings. No cheap, painted furniture will suffice.

In the studios the great mercury-tube lights are used. There are dynamos, skilled electricians, costly apparatus and experts to handle the lights in the studio.

Stock is expensive. Raw films cost four cents a foot. With the greatest of luck, four hundred feet will be wasted before a thousand-foot reel is perfected, which means a cost for the raw film alone of \$56. Add to this the cost of developing, taking, etc., and it mounts up so rapidly that it would need an adding-machine to keep pace.

Of the greatest importance is the shipping—the distributing of the pictures. Otherwise, none of the thousands of dollars spent is recovered. Most big combinations have a central office which manages from twenty to thirty branches. These films, duplicated, are carefully packed in fire-proof, dust-proof cases and shipped to the thirty branch offices. From there they are sent out by men afoot, or men on trains or in automobiles, to the various picture-houses. The bookkeep-

ing alone is enough to distract an expert accountant. The big houses get them first, the smaller houses next, and then the very cheap places, “nickelodeons” and the like. After that they are sent abroad, and then about all the money in them is extracted.

In all big cities, men have built up a new and profitable business acting as delivery agents. They call at the branch distributing office and get a load of films; then set out thru a certain territory, delivering these films. They go back and get those already shown and take them to the office, and so on, day after day.

Nearly a billion dollars is now invested in the business. An army of half-a-million are hustling for the 28,800,000 movie fans, and the little twenty-minute picture you see on the screen kept at least three thousand people busy for several weeks.

A statistician, who would rather juggle with figures than go to the opera, has declared that if all the movie fans of one day were crowded into one audience they would occupy an area of six square miles, that you would have to look thru a telescope at the screen three miles away, and that there would be a mile or more of people on all sides of you.

He is safe, since any one who doubts him will have to prove him wrong. His statement is based on the fact that there

are sixteen thousand Moving Picture theaters in this country giving three performances daily to an average audience of six hundred. A matter of simple multiplication, as follows:

$$16,000 \times 3 \times 600 = 28,800,000.$$

Figures concerning the length of films used are interesting, even tho few can really grasp them understandingly because of their magnitude.

Take all the films used in the sixteen thousand theaters in a single performance and stretch them out in one ribbon, and they would almost reach around the earth at the equator. Take the films used in the three daily shows and they would wrap old Mother Earth in criss-cross fashion, around the equator, and around at the poles, and leave twenty thousand miles over for tying a pretty lovers' knot.

At the same time there is an equal amount of film always in transit.

What a fine tangle that film would make if it once became snarled up!

And all these figures do not include the men in these sixteen thousand theaters who act as owners, managers, doormen, ticket-sellers, ushers, publicity men, musicians, projection-men and others who do various work.

Hustling to amuse the movie fan has become the one greatest industry in this busy world.

## The Pickford Piper of Summertown

By HI SIBLEY

**I** LIVE at a summer resort. In the summer, that is. I have relatives who own a cottage. That is why I live there. At this summer resort is a lake—a beautiful, large lake; a lake large enough to cover the State of Maine to a depth of—oh, ever so many feet, in spite of the drought.

There is a beach adjacent to this lake—a wide, clean beach with shimmering sands. The shimmering sands slide out under the large lake so gently that the most timid bather can wade almost out of sight before the water comes up to his tummy. For bathing one could not find a better or wetter lake, large or small. There are boats on this lake—little boats, big boats, sail-boats, motor-boats, row-boats—flocks, squadrons of boats.

All around this summer resort where I live are wooded glens and bosky dells, except on the lakeside. These wooded glens and bosky dells are lovely retreats where coodlers may coo and communers may commune with Nature.

Beyond the wooded glens and bosky dells are vast orchards where ripen the choicest of fruits—in season. There is a dog or two in these orchards; some say rock salt in the owner's shotgun. But the fruits are there for the spry.

There are beautiful summer homes at this summer resort—artistic summer homes with architecture ranging from Kickapoo to Cuckoo Clock. There is an

airy, spacious inn, with much cuisine—unexcelled cuisine. There is a Pally de Danse pagoda hung over the large lake. Moonlight sparkles on the wavelets lapping the feet of the pagoda—sparkling, lapping synchronously with the dulcet thrum-tum of the ukulele.

There is a golf-course at this summer resort where I live—a velvety, undulating golf-course, swept by the gentle, cooling zephyrs from the large lake. There are tennis-courts of virgin clay torn from Mother Earth. There are croquet arenas for the lame, the halt and the blind.

There is a mighty river gnawing at the off corner of this summer resort. There are great fishes in this river—many fishes—voracious, aggressive fishes. One has to stand behind a boathouse to bait his hook.

It is an alluring summer resort—a delightful, captivating summer resort. From the murky, madding city come the throngs—tired men, nervous women, obstreperous offspring. Some one else's offspring, that is. Here is peace, here is rest, here is surcease from the noise-bound, nerve-racking, soot-begrimed city—surcease from the tawdry, vapid amusements of the city. Here is beautiful Nature in her best duds.

But—

Near this summer resort is a village—an ancient village, a decrepit, ingrowing village. In the ancient village is a street.

In the street is a cow—a leisurely, cogitating cow; a dog—a somnolent, flea-pestered dog; grass—grass here, there, everywhere in the street. There are buildings on the street—one, two, six, nine buildings. They are dejected buildings—feeble, frame buildings with lean-to's. Here and there the main buildings lean, too.

There is paint on one of the buildings that does not lean on the street, or one of the buildings on the street that does not lean. There is a sign on the painted, leanless buildings. The sign on the painted, leanless building reads:

FRANCIS X. PICKFORD

Three Reels

Change of Bill Daily

Matinée and Evening All This Week

It is morning at the summer resort. Three hundred souls are in the summer resort. It is morning in the village. Twenty-seven souls are in the village.

It is afternoon at the summer resort. Nought souls are in the summer resort. Three hundred and twenty-seven souls are in the village.

Evening, same.

Tuesday, same.

Wednesday, same.

Thursday, same.

Friday, same.

Saturday, same.



# A Modern In Which Stuart Holmes, Master- By ROBERTA



porarily unbalanced. He displays aggression and force that is lacking in the hero."

"Well!" I gasped, inwardly, "this is refreshing—this candor—to say the least of it!"

"If you will investigate," he went on, warming to his subject—it's evidently a pet one with him—"you will find that practically all great men of history were 'heavies.' Napoleon in the

Miss Bara?" I questioned

He laughed a bit.

"She throws herself into her part so forcefully, and puts so much of her whole



**I**n real life he is a sweet Christian gentleman, educated, polished, courteous—a typical American gentleman of the twentieth century. But on the screen he is so wicked that he positively writhes. Thru one hundred thousand feet of film, approximately twenty miles of celluloid, Stuart Holmes has practiced his villainy on everybody in the Fox studios, from June Caprice right on thru the entire list of Fox stars. Perhaps you think so much villainy is bound to result in a bit of it in real life. Oh, dear, no! His home is twentieth-century Manhattan, you know!

Thinking it would be interesting to know his own opinion of his iniquities, I journeyed to the Fox studios and interviewed him on the subject, finding that his opinion is really quite as interesting as I had imagined it would be.

"A 'heavy,'" he explained his idea to me, "is a man above the plane of the hero or leading-man. His is a stronger nature. He is the stronger. He has more aggression. In one sense he is the victim of circumstances. When the 'heavy' loses the love of the girl—to whom he has an equal right with the hero to give his love—he becomes tem-

past, Rockefeller in the present, and all between, the men who have gone to the front in their calling are practically 'heavies,' displaying an aggression that has put them where they are."

At this moment an assistant-director—may his tribe never increase!—rushed up and informed Mr. Holmes that he was wanted in the "set" where he was working opposite Theda Bara. He excused himself and left me to meditate his novel and somewhat startling ideas as to "heavies."

When he returned I had an opportunity to put a question that had been tantalizing me for some time.

"How does it seem to play opposite

nature into the rôle, that it is like reality to her," he answered my somewhat im-

pertinent question. "When she throws herself into my arms, in a scene, it is real. I have to brace myself, she comes with so much force."

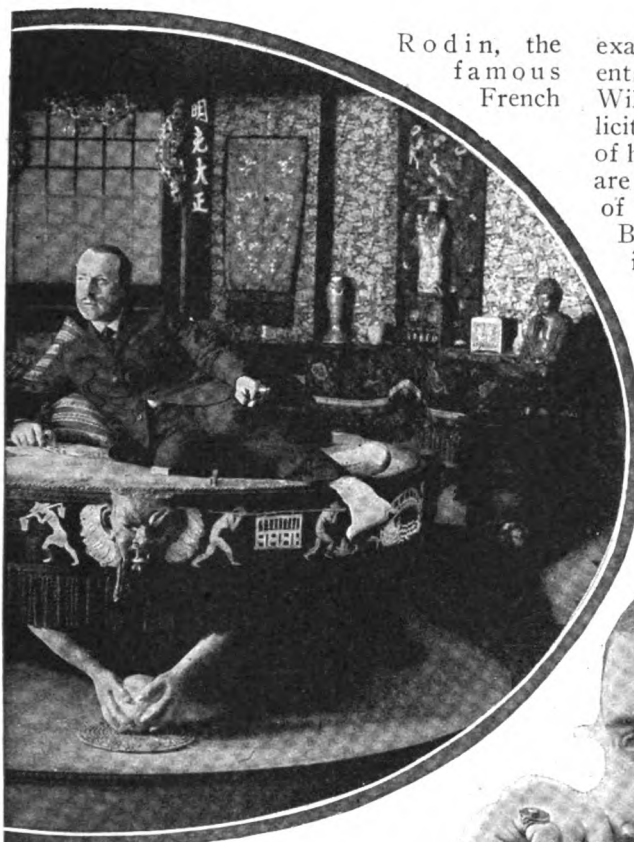
During the course of our chat I discovered that the least of Stuart Holmes' accomplishments is his Moving Picture work. He is most versatile and has developed his other talents as well as his acting. He studied sculpture under

(Twenty-four)

# Jekyll-Hyde

## Villain, Discusses and Is Discussed

COURTLANDT



Rodin, the famous French

examples of this type of work. At present he is at work on a bust of President Wilson, which is to be used in the publicity work of the Fox Company. Others of his works, well known to art devotees, are: "The Voice of the Winds," "Man of Woman Born," and "Death."

Besides sculpture, he also follows his impressionistic art into the field of poetry, having written several poems that have been published both in America and abroad. His sketches follow the same type. It is interesting to note that while poetry and drawing have both been worked before with this impressionistic touch, this is the first

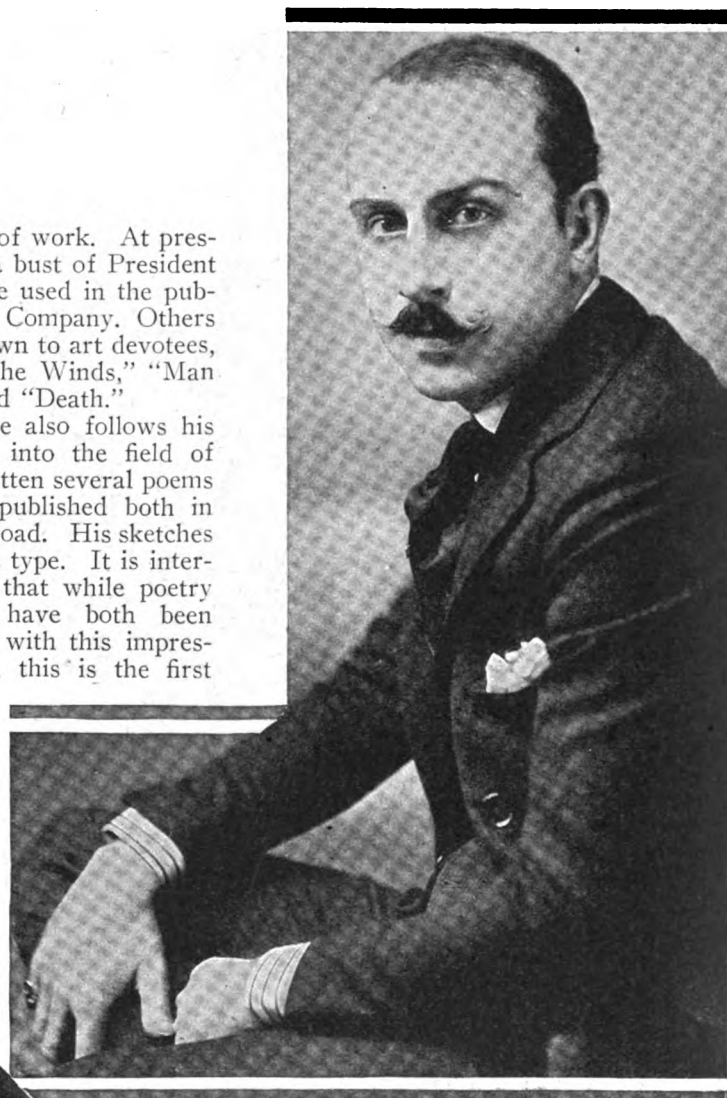
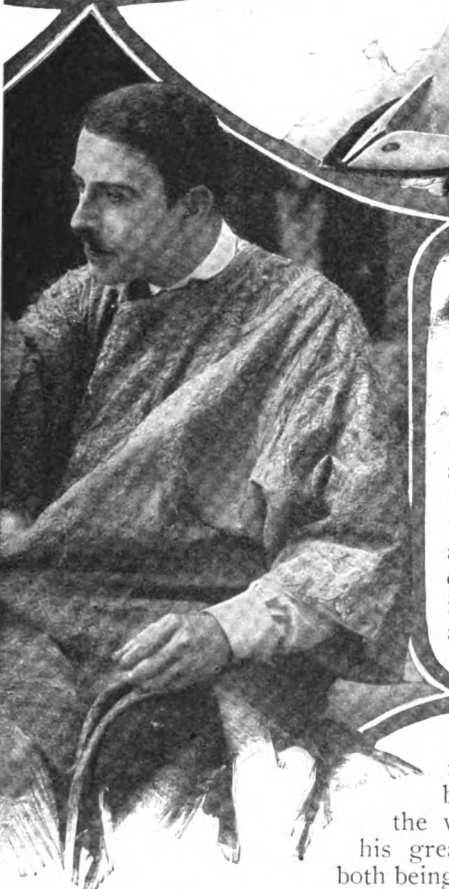


Photo by Mishkin



sculptor; and his works, which are on exhibit in several cities, bear a

marked resemblance to the works of his great tutor, both being marked

by the same awkward poses and the same muddy, indefinite outlines. Mr. Holmes is a member of the impressionistic school, the recently so much discussed cubist art, and he has several

time an American artist has ventured into the field of sculpture with cubist notions, and his success has been very flattering.

While screen-work is his vocation, art his avocation, animals are his fad. He has a large collection, and only recently tried to purchase several specimens from the Barbee zoo, but the owner was unwilling to sell.

So you see, my statement that he is a most versatile man has been proven by this, hasn't it?

And, by the way, he has earned for himself a nickname that deserves explanation. He is called, about the studio and by his intimates, "The Banshee of the Films" 'Cause why? 'Cause he's superstitious! Honest Injun! This fact was discovered when he was asked to explain the curious circular bed, the only one of its kind in America, and designed by himself, that occupies the exact center

of his bedroom. "I had the bed made in its rather bizarre form," he explained, "because I am superstitious. I admit it. It's a habit of mine, just as eating is a habit with many people I have met."

"But what has superstition to do with a circular bed?" I inquired, gazing at the picture with some amazement.

"Simply this," he elucidated—"I never felt happy as long as I had to take a chance on getting out of bed on the left side. That means bad luck, you know. Often I would forget myself, and before I knew it I had set my foot on the dreaded left side and my spirits were down to zero minus for the day. Something bad would always happen on that day, and I was in a bad state until I happened to think of a circular bed. So there it is," and he indicated the photograph in my hand of the bizarre, freakish bit of furniture.

No doubt he would never have confessed to this bit of superstition and the result of it were it not for the fact that recently, when at work on "Love and Hate," he suggested to his harassed director that his own rooms be used as a model for the apartment of the "heavy" in the picture. Director James Vincent leaped at the offer, and immediately Technical Director William Bach and his

(Continued on page 66)



# A Flower ~

## ~ By Rose



BEAUTY and grace are only two of the exploited assets possessed by charming May Allison.

In our histories we find a number of great heroes—some even greater than others; the same applies to the film-acting profession. We have a number of excellent actresses, but a few whose work stands out like monuments, and included prominently in this category is the impressive screen artist, Miss May Allison, who, with Harold Lockwood, has been co-starring in a series of delightful Metro-Yorke plays.

According to Dame Rumor, a few years ago, after closing a season at the Maxine-Elliott Theater in "Apartment 12," a dainty Southern girl, attracted to Motion Pictures, made application at the Famous Players' Eastern studio, and, similarly to cases experienced by David Wark Griffith, the studio manager realized he had discovered in his applicant a "find," and immediately engaged her to play with William H. Crane in "The Old Homestead."

"It was at this time that I first met Mr. Lockwood," spoke this same Southern girl. "We both played with Mr. Crane in 'The Old Homestead,' and this being my first screen-work, the various bits of information volunteered by Harold Lockwood proved to be of invaluable assistance. He taught me the necessity of certain screen tricks, the advantage of shading my eyes with light-blue make-up instead of dead-black, never to wear white dresses on account of refraction, and oh, so many other useful hints that I have since found to be very useful. I think that incident is responsible for our present association in pictures. A splendid part with Edith Wynne Matthison took me back to the stage for a season, and how I did yearn all during this time to return to the films! The lure of pictures evidenced itself so strongly that I canceled a perfectly good speaking-stage contract and became as determined as a schoolgirl that I would seek my fate in screen-work. I was engaged by Lasky to do a picture for them in California, and during this time I was approached by the American Company with an offer to play opposite Harold Lockwood in Mutual pictures. My happiness then could only be compared to a boy being presented with his first pair of long trousers.

"Immediately after finishing at the Lasky studio, I departed for Santa Barbara, where I remained until Harold Lockwood and myself were engaged as a co-starring team by Fred J. Balshofer, who then started the Yorke-Metro Company. I love Motion Picture work. It is all so fascinating. There is so much excitement when out on location—eating our lunches in funny



Photo by Hartsock

(Twenty-six)

# Of the South Chester ~

restaurants wherever we might be working at that particular time. If we are doing mountain pictures, we usually carry our lunches and make our own coffee. Mountain stream water is so refreshing, and this California air makes one so hungry. I'll let you in on a secret. I started to diet yesterday. Don't you think I'm growing awfully stout? You can't expect a screen hero to worship, all thru five reels of film, a stout and uninteresting heroine. That is not true to life, therefore my diet," she said smilingly. I concluded mentally that May Allison treats her work seriously.

"As a young girl I nursed an ambition to be a grand opera prima donna. I had just finished my education in Tennessee and came to Philadelphia to a finishing school. Some of my associates told me I possessed a rare, lyric soprano voice, and I had my voice cultivated. A few years later I tried to write a light opera, 'The Life of Moses,' and we produced it at my home town in Georgia, with neighbors as the players. This was the turning-point in my career. I was determined to come to New York and become an actress. Despite the protests of my family, my mother came to the big city with me. I was directed to the Savage office by a friend of mother's, and, to my startling surprise, I was engaged to play the part of 'Vanity,' but soon afterward I was entrusted with the character of 'Beauty' in 'Everywoman.' Next I joined Ina Claire in 'The Quaker Girl' and became her understudy. Very often when out on the road I played the principal part. The ingénue lead in 'Miss Caprice,' with De Wolf Hopper, was my next engagement, and then I

played my first leading rôle in 'Apartment 12.' Motion Pictures appealed to me, and I, on the impulse of the moment, decided to try my fate."

We all know of May Allison's brilliant career from this point. "Good books and the world have been my two best tutors, which has been the case with several of my girl friends. Books like Flaubert's 'Salammbô' are very interesting to me. I remember so distinctly the vivid character of Salammbô's father, who proved to be the hero of the day with his ingenious methods of combating with the barbarians," and she smiled girlishly.

We talked of precious stones, this being suggested by a pigeon blood ruby that she wore on her ring-finger.

"I love people, especially fascinating people, for they usually know something interesting, altho at times I have been deceived. Life to me is a beautiful adventure, with its human treats and sights of interest. I have no worries. My work is pleasant, the environment is very congenial, and oft-times I have repeated to myself: 'May Allison, you are pretty lucky. What of the poor girl that slaves daily in the factory for a small salary, who is perhaps just as talented, but lacks the opportunity fate ordained for

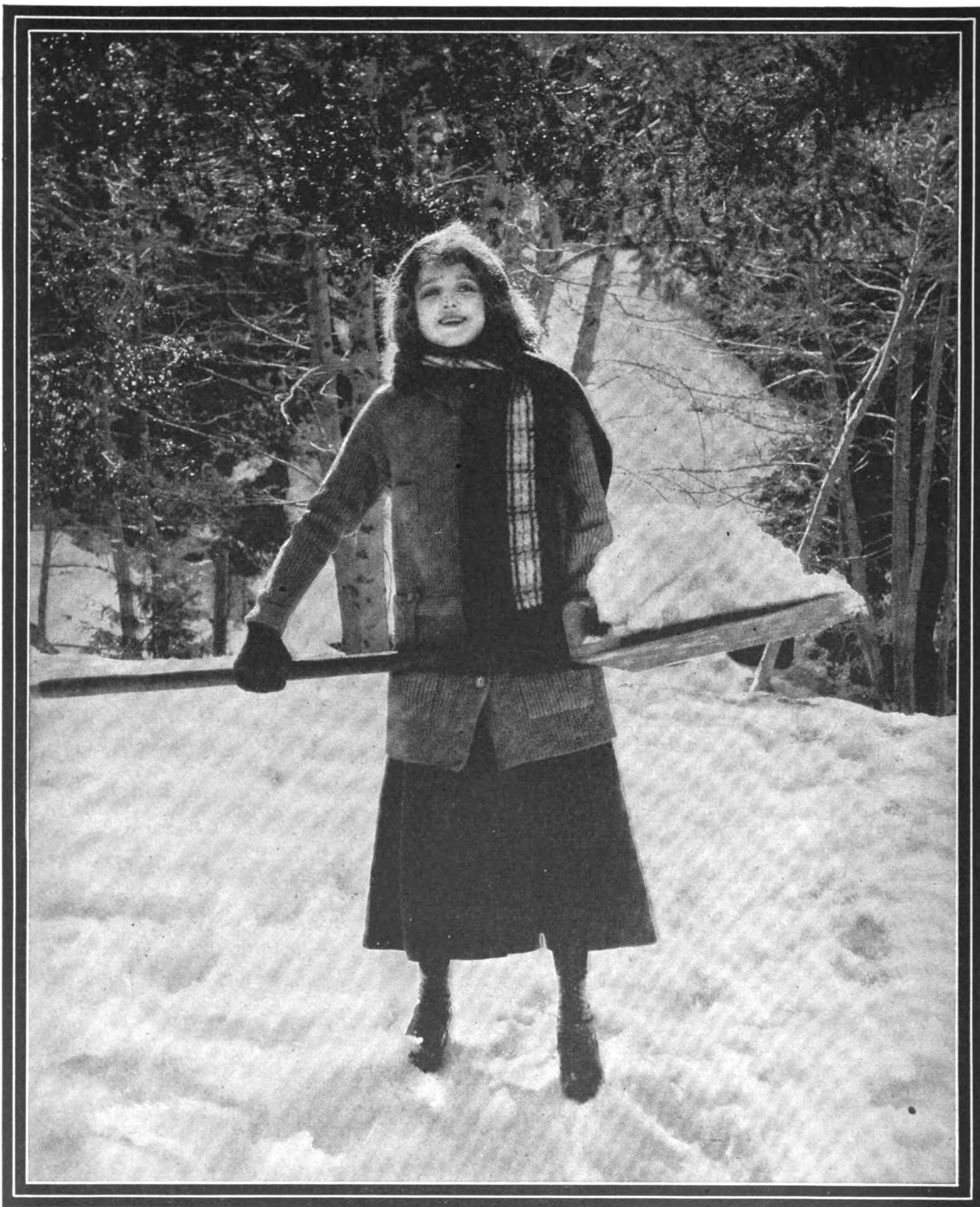
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on  
page 66)



(Twenty-seven)







### THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS

DONT BE DECEIVED INTO BELIEVING THAT CALIFORNIA IS ENTIRELY THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS—HERE IS VIVIAN MARTIN (MOROSCO) IMPERSONATING AN ESKIMO WHITE-WING NOT FIFTY MILES FROM HER OWN HOME IN LOS ANGELES. SHE IS STARRING WITH JACK PICKFORD IN "THE GIRL AT HOME" (LASKY)

*(Twenty-eight)*

# The Danger Trail (Selig)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the photoplay entitled "The Danger Trail," based on the famous novel of that name by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD—copyright, 1910. This abbreviated version is issued with the special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.



VIOLET HEMING AS MELEESE

**T**HREE they had set out from Wakuska, and the snows five days behind them bore the tracks of but three, yet Meleese knew that, forever with them, unseen, unheard, but close by her side strode a fourth presence that her brothers did not recognize. The nearer they came to the settlement the more plainly she felt it, and once, in a pattern of bony larch-boughs flung across the snows, she seemed to see the skeleton shadow of the Fourth Traveler, whose name was Death.

On the lurid dawning of the sixth day

(Twenty-nine)

her sled, which was a little in advance of her brothers', swept from the dimness of the forest into open daylight, sharp, glittering from a million diamond facets of snow. At her feet lay Hudson, the outpost of the North, indescribably sooty and mean on the eternal whiteness that lay virgin to the sky's embrace as far as the eyes could see. The girl stared down at the huddle of roofs, with a veil of smoke drawn across them as tho to hide their ugliness, and her breath rose in her throat on the tide of a great sob. She lifted her hands, appealing to the Ear that hears the sparrow's silent fall.

"Dear God, not *their* way!" she whispered thru quivering lips. "Not *their* way—but Thy Son's—"

"Yoho!" Pierre's deep call boomed behind her. "The end of the trail, Meleese! What—tired, girl?"

She turned a pale face to the two men who came up in a flurry of loose snow and sleigh-bells.

"Pierre! Max!" She pressed her clenched hands to her round girl-breast, fighting for control. "Do you still mean to do—what you meant when we started? You've changed your minds, haven't you? Yes, yes—of course you have."

Pierre Thoreau flung back his head in a great bellow of a laugh that jangled

"DEAR GOD, NOT  
THEIR WAY!" SHE WHISPERED

along the sky with the sound of a pack of wolves sighting their prey. "You are a soft little fool!" he said with rough tenderness, "but it is as it should be, I suppose, for a woman to shudder from blood. We would not have you otherwise, eh, Max? Fear not, small bird, your part is simple. Only to flutter, flutter, with a broken wing, luring the prey into our trap; then you can spread your pinions and fly beyond hearing or seeing."

"But God will hear. God will see," Meleese said slowly. In the white oval of her face her black eyes seemed too large for their setting. "No, no, Pierre! Dont, ah, dont kill him—take him prisoner; yes, fight him like a man, yes, but not murder! Not *that*—"

"Think of our mother, and his father frying in hell for what he did to her, spawn of the devil!" Max raised his heavy fist on high in a gesture frightful to see. "You were too young then, barely three, when we came home that night to find you asleep in the circle of her dead arm. You cannot understand the hatred we feel, we who buried our dishonored dead that night, and swore over her grave never to rest till the whole breed of the beast who had done it was sent to hell!"



"I will have nothing to do with it!" the girl spoke defiantly. "The son was only a boy, playing in the yard with me, when he came out of the cabin and carried him away. He was not guilty; why should he be punished? If you do it I will stand by without raising a finger to help."

Pierre spoke to his brother in a low voice, evidently arguing. Presently they turned to her.

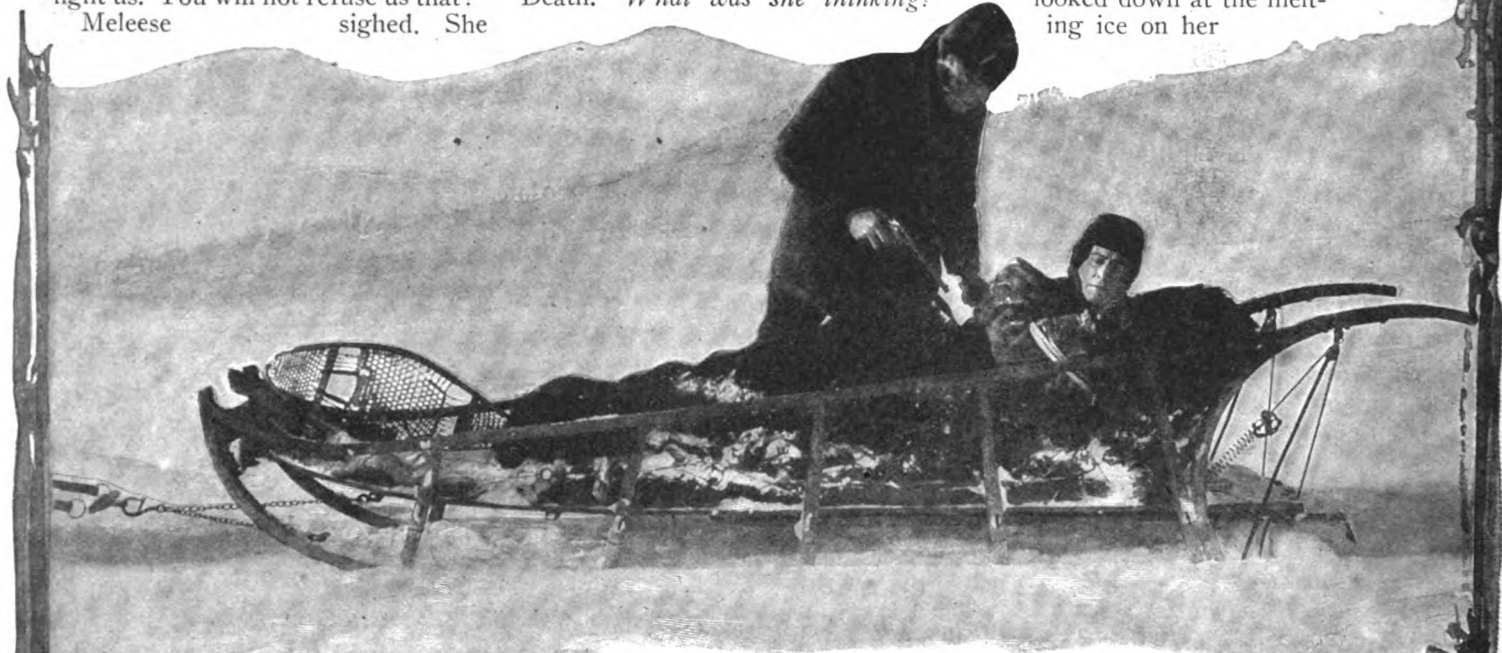
"Very well. Have it your own way, then. We will not kill him, but he must fight us. You will not refuse us that?" Meleese sighed. She

the restaurant, of her brothers standing in the doorway, watching a tall young man making his leisurely way among the tables in her direction.

Meleese cast a swift glance at the lean, attractive face which was the target of their hateful regard. The man was very young, dark, with a clear, wholesome skin and a firm jaw. She liked the way his hair swept back, boyishly, from his forehead; liked his mouth, and his square chin with the little cleft in it. A white pallor ran across her face like the lividness of Death. *What was she thinking?*

patched up one way or another, you know."

Meleese looked involuntarily beyond him to where, tall and grim, Pierre and Max stood in the doorway talking to the half-breed, Jean Croisset. Even as she saw them they caught her eye and made a sign that she could not mistake. She shuddered and looked down at the melting ice on her



YEARS BEFORE JEAN CROISSET HAD TRACKED DOWN HIS MAN

turned to her sled and clambered upon it in a silence which consented to their words. The dogs strained at their harness, flinging rainbows of snow before their eyes, and the streets of Hudson rose to meet them, with their dingy hotels, restaurants and trading stores.

It was a different Meleese, all feminine charm and daintiness, who sat, three hours later, alone at a table in the Grand Mogul chop suey restaurant, apparently enthralled with the lights in their garish sheathing of crimson and saffron lanterns, the clang and clatter of the mechanical piano, the laughter and chatter of the crowd. For the moment she had almost forgotten the dreadful errand that had brought her thither, in her purely feminine delight in the silken sheen of the dress she had bought an hour ago and the joyous memory of her image in the mirror, repeated in the admiring glances cast on her now. She clutched at her moment of girlish triumph with swiftly beating joy, the stares of the men going to her head like wine. Then, all in a moment, the bubble of her pleasure was pricked. She caught a glimpse, across

Dear God! And this was the man they had come five hundred miles to kill—

John Howland, casting a casual glance about for a vacant seat, caught a girl's face lifted to his with such a look of agony that he was actually startled. He saw that she was young, lovely, alone, and in trouble, and for these four very good reasons he dropped down into the seat opposite her with a disarming smile of apology.

"Do you mind my sitting here? There seems to be a stiff crowd tonight." His frank eyes rested on Meleese with open admiration and concern. She certainly was far and away the loveliest girl he had seen in this forsaken country; for that matter, Broadway couldn't beat her; and she certainly was in some sort of trouble. The breast of her dark-blue silk gown was rising and falling with her quick breathing, her lips were quivering, and—yes, her eyes were full of tears. Impulsively, Howland leaned forward.

"You'll have to excuse me if I sound fresh," he said ruefully; "truly, I don't mean it that way. If you'd rather I'd beat it this minute I will, but you look—you seem to be worried about something. I'd be mighty glad if I could be of some help. Maybe if you looked on me as a sort of brother you could tell me what was wrong, and I'd see what I could do. There aren't many troubles that can't be

plate. A dank breath of air seemed to have blown suddenly across the room, and the scent of the food to become the charnel odor of tombs. And again she knew that Another, grisly, unseen, sat at the table with herself and the man she must betray.

"I am—in trouble," she said, in a low tone, not meeting his eyes. "But I cannot tell you what it is. There are others concerned more than I."

"I see." Howland nodded gravely. "I'm sorry. It's a queer thing, but I hope you'll believe me when I say I'd give a lot to help you. Somehow I feel as if I'd known you before! Of course, that's absurd, but the moment I saw you I had an impression we were old friends."

He turned the menu-card over absently. Meleese saw, under the fringe of her lashes, that his hands were firm, yet sensitive, with tapering fingers and well-kept nails; with a flash-back of memory she saw childish hands like his building a fort of wood-chips in a snowy yard. She grew suddenly sick and faint, and rose to her feet, groping blindly for her cloak over the back of the chair. Hardly realizing what was happening, she felt his hand on her arm steadying her, felt him place the cloak about her shoulders, and guide her from the dizzy lights and sounds into the night air.

(Thirty)

The stinging cold revived her like water flung in her face. She lifted grateful eyes to his anxious gaze.

"Thank you—it was so hot in there; I'm not—used to it," she faltered. "I'm all right now. You must go back to your dinner."

"Dinner can wait." John Howland spoke contentedly. "I'm going to take you home first. Which way do we go?"

Meleese caught her breath. There was an imperceptible pause. Her head went up resolutely.

"I will show you the way," she said in a voice that cut like a fine blade. "But if you come it is because you want to come, not because I ask it."

Howland laughed out amusedly. What a tragic little person it was! He was actually aware, as they passed down the street together, that a certain unused organ, located under his watch-pocket, was behaving in a strangely erratic manner, and tho he had all the sensations of talking, he did not have the least notion what he was saying.

But Meleese listened; Meleese heard. And the heart of Meleese was cold and heavy like a stone, in her young breast. On the outskirts of the town she paused. Before them the squat bulk of the Prince Albert Hotel loomed against the sky. The stars looked down with cold, passionless eyes. Ahead, in the thicket of firs, waited her brothers and Jean Croisset. She had seen their shadows always on the road as she came, moving silently ahead of them. Suddenly she clutched Howland's arm, rigid with horror.

"No, no further"—she spoke in a strangled tone. "Go back! I can't bear it—oh, dear God!"

For even at that moment a slim, lithe form sprang from the thicket and bore down upon them. The moon, which had been hidden by a cloud, glided out on the blue floor of the sky, and the world grew silver. Gasping, moaning, Meleese saw the two men clinch and fall struggling to the ground with little grunts and hissing spurts of breath, then she turned and fled, stumbling, into the firs where Pierre and Max stood grimly watching.

"You promised!"—she beat their breasts with frantic hands—"you promised not to kill him!"

The men laughed harshly. "Well, are we killing him?" Max mocked her. "Jean did not promise. Faithful Jean, who sent us word when he found our enemy that we might come and watch his punishment!"

Meleese stared from under the low-swung branches with wide eyes. As the men's bodies rose and fell a gleam of something like triumph crept into them.

"A man!" she whispered. "He is a man—"

John Howland brought one sinewy arm about the half-breed's neck, drawing it closer and closer in a strangle-hold. A pistol-barrel flashed in the silver light. Contemptuously he bent back the arm

holding the ugly thing, gave a final twist of well-knit muscles, and rose, tossing the weapon into a clump of bushes.

"Get up and get out!" he said succinctly to the prostrate figure on the ground. "I don't know what your idea is, but I don't like your way of expressing it."

He dusted his hands fastidiously, rescued his fur cap from the path, turned on his heel, and was gone. Jean Croisset groaned, stirred experimentally, and wavered to his feet. Pierre and Max hurried to him, snarling like dogs who have been deprived of their prey.

"He shall pay dearly, curse him!" the half-breed said, baring his square, yellow teeth in a grin of pain. "Another score to settle, eh, friends? Bone of his bone, blood of his blood—break the one, spill the other! Is it not so?"

Meleese faced them sturdily. "It was a fair fight; don't whine, Jean Croisset!" she cried. "No coward blow in the back, remember, or, as my mother hears me say it, I will turn you over to the law!"

She whirled about and ran, blood thudding in her ears, till she gained her own room at the hotel. With tremulous

tioning, the girl's pleading and wretched. With a half-sob she pushed the door shut and crossed the room till she was standing close to him. He saw the tiny, blue pulse-beat in her white temples, saw the soft bloom on her flesh, felt the warmth of her breath on his hand.

"You must not stay here in Hudson Bay," she said simply. "You must go back to the States."

"But I have a railroad to build." He spoke curtly, remembering the strange happenings of the night before. "A mere detail, of course, but it interferes with my complying with your request. If you could furnish any further reasons—"

"I can't explain"—her fingers



JOHN HOWLAND  
BROUGHT ONE SINEWY ARM  
ABOUT JEAN'S NECK

fingers she unbuttoned the pretty blue dress and drew it off. In her scant, coarse night-dress she faced her telltale face in the mirror, and read in its blushes and quivering a confession she feared, yet exulted to see. Out of that night of dread and terror it had come, the still, clear voice that summoned her to her woman's heritage. Perhaps, after all, the unseen presence who had walked beside her on the long journey had not been Death, but Love.

She dropped to her knees and clasped her hands like a child.

"I pray the Lord," she whispered solemnly, "his soul to keep."

As John Howland was bending above his blue-prints and engineering books in his cabin the next morning, he heard a rustle at the door, and looked up to see Meleese standing in the doorway. For a long while they faced each other silently, the man's face grim and ques-

twisted and untwisted—"but the laying of the railroad will be a danger trail for you. If life is precious to you, to some one back in the States, perhaps, you will not question me, nor hesitate, but go quickly while there is still time—"

Her voice caught on a jagged sob. A light leaped to his face. He leaned forward, touching her fingers gently with his blunt man-ones.

"Little girl of the North, why do you care what becomes of me? Why?"

Meleese drew her hands away and stepped back slowly, eyes held in his, till she had reached the door. A strange hush held the world, outside, inside. For one instant spring was in the room—spring with its flowers and folly, its madness of moons and May-days, its youth and love and magic mating urge.

"Because I think—I love you," said Meleese, faintly. At this moment wom-



anly modesty and convention, and even the dreadful facts of reality, were filmy, unsubstantial things.

Howland gave a little cry and took a step toward her, arms outstretched, when something checked him. Her eyes were not on him, but on the window, with dilated pupils that seemed to gaze at some unimaginable horror. He followed their sick stare to the pane and caught a glimpse of a face, bloated with rage, flattened against the glass, watching them. There was something in the instant's vision of the face that made Howland think of a swollen spider, hairy, warty, watching a fly struggling in its web. It fascinated him; when he could tear his gaze from the window Meleese was gone!

Oddly weak and unstrung, the man sank into a chair. He felt as tho some invisible web of mystery, danger and horror were enmeshing his power of clear vision and his strength of will. For a moment panic swept him—primitive, unreasoning panic—and he wished himself safely back in the cheery commonplace of the New York office, with typewriters clacking about him, and Broadway roaring below the windows. Then he thought of Meleese, and all fears or doubts were gone like miasmas under the healthy sunlight.

"And to think I always laughed at the notion of love at first sight!" he cried aloud, eager as a boy. "Why, I dont even know her name or where she lives, but I know *her*! I couldn't be mistaken—she's my woman, and I'm going to find her. I'm going to love the trouble out of her heart, and kiss her lips till they stop quivering and *smile*. That's what I came North for—now I know!"

He could not guess, when he uttered those brave words, the weary months that must pass before they could be fulfilled. When he went thru Hudson Bay the next day all trace of Meleese and her brothers was gone; it was as tho she had never been—as tho his strange night and morning had been an exotic dream, builded of impossible joys and improbable dangers, as is the way of dreams. Only in his own heart did Howland cherish the proof of its reality, his love for the girl who had come and gone so suddenly and silently.

Then, four months later, passing along Victoria Street one morning, when even the world of the Northland was flavored with June, he met Jean Croisset face to face.

The half-breed stared at him defiantly, and would have passed on, but Howland stopped him with a stern gesture.

"Where is she?" he demanded. "It was you at the window that day. I can see in your face you know. Dont lie to me—*where is she?*"

"She's safe from you, anyway, thank God!" sneered the man. "Yes, I could tell you where she is, and if I told you

that you would know where your grave would be. Yes, I could tell you how to get there and how many days it would take, and from that you could reckon the very day when you must die!"

"Stop that nonsense." Howland's jaw commenced to ridge under the dark skin. "I dont know what you're driving at, and I dont care. If you think you can frighten me by your voodoo gibberish, you're mistaken. If you dont tell me everything you know, I'll lick you till you're half dead, and *then*, if you still dont, I'll finish the job. But take me to her and I'll give you a hundred dollars! How

his lips and gave a barbaric call. The door of the cabin opened, and Meleese appeared, gazing at the approaching travelers with wonder that was drowned in the red tide of joy as she recognized Howland. But before he could speak he felt himself seized from behind in a grip not to be shaken off, and turned his head to find Pierre and Max Thoreau holding his arms, while Jean Croisset stood by, smiling a bland and oily smile. Howland glanced at Meleese, to find her white and trembling against the door-frame.

He managed to control his anger for her sake.

"Come now, friends," he said coolly, "suppose you tell me what the trouble is. This is an unfriendly reception you give callers, I must say!"

Pierre broke forth into blasphemy, but Max silenced him. "Let Jean tell him why we hate him," he said; "it is only fair he should know why he is going to die."



"GO QUICKLY WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME——"

Let  
leese  
ing her  
him, vow  
him dead,  
smile on the friend of her father who  
had loved her since she was a baby.

"Very well," he told Howland, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I will guide you to her cabin, but I have warned you, and I warn you once again. The trail that takes you to her will end in death for you, *mis'eu*. What say you—will you go?"

Into the silent forests of the Northland went two men that afternoon; out of the silent forests they came five days later, and there before them in the clearing stood a tiny cabin formed of mortised logs. At the sight, flames leaped to the eyes of the two, the flame of exultation, the flame of hate. Jean put two fingers to

about it—will you go?" Jean Croisset's lips twisted in an evil smile. those brothers of Me—but find this man seek-out and they would kill or no vow. Then, with perhaps Meleese would

"Son of the father!" snarled the elder brother between clenched teeth, "we can save our womankind from you, at least. Get you in! Meleese, come away!"

The slamming door erased Howland's last vision of the girl, piteous with tears, arms outstretched to him. With a deep breath he sat down beside the table in the center of the cabin, and indicated the chair opposite to the half-breed.

"Let's have the story, whatever it is," he said quietly. "There's some mistake, of course; perhaps we can find out what."

"The mistake was in coming here, *mis'eu*," said Jean Croisset blandly, "but if you wish it, here is the tale.

"Ours was the happiest trading-post in the Northwest years ago, and the reason?—the Factor and his young wife and little ones, a daughter, two sons. She was the light of God's sunshine to us all, and we would have died to serve her.

"Then the stranger came, he and his young son, on a sled out of a red sun-

(Thirty-two)

set. He stayed a night at the Factor's house, and then he stayed a week, mis'eu. One evening we came home from a

Without stirring in his chair he watched the half-breed glide out of the room, and heard the stout bolt slide into place behind him. Then he took out his watch, opened it and laid it on the table. Half an hour and the world would be blotted out in one cataclysmal moment—half an hour and he would be wiser than the wisest *savant* in the universe, for he would know what lay beyond the Last Breath.

not yet anyhow. I sort of think God will give me a square deal—"

Twenty minutes later he was still unafraid, but a bit impatient. It seemed ridiculous to be sitting here waiting. He glanced about, half rising, then sank back in his chair. Escape was impossible. It would be childish and undignified to attempt it. Explanation—argument—would certainly be of no avail. He glanced at his watch. Two minutes more!

With a steady hand he filled his pipe from a tobacco-pouch, but he did not light it. For suddenly, as pictures of the past flash before a drowning man, a picture of the future filed before his eyes—the future he would never know: Meleese's face with the bride-wonder in it; a fireside; a child in her arms—

"If I could have kist her just once," he said aloud, with infinite longing, "then it would be easier to die—"

A step sounded at the door. John Howland rose as if at a summons and stood proudly erect, waiting for what must come. But it was not Death yet, but Love that opened the door.

"If they kill you, they shall kill me!" cried Meleese, and ran into his hungry arms. He felt the wonderful warmth and softness of her body, saw her shining eyes, her sweet lips lifted to his.

"My dear, my dear!" he cried brokenly, "you must not stay—"

"I shall not go," she answered quietly.

The final minute of his life was ticking off. It would

trapping trip to find the poor, pretty lady dead on her cabin floor, and the cur that had betrayed her fled with his young whelp. Then and there the Factor and his young sons and I swore to find both of them, and slay them very slowly, so they might know they were dying, but very surely.

"The Factor died soon, but his sons live, and his little lass, too. The first part of our vengeance was performed ten years ago, when I slew your father—I, with my bare hands. Eh! How prettily he died! It was quite a treat to watch his face as he felt the first flames of hell lick his feet! And before he died I let the life back into him long enough to force him to tell us where *you* were."

Jean Croisset rose to his feet with a bow, mocking, derisive, like a jester making obeisance to Death. "And now the second part of our vengeance is about to be performed. In half an hour precisely as the clock ticks you will be shot dead thru one of the cracks in these walls. Till then, friend, farewell. And carry our regards to mis'eu your father, frying merrily below!"

John Howland opened his lips as if to speak, then closed them firmly.

(Thirty-three)

"I FORCED HIM TO TELL US WHERE YOU WERE"

"IN HALF AN HOUR YOU WILL BE SHOT DEAD"

"Perhaps it will be the first breath of another life," he mused. "Gee! I wish I could have built that railroad! But it can't be helped now—five minutes gone! How many five minutes I've wasted in my life! But I'm not afraid,

be terrible for the girl to be a witness of his death, yet he hated to force her to leave. He pictured the jagged streak of flame thru the cabin wall, the crash of the bullet into his body, the red blood flowing freely, and Meleese moaning over his body.



"Good God!" he cried, "I am no coward, but give me one hour more—my lifetime!"

Meleese sprang away from him, the terror of the awful ending in her eyes.

"Cannot you speak?" she said hoarsely. "Lie, lie—tell them anything to gain time!"

"Why should I lie?" he said. "Can't you see that they are drunk with blood?"

She shivered as he took her hands gently in his.

"You alone shall know my secret," he whispered—"you and my Maker. I am not the John Howland whom your brothers seek to kill."

The girl closed her eyes and moaned softly. "Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!" she sobbed.

"Can I tell them this," he went on quietly—"that I am an American, born and bred, who never saw the Factor, your father, nor heard of your tragedy before?"

"They would not believe you," she said softly—"the blood-lust is heavy upon them."

For a dreamy moment they sat silent, her hands gently held in his. "You will some time see my shadow on the snow," he said



HE PICTURED THE FUTURE HE SHOULD HAVE HAD

at last, "and will know that I am always near you."

"Always, always your dear face will fill my eyes," she crooned.

"It is as it should be," he said humbly. "Our love was a very beautiful one."

They sat silent, listening to the slow approach of feet from the dry forest.

"They have come," he said—"kiss me!"

They who say the day of miracles is over do not know whereof they speak, for it was a miracle indeed that brought the truth to the three avengers in time to save John Howland's life.

Afterwards they marveled over it together, Meleese and he, that the letter telling of the death of the other John Howland should have come just when it did, breathless over sea and land, to save an innocent man from the grip of coincidence. But now they hardly heeded Pierre's stammered words of apology and explanation,

and he, seeing that their thoughts were far from things of Death and Life, went away and left them together, knowing only that all dangers and shadows had passed away. Love is the greatest miracle in the world, and those who have found it know no wonder at lesser marvels and mysteries.

For Fate and Circumstance are only juggling necromancers working tinsel tricks and sleight-of-hand, but Love is an inexplicable miracle worked by the hand of God.

As for Jean Croisset, he had been good after his kind, too. His love of Meleese was elemental but true; his hate of Howland just the same. And so he smiled thru his tears.



## The Optimist and the Pessimist

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

DEAR readers, our lesson today consists of a study of those two familiar, but easy-to-get-tangled words, "Pessimist" and "Optimist." And to get over the worst part of our lesson first we will consider the Pessimist.

Never you mind what the dictionary says. Mr. Webster came before Motion Pictures; and as the Pessimist and Optimist came in *with* the pictures, Noah W. didn't know anything about them.

The Pessimist is an awful thing! And ornery—gracious! You first notice him at the ticket window, where he has just been caught trying to sneak a lead dime to the cashier. That wistful but watchful blonde chases it back at him and he digs up a nickel and five pennies. Then he hollers about the cost of admission. Says a nickel is enough for *any* show.

Then he goes grumbling in and walks on thirty or forty feet, and bruises corns and shins of perfect strangers who are perfectly willing to murder him. He is looking for something. He finds it and is happy. It is the only broken seat in the theater!

He stands up and calls the usher and loudly rebukes him! He also denounces the management, the audience, the mayor, the Army and Navy, and the Kihoo of Dingbatt! He is finally suppressed and sits glowering at the screen. Be the scene pathetic, he sneers. If it is a love scene, he snarls. If it is a comedy, he grunts. Nothing *ever* pleases a Pessimist!

And you needn't blame old Jasper T. Indigestion! No, sir! It is not because his food doesn't agree with him that makes the Pessimist act so. Food agrees with everybody. It's because the Pessimist is so doggone mean that he don't agree with his food! He wouldn't agree with anything or anybody!

And never does he say a picture is good! It is always "bad" or "rotten." Sometimes, when he is feeling pretty good (for a Pessimist), he will unloosen a bit and say a picture is "fair," but that is as far as he will unbuckle his boost belt!

Always shun the Pessimist, dear children. He's no good, all the time, all the way thru and back again. And mean!

Why, if he had nine eyes he wouldn't give you a wink!

And now let us view his opposite, the Optimist. Ah! there's a regular fellow, dear children! When he enters the lobby he always looks about to see if there isn't a stray kid or two he can take in with him. And once inside he enjoys himself. If you step on his feet you don't need to apologize. He'll do that! "They're too big, anyway," he'll say; "serves me right for bringing them along with me!" Or something like that, you know. Nothing ever makes *him* mad.

And *all* the pictures to him are great, only some are greater than others! When he's feeling blue sometimes, he'll refer to a picture simply as being "good." And that's his limit of knocking. A good fellow, the Optimist, just like you and me.

And now, dear children, that concludes our little lesson. Next time you go to the theater you look about you and you'll find them both there. And when you spot this Pessimist chap you tell him what I've taught you and I'll back you up. So will the audience!

(Thirty-four)

# Expression of the Emotions

A Series of Pictures, the  
First of Which is by  
RUTH  
ROLAND



AVERSION

SUSPICION

DISAPPOINTMENT

ANGER

DELIGHT

SACRIFICE

ANXIETY

DISCOMFITURE

QUIESCENCE

ENTREATY



~A~  
*Half Hour With*  
*Nazimova*  
*by*  
*Lillian*  
*Montanye*

NAZIMOVA, Russian tragédienne of the stage and screen, doesn't speak of her venture into picture work as the "movies"; she calls it photodrama. Neither does she think that she has sacrificed her ideals; but rather, she talks of creative principles as seriously as does the sculptor, painter or composer. She actually calls it an art.

"Anything that my director, Mr. Brenon, does," says Nazimova, "is an art, for Mr. Brenon is always the artist. It was a private view of his great picture, 'A Daughter of the Gods,' that impressed me with its imaginative qualities. I recognized Mr. Brenon's great ability as a director, I saw the artistic possibilities of 'War Brides' as a screen play, and no longer hesitated to embark in the new art, and I have not been sorry.

"Photodrama is a new art; therefore it is not perfect, it must develop. The Moving Picture pioneers were ridiculed. It was unjust. They did their best to evolve a new art with what material they could obtain. The pictures, plots and photography were inartistic, crude and commonplace. Talented ones would not lend their aid. If a few daring ones did venture, they had violated professional ethics. They were almost ostracised from respectable theatrical society, and their financial gains were looked upon by the superior legitimates as evidences of their downfall, for of course no one would go into the movies except to make money.

"Pioneer days are past. We know this, not by the great number of pictures, but by the occasional flashes of genius which show what can be done when true artists devote themselves to creative work.

"Photodrama is the most distinctive and emphatic form of expression. It eliminates from the story everything but the real things. All the players in the scene concentrate upon the one thing that makes the situation vital. As a result, the



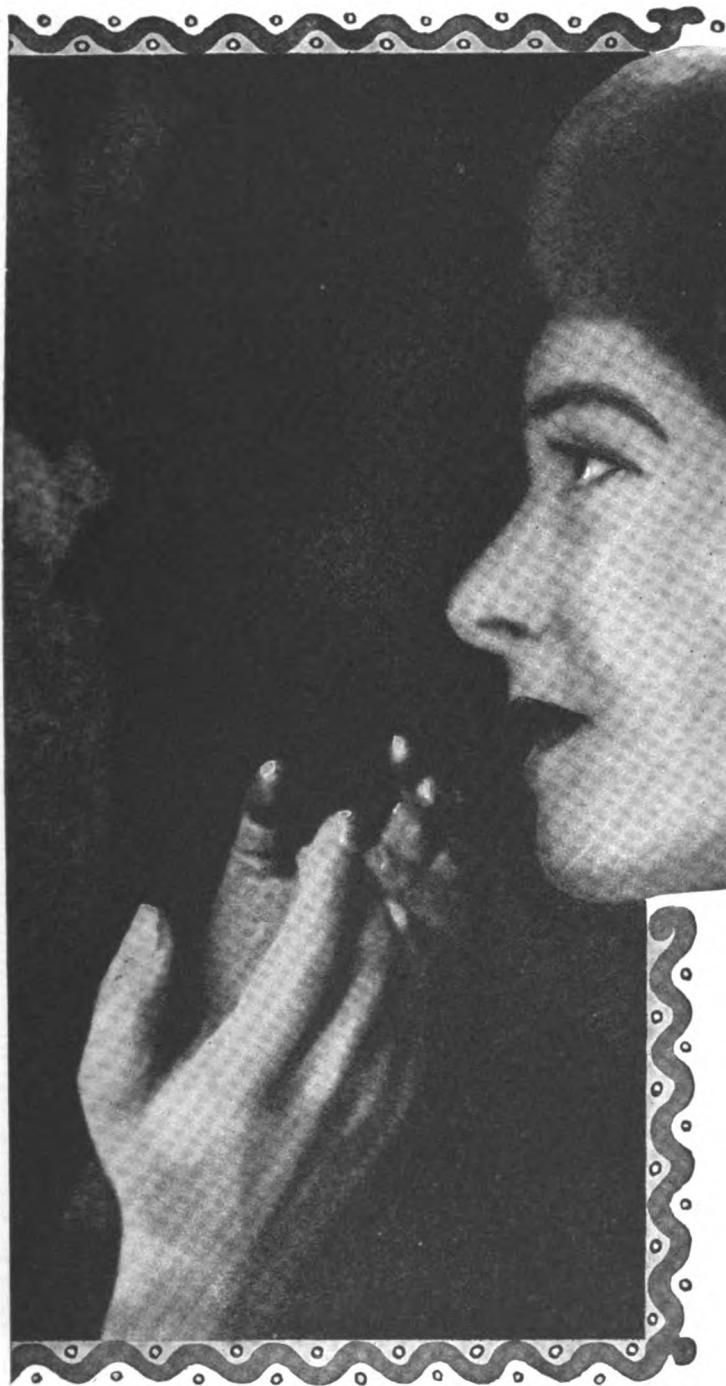
Photo by Hartsook

audience receives the very essence of the action portrayed in a simple, meaningful manner.

"Acting for the camera was a very unusual experience," she continued. "In vaudeville I played 'War Brides' in a two-a-day booking. The scenes are of course strenuous in the extreme. I must be keyed to a high pitch of emotion. There was always the haunting thought that I must save some strength for 'next time.'

"In acting for the camera, it took a little time to accustom myself to the thought that when a scene was played it was

(Thirty-six)



and domesticity. The little town of Port Chester, N. Y., holds for her a "Haven of Rest" in which to relax and gain strength and vitality for the year's work. In winter she keeps a home in a New York apartment, "for there must be some place to call home," she says.

Nazimova appreciates the applause and adulation of the public, but she accepts it humbly, impersonally—not for herself, but as a tribute to her art. At heart she is something of a recluse. She

cares not for society in a general sense, but loves to entertain her friends, members of the profession—and not always the successful ones either—for her generous heart prompts many a kindly act, and her influence quietly used has young genius on the

played for all time; as it was played there, it would be played all over the world; that I must do my best, as I could not go from one part of the world to the other, explaining that I did not feel quite fit in one scene, but it would be better next day."

Devotees of all that is finest in the art of the theater recognize in Nazimova one of the most distinguished actresses of the day. Ever since she came to the English-speaking stage her career has been one unbroken record of successes. In Ibsen's story-making classics she won the highest laurels. As the star of "Bella Donna," she was known in every city in the United States. In vaudeville she reached the zenith of her popularity in the only war play—based upon the present struggle—which is conceded to be of permanent value. Many incidents were added and elaborated in this play, in which Nazimova made her first appearance on the screen, giving her a wide scope for her unique talents.

"War Brides" is an intensely dramatic story, but while it has to do with conditions brought about by war, there are no battle-scenes. The play deals less with war than with the effects of war upon the homes and the loved ones left behind. Watching her in her heart-gripping appeal for women, it is hard to imagine her as giving time or thought to the ordinary details of every-day life. But, tho it is given only to a chosen few to intimately know this talented and charming woman, it is a fact that she has all the instincts of a woman for home

(Thirty-seven)

helped many a struggling way to success.

Nazimova in times of leisure is not above going to the kitchen, either. She finds it a means of relaxation, and along with her deep and abiding love for the land of her birth, for the people, their ways and customs, she has at times a longing for the things they cook in Russia.

A luncheon menu and a few favorite recipes of decidedly "different" combination and flavoring are given below:

Cabbage rolls	Banana relish	Potato salad
	Rice pudding	
	Tea	

Banana Relish—To the juice of one lemon, add one-fourth cup sugar and one tablespoonful maraschino. Slice two bananas very thin into a bowl. Pour over them the syrup, and let stand in very cold place. Serve in glasses, topped with maraschino cherry.

Cabbage Rolls—Mince cold meat, and mix with a little minced onion. Add cream sauce to thicken—made in the proportion of one cupful of boiling water, into which is stirred one tablespoonful of flour and one of butter, well blended. Mix well and add salt, pepper and a little chopped parsley. Select cabbage-leaves large enough to roll and throw into

(Continued on page 66)



# Corinne Grant— Neglected Wife

By CAROL LEE



CORINNE GRANT

THIS girl, ladies and gentlemen, is a neglected wife. What? She doesn't look at all domestic? Neglected wives seldom do. And Corinne—the rest of it is Grant—is no exception to the general rule. In the beginning, Corinne was a typical weepy, d a m p and

mussy wife, but when her husband fell in love with his smartly dressed, exquisitely neat young secretary, Corinne decided that she had better "sit up and take notice." Accordingly she visited modistes, milliners and bootmakers, metamorphosing herself into quite a charming young lady. Does she cease to be a neglected wife? Well, really it wouldn't be fair to tell you, for that question forms the plot of Pathé-Balboa's new serial, "The Journal of a Neglected Wife." Corinne was born away out West in New Mexico, and was educated there among the 'dobe shacks, tarantulas, mesquite and sagebrush. There she learnt to ride without "pulling leather," as the cow-boys call clinging to the saddle; she learnt to shoot straight and true, and to look fearlessly at danger.

Thus she came to the movies naturally. She has never been with any company but Balboa, and has been with them six years.

She has her own bungalow, her own machine, and according to her own testimony, she is blissfully happy in golden California. Miss Grant is a true Spanish type—of medium height, slender, but well-rounded, and very graceful. She has very large, dark brown eyes, of the type generally described as soulful.

Her hair is very long and thick, of a soft, yet lustrous black, and her skin is clear olive.

All in all, Miss Grant, while a neglected wife, is a *most* attractive young lady!

(Thirty-eight)

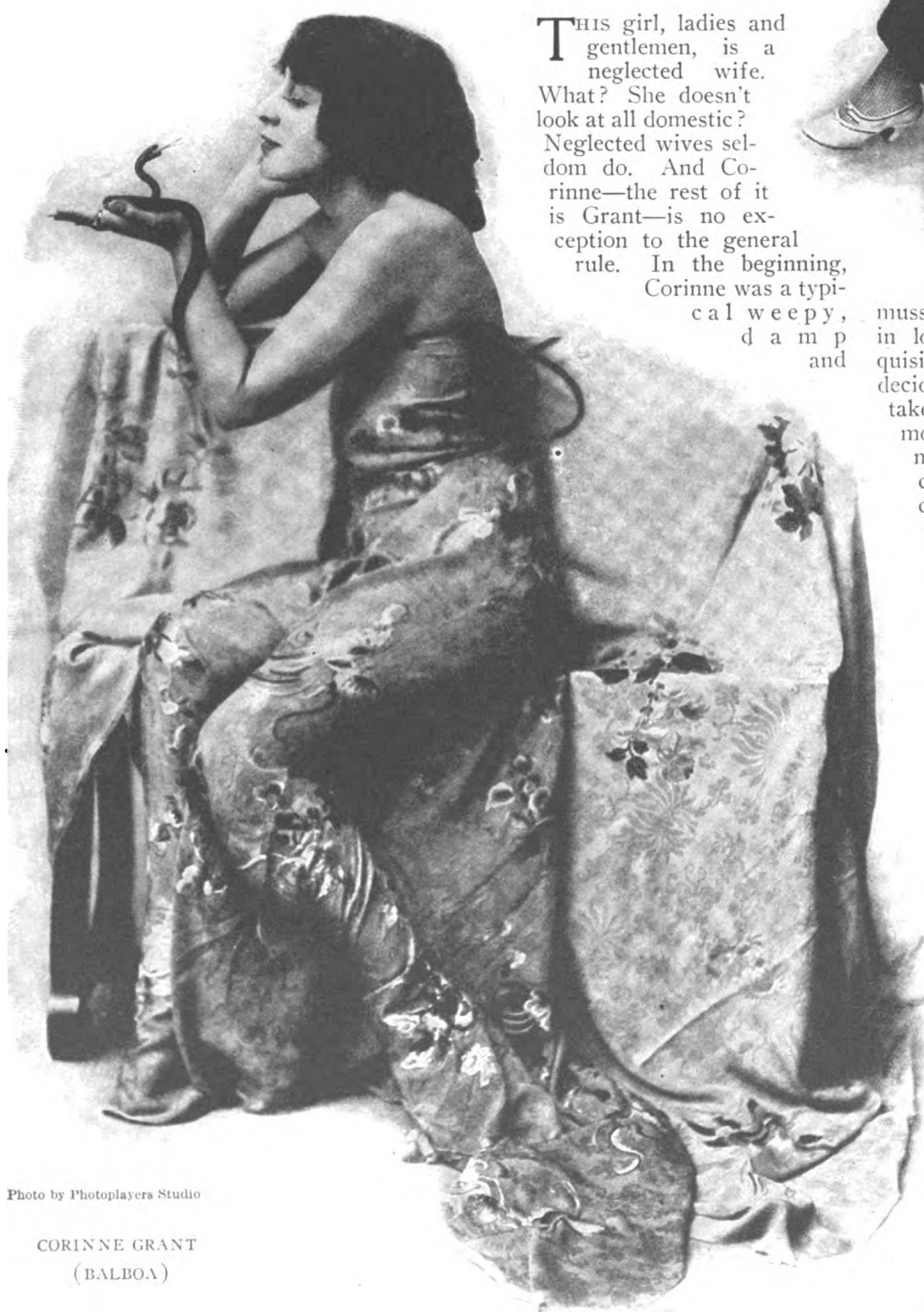


Photo by Photoplayers Studio

CORINNE GRANT  
(BALBOA)

# Ham and Hamlet

By H. H. VAN LOAN

With special illustrations by WILLIAM FRANEY



THE tour of Mister Damon Ham came to an end just about three minutes after the breakfast-hour. It brought him to the border, where his cargo was searched for the purpose of finding out if he were transporting arms and ammunition to a friendly alien or plotting an armed revolt against a municipality which was at that moment at peace with the world.

While he looked suspicious, there was nothing about his person to warrant his being held at the entrance to the city. His cargo was general, and consisted of a battered helmet, which gave evidence of having passed thru many dirty campaigns; his coat was afflicted with obesity, while his feet recalled those of a classic dancer, because they were so tremendously different. His trousers deserved considerable attention, for they were what might be called continuous pantaloons. This impression was gained from the fact that he was continually trying to grow into them, and, considering that he was still a minor, it looked as tho by the time he reached maturity the end of them would be in sight. In fact, the whole appearance of Mister Ham was that of a refined and simple ruralite, with blotches of archaic luxury breaking out here and there. One glance at him disclosed all that he lacked. His temperament was evidenced thru his disheveled hair, which made him resemble a mixture of an enthusiastic Philharmonic Orchestra leader, with a touch of nervous prostration.

The only arms he carried were two which he had secreted in his coat-sleeves. But as they appeared to be of the old type, and utterly unwarlike, he managed to get them thru. They had seen excellent service in the days that had passed, and had mowed down thousands in the corn and wheat campaigns, across the border. However, their patents had run out in a country where the face is the predominating weapon either for success or failure.

So, considering that everything was about ninety per cent. in his favor, Mister Damon Ham was permitted to pass the portals which divided the world of reality from the land of make-believe. He crossed so gracefully, too. In fact, the atmosphere of the soft and soothing Cali-

fornia climate seemed to make friends with him immediately, and he wafted into Universal City like a gentle and refreshing evening breeze.

Ever since he could remember—which wasn't so long as it might seem—Mister Damon had pined to see his picture. There wasn't much of a chance back there in Eczema, for there wasn't a photographer in the place. The nearest a camera had ever come to him was once when a Moving Picture company went up in the mountains, two hundred miles north of where he lived, which he referred to as "Sarah's Nevadas."

Up to the present, the only big punch in his life came on the day



he was born. He had lived so long with illiterates that he could crow, moo, and grunt, just like the rest of them. His idea of a rampage of dissipation was to stand up on the trolley-car, spit off the back platform, and then eat peanuts all the way home. Often, when he felt just like raising the very dickens, he'd throw all his clothes on the floor at night, and pick them up in the morning, so that he could imagine he had been out on a big time and came home loaded with cider.

However, he only kidded himself, for Squire Hawkins paid him such a minute salary that if they were selling the complete outfit of a brewery, with twenty years of stock, for a dime, he couldn't buy the frost on the roof. The Squire was a howling success as a failure, and the result was that Mister Damon lived mostly on faith—faith that some day he'd get his thirty years' back salary. But those who knew the Squire declared he'd

have to be born over again for Damon to get any money.

Now, among his other duties, he distributed the liquid from the female of the genus *Bos*, and the result was that as soon as he went to bed it was time to get up. He repeated this pleasure so long that he could go to sleep manicuring the stable floor. Then he woke up. He watered the milk every morning for a month before he started on his trip, and soon found that he had enough money to restore the throne of Serbia to its people. And, before the patrons of *Bos*

informed the Squire that the milk was too weak to make itself seen or felt around the breakfast-table, Mister Damon Ham was seated in the smoker of a train, bound for the edge of the Pacific Ocean, with a bottle of "near beer," a Kansas straw, and a bunch of movie magazines.

This brings us to the place where we were when we started into Universal City with the aforementioned aspirant.

A negro trap-drummer, with one arm and an enlarged edition of the hives, could not be any busier than Mister Damon Ham, of Eczema, Wyohim, was as he passed up the main street of the movie town. He had more seeing on his hands than a cross-eyed boy at a three-ring circus. For the moment he felt as tho he had been eating meat again, and was not certain whether old Squire Hawkins wouldn't jab him with a pitchfork any minute and spoil the whole party. For, as he looked, he discovered where the world

was located. On his left was a little bit of Turkey, on his right some China, and between both a chunk of Greece, while distributed intermittently about was a nibble of 'most every country on earth. It was the nearest thing to a dish of chop suey, without the real thing, he'd ever seen. But he didn't know it, because the closest stuff he'd ever seen to the imperial dish was a barn-rat every now and then.

"Just back from the war?" asked a pleasant voice over his shoulder.

He turned about rather abruptly and faced a tall man in black, with his hands in his pockets, who looked down on him with a rather kindly face and waited for the ultimatum and so forth.

"Where?" meekly inquired Mister Damon, as he crossed his toes and tickled his fingers.

"France, Italy, Russia, and a lot of other places," replied the other. "All of Europe's mussed up."



"S'at so?" continued the listener. "Anybody arrested?"

The vision in ebony studied the expressionless countenance of the institution before him. "Say, where do you come from?" he asked curiously.

"Eggzema," replied Mister Damon.

"I dont care what you've got," impressed the other; "what town do you come from?"

"Eggzema, Wyohim," bluntly responded the ruralite.

"Rather itchy little place, I s'pose," suggested the inquirer.

"Yessir, sometimes more'n others," agreed Mister Damon, entirely at sea.

"What's your name?"

"Damon Ham, sir."

"A healthy edition of a modernized ancient classic, eh," questioned the other.

"Have you got anything to do here?" ventured Mister Ham, rather sheepishly.

"No-o," drawled the other. "We just come here to pick daisies and oranges and to smoke."

"What's your name, sir?"

"Umph Imfph," answered the joker.

Damon looked at him a moment, then he uncrossed his feet, brushed off the front of his coat, and studied him again.

"Must be kinder hard to get along with anythin' like that," he said thoughtfully.

"Well, I'll be frank with you, seein's you're so simple," added the tall fellow; "my name's Reginald Van Husan. I'm the guy that built this here place."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mister Ham. "You're smart, aint cher?" And he stared with admiration at the man before him.

"Why, that's nothin'," continued the other proudly. "That's only one of the things I do. I invented Moving Pictures, and created the screen on which they're shown. I supervise all the productions here, write all the stories, direct all the companies, and sell all the pictures." Then he dropped his boastfulness long enough to lean over and whisper in Mister Ham's ear: "And I used to be as poor as you once. Today I'm worth about five million American dollars. And every one of them has Uncle Sam's approval on them."

For the second time Mister Ham crossed his toes and tickled his fingers as he scrutinized the glib talker. Then he suddenly broke out with: "Have yer got any with that woman on them?"

"Oh, you mean Justice?" inquired Van Husan.

"Is that her name?"

"Ye-es, she's on all of 'em; I dont keep the ones with Lincoln and Washington."

"Whew!" whistled Mister Ham. "Why?"

"Because they're dead," replied the nifty talker as he lighted a cigaret.

"Gee-e, you know a lot, dont cher?" mused the innocent one.

At that moment a big, burly fellow emerged from one of the buildings and made his way over to where the two were standing.

"Say, Van Husan, if you dont hurry up and get that stuff for the next 'set' you'd better get off the lot!" shouted the newcomer. "Now then, get out of here, and be sure and get busy!"

Like a cat that has had its tail rubbed the wrong way, the other fellow hurried to obey the command, while Mister Ham stood pensively looking on.

"Say, Mister Van Husan!" called the small-town feller, "are you sure they're dead?"

But Van Husan kept right on going.

"What-er you doin' here?" asked the latest arrival as he looked Ham over.



"WALK AS FAR AS YOU CAN GO IN THAT DIRECTION," SAID MORAN

"I'm wonderin' why a man with all Mr. Van Husan's money has to run for anybody."

"No fair talkin' like that when you've got your feet crossed," blurted out the other. "If pickles were selling a dollar a million, he couldn't buy a dill! He's poorer'n you are!"

"Gosh, must be bad ter be as poor as that," responded Ham.

"Who're you?"

"Nothin' much. Just somethin' lookin' for a job. Do you think I could do anythin' round here?"

"How do I know—can yer?"

"I used ter feed fifty-six chickens, milk fifteen cows, clean three stables, peddle milk, scrub nine horses, and wash my face before breakfast every mornin' out there in Eggzema."

"What's that last word!" shouted the fellow as Ham finished.

"Eggzema," replied Mister Damon.

"S'pose yer got ter itchin' for some-

thin' better?" said the other as he studied the subject closely.

"Yessir."

"Well, if yer did all that before breakfast, yer ought to be able to put a new face on this town," continued the big boss. "I'll give yer the job to clean it up. I want yer to sweep the streets and sidewalks, dust the windows in every building on the lot, and then wash them, sweep and clean all the offices, wash the thirty automobiles down in the garage, polish the brass, hoist up the flag on the top of the administration building, wait on table in the restaurants, run errands, get 'props,' work in mob-scenes, and make yourself handy. Then, when you've done that, you can eat your breakfast and have a smoke. After breakfast—which a feller with your speed can eat in ten minutes—you can clean all the dressing-rooms, wash the windows, deliver the mail, polish the cars, sweep the stages, clean the visitors' gallery, wash all the glass in the studios, assist in the kitchen, help wash the dishes, and act as messenger.

Then you can act as night watchman until midnight. That's the time we take down the flag. You see, we never take it down till then because it doesn't get good and dark before that time. The night watchman's job is merely to keep your circulation up until then. It's a pipe of a job, and you'll find we'll have to slip you a little other stuff to keep you busy."

"Aint there somethin' else I could do?"

"Why, the last man on that job had so much time to himself that we fired him," remarked the boss. "Come with me and I'll get you the broom," he added as he started away.

With a feeling that life had cheated him out of a lot of sensational stuff which rightfully belonged on his program, and which he felt certain he was going to get now, Mister Damon fell in behind and ploughed along like a tramp steamer in a rough gale off the Florida coast.

"There," began the big boss, as he threw the timid employee an enormous broom, "take that and hang onto it until you've swept every street in the town. Then come to me and I'll start you off again."

"Who'll I ask for, mister?" inquired Damon, as he accepted the broom and swung it over his shoulder.

"Just ask for the Kaiser," replied the boss as he twirled the cigar over and over in the corner of his big mouth. "And say, let me tell yer somethin'," he added, "you cant sweep a street with a broom on your shoulder. You look like a member of the Mexican volunteers. Now get

busy; the day's half gone." With that he walked away and left Damon to begin his simple duties.

The second big thrill in Mister Damon Ham's life had arrived. He felt now that he could be classed as playing a very important part in the film world, and that it was but a step from the street to the star rôle in a five-reel feature. True, he had ascended straight from the farm, and that could be charged up against him; in fact, it was good enough to indict him as a comer. For, altho he didn't know a great deal about things in general, he had heard once that lots of people had left the dishes in the sink and walked right into the hearts of movie patrons.

And some had made such an attack on the United States Treasury that in case of war the government would have to borrow money from them in order to buy ammunition.

He was grateful to the boss for one thing, and that was the fact that he had placed him in such a prominent position. Few residents of Universal City could miss him, for everybody sees a street-sweeper, especially if he is such an extraordinary creature as Damon. Then, too, he worked right out in the open, where his results could easily be viewed by all.

These were some of the thoughts which traveled around his brain as he swept. It was an excellent job for thinking, and he had a lot of thinking to do.

Now, a new recruit in a movie town comes in for considerable hazing, and, even tho he reaches the altitude that Damon did, he is not overlooked. So there were few stars, directors, camera-men or "extras," including stage-hands and property boys, who failed to get acquainted with the new street-cleaner.

"Isn't he funny!" laughed Edith Roberts as she discovered him while on her way to the "alley" with Mary MacLaren. The "alley" was the long line of dressing-rooms.

"I'll bet he didn't grow around here," remarked the pretty star as she studied Damon, who at that moment had paused to erase some of the perspiration from his apex.

"I know a lot of actors who would give a fortune if they could make up like that," continued the little leading-lady. "He's so ugly he's handsome."

The sympathetic smile that spread over Damon's countenance could save the driest comedy ever made and turn it into a screaming success. He looked like a

Cedar Grove hen that had been picking too much brandy out of a Thanksgiving mince-pie. It was not an attempt on his part to be funny; he was trying to be nice. But no matter how he tried to look, it couldn't pass for anything else but slapstick comedy. He looked so funny that he could turn a mourning party into convulsions and a memorial service into a burlesque.

As he stood leaning on his broom and reflecting on the mileage still unswept, some one touched him on the shoulder.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER—DID YER ENGINE DIE ON YER OVER THERE?" ASKED BEAUDINE

He turned and faced two men, one a young man, exhibiting the latest modes in men's wear, with a pipe drooping from one corner of his mouth, and the other, much younger, who looked as tho he had plunged thru a haberdashery and emerged with the loudest stuff sticking to him. He was bounded by a yellow silk shirt with red stripes, a pink silk collar, a startling blue cravat, flannel trousers, and anemic shoes and socks. The whole outfit was climaxed with a green felt hat and a wrist-watch. A fellow with a layout like that can speak in only one tone—and it comes pretty close to high C. He did.

"Isn't he wonderful!" exclaimed the awfully nice young man as he clapped his hands.

"All he needs is a scenario to be a raving hit," replied the other, who was no less a personage than Director William Beaudine.

"Oh, I'm so enthusiastic about him!" continued his companion, who was known to the trade as assistant-director, and more commonly called Monmouth Higgins.

"Dont be so rough, you'll scare him," warned Beaudine.

There was something about the fresh young Higgins that Damon didn't like. And, after listening to his double exclamations, Damon dropped his broom and gave him his immediate attention.

"Say, have you ever played football?" he asked calmly.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I've never indulged in anything quite so rough as that," remarked Higgins. "But I have played 'London Bridge Is Falling Down' and 'I've Come to See Miss Jenny a Jones.'"

"I knew somethin' like you once, an' it used ter spend most of its time knittin'," said Damon.

"It isn't as harmless as it looks," said Beaudine, rather dryly, as he turned to Higgins.

"He's nice, but he jostles the other customers," returned the nice boy.

"You mustn't be rude to him," the director reminded him. "You know we dont get this material every day." Then he turned to Damon. "How long have you been idle?" he asked. "I'm workin'," Damon informed him as he grasped the handle of his broom with grim determination.

"Who for?" continued the director.

"The Kaiser," answered Damon. "He told me to sweep the streets, hang up the flag, and lots of other things, and then eat."

"I knew it was empty," remarked Beaudine as he looked at Higgins, who nodded approvingly. "How would you like to be a real movie actor?" he added.

"That's what I come here for," said Damon. His face remained as vacant as a blank pad.

"Well, you've started wrong," the director informed him. "You could keep at work on this street until you wore it thru to China, without attracting any attention. You've got a wonderful face for pictures. Take my advice and never try to improve it; if you do you'll spoil it. Let it remain just as it is."

"How can we employ him?" asked Higgins, with interest.





"NOW, HIDE IT," SAID MURPHY. "DONT LET EVEN YOUR EARS SHOW, IF YOU CAN HELP IT"

"He's going to play Hamlet," said Beaudine. "Go over and see how Parsons and his gang are progressing with those three sets. In the meantime I'll take him over and get him fixed up."

As Higgins departed, the director started toward the wardrobe department with Damon, who was still clinging to the broom.

"Now, this is the first time that 'Hamlet' has been made into a picture. It's going to be an elaborate production in eight reels, and the whole success of it depends upon you."

"Who is he?" meekly inquired Damon, with no attempt to conceal his ignorance.

"He isn't; he was. You dont mean to tell me that you dont know who Hamlet was!" exclaimed the director. "Why, he was the feller who upset the Scottish throne, married Ophelia, and murdered Macduff in the Tower of London. It was one of the finest murders ever staged, and he ended his career by committing suicide on the grave of Juliet. It's full of good stuff, and we've got to put it over with a punch. This guy Hamlet was some gink. He was rough enough to take milk from a Belgian baby."

"Have I got ter do that, too?" added Damon.

"Naw, not very," continued Beaudine, "only worse. You've got ter be as sore as boils all the way thru this picture. When you're not lickin' somebody, they're smashin' you up. The feller who was goin' ter play it is up in the hospital now with a couple of bum legs and three busted ribs. He got thrown around a little when the mob attacked the palace and dragged him out. But he wasn't rough enough."

"Is there much of this mob thing?" asked Damon, rather nervously.

"Why, certainly—seven hundred feet and a hundred of close-ups, with you in the foreground."

"Has that mob scene gotter be in it?"

"That's one of the big punches in the picture," continued the director. "We couldn't have a 'Hamlet' without a fight. But," he added reassuringly, "you needn't worry. We've got a great hospital right here on the lot, and you'd get the best of care."

"I've gotter go home about that time," remarked Damon, thoughtfully.

"Say, dont pull that stuff," said the director. "Why, it's worth gettin' hurt for the money yer get."

This line of stuff brought them to the wardrobe building, and, as they came to a period, Beaudine continued: "Now plunge in there and get some 'Hamlet' atmosphere, and when you emerge ask for Director Beaudine."

"Bovine?" asked Damon, innocently. For it was the only word he really understood.

"Say, dont you ever try to pull anything," the director warned him, "'cause you're always funny." And with that he started for the big open-air stage.

When Damon made his exit from the wardrobe building a little later he was worthy of considerable notice. He was very much undressed, in a very attentive suit of underwear, a semi-ballet skirt, and a duet of shoes that resembled two submarines, while across his left shoulder were wrapped innumerable yards of cloth, quite akin to curtains.

Everything within a radius of six miles punctuated activities when Mister Damon Ham of "Hamlet" loomed up on the horizon.

"Looks like a revival of the Roman period," remarked Beaudine, who at that moment stepped from his office with John Murphy, his assistant.

"Julius Cæsar gone wrong, I should say," added Murphy, as they both studied Hamlet, who was stranded out in the middle of the road.

At that moment Ed-die Lyons



"HOW DID IT GET THRU THE WAR-ZONE WITHOUT THE AMERICAN FLAG ON ITS HULL?" PUZZLED BARRINGTON

and Lee Moran turned the corner in a big car, and came within a breath of destroying the entire production. Damon drew back just in time. Moran, who was driving the car, brought it to a full stop.

"Dont ever pull that again, Mark Antony, or your friends wont know you when it's all over," said Moran.

"Pull what?" asked Damon, as he placed one foot on the running-board and gazed with a vacant stare at them both.

"Why, that comedy you just tried to start," added Lyons. "You mustn't treat this machine like that; it cant take a joke."

"Cant it?" inquired Damon, soberly.

"No," interrupted Moran; "its parents brought it up different."

"Can I see Mister Bovine?" asked Damon.

"I dont know—can you?" continued Lyons.

"He's waitin' fer me," responded the star.

"Dont worry, he'll getcher," added the comedian. "Look how long China waited for a republic."

"I've got ter find him," said Damon, who was beginning to look worried.

"Walk as far as you can go, in that direction," said Moran, as he pointed east. "And be sure and take a lot of shoes with you."

"You might drop us a line every once'n awhile, too," added Lyons.

"Now let go-er the car," commanded Moran. "It dont like to be held down."

And, as Damon backed away, the two comedians started down the road.

"No medal can touch it," remarked Lyons, as he smiled to his pal.

"Looks like one of the twelve apostles, doesn't he?" remarked Herbert Rawlinson, who at that moment passed with his leading-lady, Agnes Vernon.

"If he did, I'd cancel fifty per cent of my faith in religion," she laughed, as they journeyed on.

"The European war started over less than that,"

said Val Paul, who was standing near the "property" building with Jonas, the publicity man.

"I hear they're going to put arsenic in its food the next time they feed it, so that it can be put out of its misery," added Jonas, as he watched Damon, who was now standing, with a look of bewilderment, where Moran and Lyons had left him.

"By Gad! Look at that fool!" exclaimed Beaudine. "He's blockin' the whole road."

"That's all right," remarked Murphy; "probably his father was a traffic cop."

"Go bag it and bring it over here, will yer?" added the director, who was now getting peeved.

Murphy went over and rescued the stranded Hamlet, and, taking him by the arm, led him over to where Beaudine was impatiently waiting.

"What's the matter—did yer engine die on yer over there?" he shouted as the two arrived.

"I wasn't doin' nothin', mister," said Damon, somewhat chagrined.

"Well, hereafter when you've got nothin' to do go an' weep on yer grandmother's grave," the director warned him.

"I cant; she's dead," said Damon.

"Untouched by hands," said Murphy, as he threw both of his hands above his head.

"Shows you what soft drink will do for some," laughed Beaudine. Then, as he studied the star, he continued: "Where's your make-up?"

"Left it over there," he answered, as he pointed towards the wardrobe building.

"I tell you, Bill, he's the original," remarked Murphy. "There's none genuine without his signature."

"Take him around and fresco his label, will yer?" said the director, as he turned to his assistant.

Murphy took him to the "extra" room and shoved a stick of grease-paint in one hand and a mirror in the other.

"Now hide it," he ordered him. "Dont even let your ears show, if you can help it."

Damon grasped the stick and began lathering his face with it, while Murphy looked on with interest. It was No. 6, and, before he finished, his face looked as tho it had fallen heir to a wealth of chocolate.

"You cant fix it without being born again," said Murphy. "You've got a big suit against Nature. That face of yours is injured for life. Come on."

The ruffled edition of Hamlet followed Murphy like a remorseful burglar on his

way to religious baptism, and felt about as much at ease as a German at an English tea-party.

"Ride to the fourth 'set' down there and then get off," said Murphy, as he pointed to the long line of stages.

Damon felt about as comfortable as the Russian revolution as he journeyed down the line with his cutaway costume, which looked as tho he had been poured into it from the waist down. His feet looked powerful enough to supplant the bridge across the Neva, which was destroyed the day the Czar jumped his board-bill. His



"HE LOOKS LIKE THE SECOND COMING OF PAUL REVERE," LAUGHED MURPHY

countenance still retained that vacantness which refused to be influenced by wars or rumors of wars.

All the stages were busy. Cameras were clicking, directors were shouting, and stars were twinkling. On the first stage Henry McRae was trying to inspire a bunch of love-stuff in Agnes Vernon. He looked like Bryan putting over a grape-juice speech in a town deluged with liquor, and trying to make his words heard around the world.

On the next was Stuart Paton putting over the tenth episode of "The Voice on the Wire." He was shooting a homely dining-room "set," with Neva Gerber and Howard Barrington pulling the domestic stuff with a layout of a couple of eggs and a potato around the table.

"Now then!" shouted Paton, who stood

beside the camera-man. "You, Miss Gerber, are supposed to be eating. And you, Barrington, are reading the morning paper. Both of you are silent, for you're still thinking of the terrible affair at Red Warren's house the night before. Are you ready?"

"I think so, Mr. Paton," answered the actress, as she took her place at the table.

"All right, Gaudio?" said the director, as he turned to his camera-man.

"Letergo," as he bent over his machine.

"Camera!" shouted Paton. "Now then, Miss Gerber, put the coffee-pot on the table. That's it. Barrington—the paper. Glance at your father, Miss Gerber. Dont hold it too long! You, Barrington, show some interest in that paper.

Put some expression in that stuff! Remember, you're making a discovery! Show it!"

At that moment, Damon, who had lost himself, was totally unconscious of what was going on, and before he could put his chains on he had skidded right into the "set," and never came to a full stop until he pulled up alongside the table.

"Hey!" yelled the director, as operations ceased. "Get out-er there!"

"Your mother's callin' yer!" shouted Gaudio, as he stopped cranking and studied the strange visitor.

"Where d'ye git that stuff?" asked Paton, who had now reached the derelict and stood giving him a bird's-eye view, while he scratched his head.

"What?" inquired Damon, as he began tickling his fingers again.

"You've spoiled two hundred feet of film, at fifteen cents a foot!" exclaimed Paton. "Why dont you knock before you enter?"

"I saw yer all in, an' didn't think there wuz any need of rappin'," replied Damon, seriously.

"I wonder if there's any duty on it," mused the actress, as she turned in her chair and scrutinized him.

"How did it get thru the war-zone without the American flag on its hull?" puzzled Barrington.

"Dont sacrifice your whole future by stickin' here," said the director, as he shot Damon a threatening look. "Start yer engine; start yer engine, Lazarus!"

About this time Damon discovered he was at the wrong dance, and he wandered away without even stopping to get a return check.

"Why dontcher cut out this driftin'?" asked Murphy, who appeared at that



moment on the scene. "Lay on yer back an' float fer a change."

"Here he is," said Dorothy Phillips, as Damon approached with Murphy. She was dressed in the costume of Ophelia, and stood chatting with Beaudine.

"Say," began the director, as the rural



DAMON PLACED HIS KNEE AGAINST THE BEAST AND TUGGED AWAY IN AN EFFORT TO UNTWIST HIS ANTLERS

Hamlet arrived, "I wish you'd stop goin' ter lunch every five minutes!"

"When?" asked Damon, innocently.

"It's an absolutely unprecedented sale, I tell yer," chimed in Murphy, as he turned away.

"I hope it never comes into vogue," said Dorothy, as Damon stood staring at her.

"Well, fish," said Beaudine, "I want to introduce you to Miss Phillips. She's going to play opposite you, as Ophelia."

"I cant play that," responded Damon. "All I can play is tag."

"If it keeps open much longer, I'll raid it and take its license away," blurted out Murphy.

"What do you call it?" inquired the fascinating little star.

"Call it anything you like," answered the director.

"It's the biggest disaster since the Germans started their ruthless submarine warfare," added Murphy.

"Now then," said Beaudine, "let's start something. The first scene we're goin' ter shoot is the one where you meet Ophelia," he continued, as he turned to Damon. "She's on her way home from the factory, and is set upon by ruffians. You are coming down the street, and just as you get to the corner of that stone wall"—here he pointed to the wall in the "set"—"you see that she is in distress and rush to her aid. That's the meeting. Get over there now and we'll rehearse it." Then he paused a moment. "Here," he added, as he handed Damon a small stone jug, "you might be on your way to the well to get some water. That'll give it more atmosphere."

Damon took the jug and went over to the wall. Three or four ugly-looking ruffians slouched over and took up their places around the corner to lie in wait for the daughter of Polonius. Dorothy

Phillips, looking more beautiful than ever in her royal robes, strolled gracefully over to the "set" and began chatting with them, while the camera-man proceeded to focus his machine.

"All right, Miss Phillips!" called the director, as he took his post beside the camera-man. "Further down—that's it. Now, ruffians, get ready! Wait! Not too fast. Dont rush it. Wait until she gets almost to the corner!" Then he turned to the camera-man. "Are they in, Jerry?"

"All in," answered the other, as he peered into his machine.

Ophelia started towards the corner, and, when she was within a few feet of where Damon was standing, peeking around the wall, the ruffians pounced on her and started dragging her away. It was not a love-feast, and the ruffians put an enormous lot of reality into their acting and all the ruffle into their work that a first-class hairdresser would in a beauty-parlor.

"Hey, Hamlet!" shouted the director. "Come on! Mix in!"

But Damon stood peeking around the corner, content to be a witness of the affair, rather than take any part in it. It was the nearest he had ever come to a real fight, and he didn't like the looks of it.

"Get in it, Hamlet!" yelled Beaudine.

"I rather wait until they've finished," replied Damon, as he gazed apprehensively at the three muscular fellows.

"It's suffered too long, Bill," said Murphy. "In five minutes I'll put an end to its misery."

"If you dont get in this, by Gad, you'll get in a bigger one!" threatened the director. "Just a minute, Miss Phillips, we'll have to do it over again." He reflected a moment. Then he turned to Jerry. "We'll take it this time," he added.

Beaudine walked over to one of the ruffians and whispered something in his ear. Damon, who remained in the same spot, gazed at him with suspicion.

"He's a great big stiff," said one of the group, as he looked at Damon.

Now our rural friend didn't know what he meant by a "stiff," but he felt certain it was not a term of endearment. Then, too, he didn't like the way the fellow said it. He swung the jar around on his back, and started towards the ruffian.

"Ready, Miss Phillips!" shouted Beaudine.

"Who's what you said?" asked Damon, as he stepped up to the big chap who had insulted him.

"You, you poor simp," replied the other.

"Gosh, I'm goin' ter slam yer fer that," said Damon. And he let his right arm shoot out. There was a big fist on the end of it and it settled on the fellow's jaw.

"Camera!" shouted the director, as he took in the situation. "Go to it, boys! That's it! Dont be too rough with Miss Phillips, but knock the ham out of Hamlet!"

He didn't need to encourage the actors. For, no sooner did the big fellow receive the message from Damon than he returned it with an encore. He presented Hamlet with a few choice selections of rights and lefts that made him groggy. Damon fought back with all his might, and proved that milking cows is wonderful training for combats such as this one. He was intoxicated with fury, and was not satisfied to beat up one, but wanted to lick the whole bunch. Swinging from one to the other, he dropped them to the floor. Then, when one of them started to rise, he reached for the jug and brought it down on the fellow's head, with a blow that sent him on a



WILLIAM FRANEY AS HE REALLY IS

short holiday and smashed the clay into bits.

In the meantime Jerry was grinding for all he was worth, while the director looked on with satisfaction.

"That's great stuff!" yelled Beaudine. "Did you get it, Jerry?"

"Every foot of it," answered the camera-man.

Damon stood like a sphinx with one eye closed. As he stood there wondering where he was going to spend the next few minutes, Beaudine went over to him.

"You did fine, old man!" he said, as he patted him on the back.

"He cant call me a stiff simp and play

(Forty-four)

with me," said Damon. "I'll bash him again," he added, as he made a move towards the fellow, who was just getting up.

"Dont blame him," laughed the director; "I told him to do it. I wanted the punch in that scene, and you gave it to me. Now then, I want you to go down to the other end of the lot and get a horse. Ride it up here, and I'm going to take a 'shot' of you riding into the palace yard." Then he turned to Murphy, who was doubling up with laughter. "You'd better go 'long with him, or he'll forget to come back."

Murphy pointed out the stables to Damon, started him off on the right road, and then left him. In the meantime Beaudine and the camera-man were moving to a section of a palace courtyard which had been set up out in the open to the rear of the big stage.

About a half-hour later, as the director, his assistant and the camera-man were sprawled out on the grass, waiting for the return of Hamlet, the latter rode up.

"Say, Bill," said Murphy, "get this guy."

Beaudine arose up and was on his feet the next instant. "For the love of Mike, dont you know a horse when you see one?" he shouted, while Damon, who looked as comfortable as an old maid at a bachelor's picnic, straddled a four-cylinder mule.

"He looks like the second coming of Paul Revere," laughed Murphy.

"That guy is sittin' on his nearest relative," added Jerry.

"Do you know they have schools just for the purpose of preventin' things like you?" went on the director. "I asked you to bring a horse!"

"The feller what's in the stable said this wuz the nearest thin' he had to a horse," replied Damon solemnly. "He said a mule an' me looked more alike, an' we'd make a better pitcher."

"I tell yer, he's the overt act," remarked Murphy, as he shook his head.

"He's got his last note from me," said Jerry. "The next false move he makes I'm goin' ter hand him his passports."

"Take fifty feet of it, just as it looks now," Beaudine directed the camera-man.

Jerry obeyed his superior, after which the director studied his script for a few moments.

"I think I'll take the bull-fight next," he finally said, as he turned towards Damon. "Take your friend back again and see if you can steer a bull up here without irritating it. Be kind to it."

"If you dont, you'll be the star guy at a lay-out which you'll not attend, even tho you'll be there leadin' the procession," remarked Murphy.

Damon swung his conservative steed about, and, with a gracefulness that emerged from every line of his noble physique, he rode away.

That was the last seen of Hamlet for some time. Altho Beaudine and his assistants waited anxiously for his return, he was nowhere on the horizon.

"He's probably throwing the bull somewhere," said Jerry.

"I think he passed out with the Romanoff dynasty," remarked Murphy.

"He should have abdicated as soon as his reign began," laughed Beaudine.

About an hour later, as Beaudine was superintending the construction of a "set," Murphy, who had been out reconnoitering, rushed up breathlessly.

"Leave-him-ter-me, will—yer—boss?" he panted, as he pointed down the road.

Beaudine turned and beheld a sight seldom equaled even in a Moving Picture town, where something new is being flashed every few hours. There was Damon using every ounce of his manly strength to urge the national beast of Ireland up the road. But the animal seemed to have its own ideas about progress, and tho he tugged with it, pleaded with it, pulled it and pushed it, the beast refused to budge.

"That guy is as busy as the South after the Civil War," remarked Jerry.

"Nothin' would ever do anythin' for him," added Beaudine. "He's too rough." And with that the trio started after him.

"Say, empty, if that was a bull when

it started, it certainly shrunk on the way," said the director, as he arrived on the scene with his staff.

"It wuzn't," said Damon, as he grabbed the horns of the beast.

"If I sent you for a package of pins, you'd come back with the Panama Canal," continued Beaudine. "Now what'n blazes are yer tryin' ter do with this Irish ambassador?"

"The feller didn't have a bull, so he said, while I wuzn't doin' anythin', I could straighten out this thin's horns," replied Damon, as he placed his knee against the beast and tugged away in an effort to untwist his antlers.

"He's mean enough to go to work with crutches so's ter git a seat on the subway," remarked Murphy.

"Take twenty feet of it," said Beaudine, as he turned to Jerry.

"Say, boss," said the camera-man, with an evidence of surprise, "how long yer goin' ter let this guy queer thic pitcher?"

"What-er yer talkin' 'bout, yer poor simp?" replied Beaudine. "He's given me a good one-reel comedy, an' I'm goin' ter call it 'Ham and Hamlet,' and release it as a burlesque on my own production!" Then he turned to Damon. "Say, do you remember where yer left that broom?" he continued.

"Yessir," replied Damon, as he released the goat, which scampered across the lot.

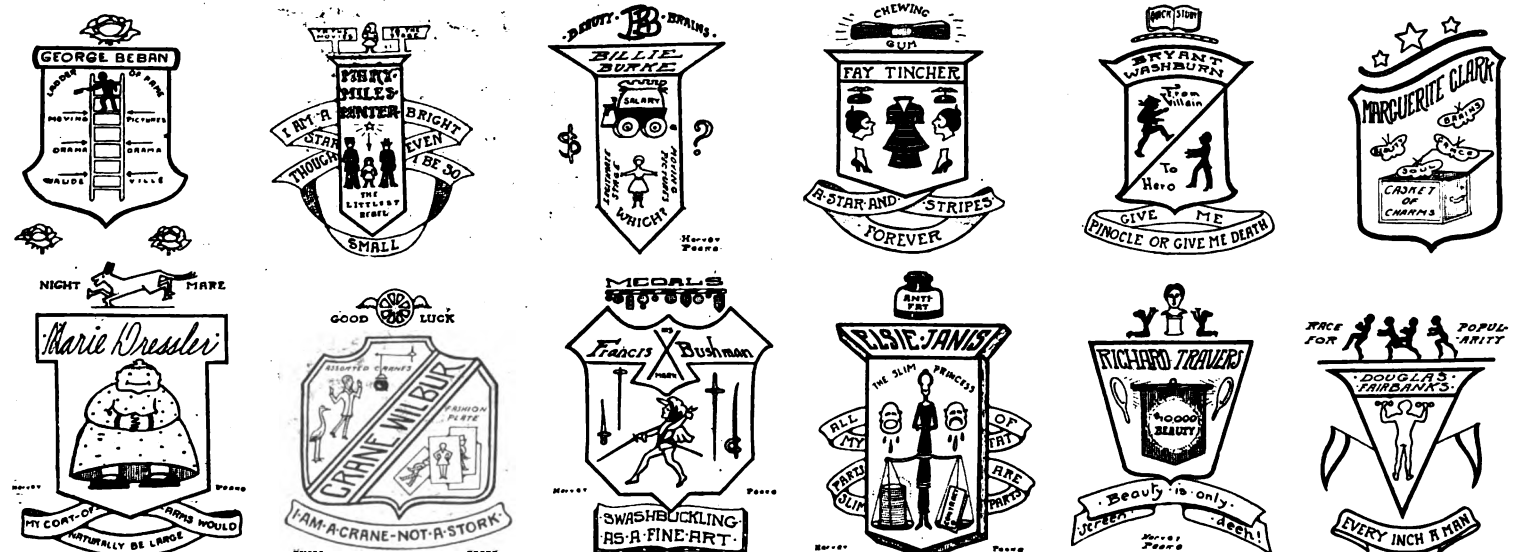
"Well, yer'd better go an' finish sweepin' that street," said the director.

"Say, Franey!" shouted Beaudine, as he rushed into the comedian's dressing-room. "Hurry up, we're all ready to shoot that scene!"

The actor raised his head, rubbed his eyes and stared at his director for a moment. Then he jumped up, straightened out his costume, and, grabbing the arms of the man who had so rudely awakened him, said:

"Bill, I've got a great idea for a one-reel comedy! And I dreamt it in my beauty sleep, without eatin' a rarebit."

"Well, lock it up till later. Come on," said the director, as he led the way out.



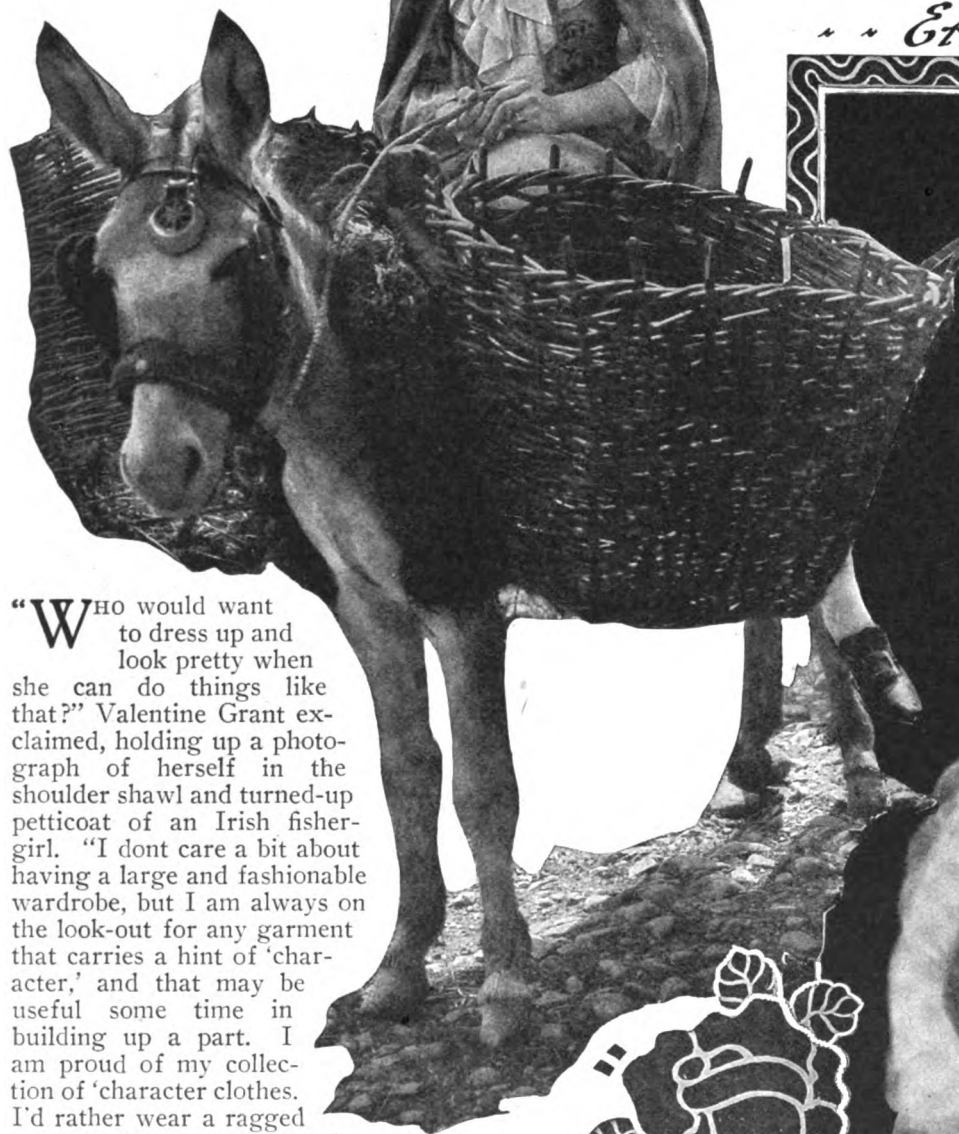
COATS OF ARMS AND CRESTS FOR POPULAR PLAYERS, SUGGESTED BY HARVEY PEAKE



Better Act Accurately  
Than Look Pretty,  
Says Valentine Grant,  
Who Does Both

# A Girl Whose Feelings Changed Her Face

by  
Ethel M. Nelson



"WHO would want to dress up and look pretty when she can do things like that?" Valentine Grant exclaimed, holding up a photograph of herself in the shoulder shawl and turned-up petticoat of an Irish fisher-girl. "I don't care a bit about having a large and fashionable wardrobe, but I am always on the look-out for any garment that carries a hint of 'character,' and that may be useful some time in building up a part. I am proud of my collection of 'character clothes.' I'd rather wear a ragged apron and lose myself in the rôle of a human, elemental woman than look enchantingly beautiful in a Paris gown playing a conventional society person. The more I can sink my own personality in that of the character I am playing, the happier I am. When my friends don't recognize me on the screen, they pay me the greatest compliment. Now, honestly, would you think these were all pictures of the same person?"

She indicated the photographs strewed about us. And, honestly, I wouldn't have known, without a hint, that they were all portraits of the rosy, athletic young woman on the opposite side of the reading-table. There was a trace of her in the proud, stately Russian baroness of "The Melting Pot," and the Scotch lassie had a suggestion of her dimpled smile; but I could hardly have recognized her in the colleen driving the donkey-cart, and not at all in the lumber-camp waitress "all in" at the end of a hard day's work.

Miss Grant seems able to *live* a character so intensely that she actually *looks* different in each part, even without the aid of elaborate make-up. Glance at the portrait of her at home in a modish gown, at her beloved piano. Does she not look quite a different person from the Castilian lady with the beads



VALENTINE GRANT, AS THE BARONESS IN "THE MELTING POT"

(Forty-six)

and the vigorous young garden boy in overalls? She believes firmly in the influence of clothes, and takes the utmost care to have every part of a costume correct.

"When I get into the clothes and know that they are the real garments that the character would wear in life," she said, "I feel like the person I am representing. I don't know the camera and the scenery are there. For the moment I am the girl of the story.

"Those are genuine brogans in the Irish pictures, big and clumsy, and heavy as lead; but I wouldn't have had them a particle smaller or lighter, because they are the

actual boots that these fisher-girls wear. The little shawl I bought in 'Paddy's Market' in Cork. The holes in the petticoat were worn by the knees of a scrub-woman who had worked in it for years. The little apron in the Scotch pictures was given to me by the old Scotch nurse of a friend. There is a story or a bit of human interest in nearly every garment I wear in my work.

"I had not been acting in pictures long before I realized that in order to stand out from the crowd one must do something distinctive—different. Character acting seemed to be my métier, and I decided to specialize in that line of work, and determined that I would make every one of my character portraits absolutely real and true. So I have never stopped studying people and their clothes and customs, manners and mannerisms. Even if I had not had that ambition, I would have been compelled to work that way, under Sidney Olcott's direction, for he has a genius for correct detail and realism. Every picture he produces is like a master-painting, perfect in background, drawing, perspective and lighting, and authentic in the smallest detail. It is so exquisitely finished that it is utterly satisfying. He contends that one cannot be too particular in working out details, because there is always some-



MISS GRANT—AN IRISH COLLEEN, HUMBLE AND HARD-WORKING

body in an audience who knows when a scene is not correct. Once I was seeing 'A Daughter of MacGregor,' and after the old Scotchman was chased out of the house by his shrewish wife, who wouldn't let him smoke indoors, a man sitting near me chuckled and said: 'Look at the poor old fellow sitting out there in the rain, with his pipe turned upside down to keep the water out!' Wasn't it a stroke of genius to think of that little touch? It is only one of countless instances of Mr. Olcott's minute accuracy and intimate knowledge of people.

"I believe," said Miss Grant, with earnest conviction, "that the public wants that kind of pictures. If a picture is well produced in every particular, whether the story is a strong one or not, that is what the public demands. I have been in touch with the selling end of the business ever since I have been acting; and from what I have observed and have heard from distributors, I am sure that the unsettled condition the industry is in right now is due to the resentment which the public is beginning to show against stories of vulgar, lurid, impure type. I feel confident that the photoplay that is clean, well produced, and full of lifelike characterizations is the one that is going to survive.

MISS GRANT—A YOUNG SPANISH GIRL OF THE UPPER CLASSES

(Forty-seven)



"The Innocent Lie" and "A Daughter of MacGregor" are not great dramas of

a better opportunity to make a living than he could get at home. They never expect to see him again.

"I enjoy listening to the comments of people in the audience, especially when I go to 'see myself.' They are often very helpful. When I was seeing 'The Innocent Lie,' there happened to be an old Irish woman sitting beside me. When the scene appeared in which I, as Nora O'Brien, bid good-by to my sweetheart as he starts for America,



TOUCHING SCOTCH AND IRISH BALLADS ARE VALENTINE GRANT'S LEISURE COMPANIONS

course; indeed some of the critics call their stories mediocre; but they have a value, because they are real—true to life. I know they are, for I saw the people in Ireland and Scotland living and behaving just the way the characters in the pictures do. I know that Mr. Olcott's settings are correct in every detail. I visited in the thatched cottages and rode on the little donkeys with the peat baskets, and bumped over the rocky roads in the funny jaunting-cars. I saw spinning-wheels in some of the Irish cabins, and a dear old man taught me how to spin. I saw the old looms in Scotch cottages, in kitchens with floors of stone flags; and I saw the lassies scrubbing and polishing those flags on Saturdays, and then decorating them with patterns in colored chalk, 'tae mak' them fine for the Sabbath.' I saw the same lassies doing the family washing, standing in the tubs and treading the clothes with their bare feet.

"Often in Ireland I witnessed the American 'wake,' as they call the farewell to an emigrant. When a young man or woman leaves the village to come to America, the whole town goes to the station, and you never saw such a wail-fest in your life. It's heart-breaking to see the parents sending away their son or daughter, tearing their lives to pieces in order that the beloved child may have

and all the townspeople are weeping and waving hands, she said to her companion: 'Och! he's going away! Sure, it's like death! Manny's the time I've been thru it!'

"I'd rather act in pictures like that, which tell real, human stories and touch the heart, than get the biggest salary that could be paid for playing gold-gowned, hectic ladies in 'triangular' romances," declared Miss Grant, her eyes glowing with earnestness.

Then like the swiftness of a gentle breeze stirring the heather bloom, a most bewitching smile spread, rippled, broke and ended in two irrepressible dimples over the fascinating countenance of Miss Grant, when I urgently requested her to play that lilting tune—"The Campbells are coming, hurrah! hurrah!" on the piano. I wish you could have been there to have enjoyed, also, with me, her perfect rendering of that dear old Scotch melody, "I Love a Lassie, a Bonnie, Bonnie Lassie" (she very correctly pronounced bonnie: "bunny-bunny.")

"I suppose I shall always like Scotch and Irish parts best; but I expect that before I stop acting my collection of 'stills' will comprise a complete gallery of national types as well as a large number of 'characters' of no particular nationality, primitive humans—'jest folks.'"

"THE DAUGHTER OF MAC GREGOR"

(Forty-eight)

# Animal Actors Are Susceptible to Applause

~ ~ By Peter Wade Gridley ~ ~

Pets of the Pictures, So Says Mary Pickford, Know When They Are Winning an Audience's Approval and Play for It



LD Noah's trouble with the animals in his Ark was as nothing compared to that of little Mary Pickford and her Movie Menagerie. All the side-show freaks of Noah's Zoo marched, we are told, in orderly files of two by two, and otherwise conducted themselves quite properly, but Mary's woes are legion.

It was only the humblest kind of a diminutive duck, but Mary says it has

screen whose experience with members of the animal kingdom covers a wide range.

"I first noticed it in 'Rags,'" says Miss Pickford, "for here I was given a dog to go right to work with, without so much as an introduction. We had never rehearsed together and never met as far as I can

when we got before the camera the 'actor' in that dog immediately became apparent. He went at everything letter perfect.

"He seemed intuitively to do everything right. If the director said 'fine,' before I could stop him 'Rags' would do it over again. He was the most persistent encorer I have ever met; I finally had to take him by the back of the neck and firmly



"TOPSY," THE DONKEY, USED TO STAR IN "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

taught her a lesson, and one that brings with it a warning to all those who have found music in applause and melody in approval. Little Mary did not put her meaning into slang, but what she really did mean to say was that a stage animal once seeing that it, he or she is making a hit, it, he or she at once "hogs the act." It may seem odd that a duck can "hog" an act, but it can according to the little lady of the

(Forty-nine)

remember. I did not know it at the time, but 'Rags' was no amateur. At rehearsal he affected ignorance, indifference and at times displayed a tendency to snarl, but

impress upon his dogship that I was the star of the show. But it was unavailing. My contract was a simpering symposium of meaningless words compared to his dog license. But we got thru, and if you remember the picture, he starred himself, and from the stories he got in the newspapers about his quaint

"HULDA" AND "RAGS" WERE NAMED AFTER TWO FAMOUS PICTURES







"ADAM," THE "STAR" OF "LESS THAN THE DUST," IS A SHIP OF THE DESERT, BUT LITTLE MARY HAD TO LEAVE HIM IN NEW YORK



"TOPSY" BECAME THE "PROUDEST OF THE CLAN"

canine capers I think he must have had a personal press-agent. But he didn't

keep it up. One starring season was too much for him. The last time I saw 'Rags,' he was working in the chorus of a dog village show and in the back line at that.

Little Mary couldn't even have a docile little lamb; hers was a—but let her tell it.

"Now when we started in to do 'Hulda from Holland,' I found that one of my company was to be a goat. Of course everybody made a joke of it. I did not, for I remembered 'Rags.' I had been learning many lessons in that big schoolhouse of experience for a long time, so made up my mind to take the goat in hand.

"I took him to our country place in an automobile, and one afternoon when there was no one around I took him back of the chicken-house and we had a serious talk. I knew he didn't know the scenario. I suppose if they had given it to him he would have eaten it. But I had absorbed mine. I had already

learnt from the property-man that the goat was an amateur. His only accomplishment in the past had been pulling a wagon and playing fire-horse for a lot of kiddies. This gave me a cue. I got a gong and rang it. He was immediately all attention. He had not forgotten his first training. So we went to work together and I was not unkind, but I made him understand that from a standpoint of acting he was supporting me and not starring. And he was fine. When we got before the camera his work was perfect and exactly in accord. Once he tried to take a butt at the camera, I rang the gong on him and he was all attention. But the gong was his downfall, after he had made a hit and might have remained in his profession." He was standing in front of the studio one afternoon when a crowd of boys with a wagon and another goat went flying by ringing a gong and playing "fire department." It was too much for my actor-goat. Down fell the bust of Thespis o'er his

(Fifty)



"LITTLE MARY" AND HER ALL-STAR CAST—  
"GLADYS" AND "TRILLS"

chamber-door and he was gone. The gong had awakened the old life. But perhaps it was for the best. Sometimes I have felt that I would like to ring a gong and run away too.

"But now for the duck. I named her Hulda, and you know all about her, how she was given to me in Chicago, and swam all the way to New York in the wash-basin of the Pullman drawing-room. In 'The Pride of the Clan' you know I am simply surrounded by animals. But I never had such a wonderful stock company in my life. They were all new

to the business. I thought they were, until

I took them off for a private rehearsal. One session with Hulda, the duck, and, I found that she had all of the old tricks and 'stealing your stuff' games that were ever invented. I have no idea where she ever learnt them. The donkey I found out was an old-timer, dating back as far as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' when he had to do two a day, work in the after-piece and make parade. I thought the

#### CHARMING THE WITCHY, RAIN-DRIVEN CAT

dog was all right until one day I caught him walking on his hind legs before a crowd of admiring children. I found out he had been on U. B. O. time for two years, and knew where the private elevator was at the Palace Theater offices in New York. And the cat—poor little dejected rain-beaten cat—was nearly dead when I picked her up in the road near Fort Lee one rainy day and carried her all the way home. She was the only home-body and non-professional of my troupe—no three-sheet had ever lured her from the singing tea-kettle, the saucer of milk and the cheerful fireside. She just wanted to be at home. But when we went up to Marblehead, Mass., to take the pictures of the sinking boat, in the middle of which I sat, water washing all over me, shouting 'Help!' and holding onto the cat, what do you think that feline fuss did? Why, she gave me a scratch, and slipping out of my arms jumped overboard and swam ashore and left me there to sink into the film, if not the sea. And after all the saucers of milk I've given that cat, too!

"But as I started out to say, the stage animal knows when it is pleasing the audience and works up to it and for more applause. I know a young man who tells me a whole lot of wonderful things about elephants, and he says that he has known them to make an exit and on hearing the applause come back and make a bow without being told, and I believe him. So now when I act with an animal we have a long session before we get in front of the camera, and before we adjourn there is no mistake as to who is the real boss.

"Out in Los Angeles I asked Bonavita, the animal trainer, if it was true that animals liked applause, and he said:

"Of course they do. All mine like to be lionized."

"And I told him I supposed that was so—they're pretty folksy, after all."

## Good Story Contest—Announcement of Winners

IN recent issues of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, the Scenario Service Bureau offered \$135 in prizes for the best original story. The contest closed on March 31, and the judges have just completed the work of reading several thousand excellent stories and a few that were not excellent. The judges have made their awards, and the Bureau has asked us to publish the names of the winners, who are as follows, in the order named: Gerald L. Carson, P. O., Inwood, L. I., for "The Sleep-Walker"; E. L. Krizan, Groom, Texas, for "The Warning Call"; James V. Hamlin, Newark, N. J., for "The Final Analysis"; Miss Georgette Poulard, 76 Franklin Av., Passaic Park, N. J., for "The Masterpiece"; R. W. Meguiar, 172 Formwalt St., Atlanta, Ga., for "When Hatred Fled"; Miss Eda

Bowers-Robinson, 134 Hubinger St., New Haven, Conn., for "The Madonna of the Wayside"; Carroll E. King, Highland, O., for "Duty"; W. F. Weddle, Piedmont, Mo., for "The Ray of Light"; Miss E. Maitland, Vernon Lodge, Hughenden Road, East St. Kilda, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, for "Man's Sacrifice"; Miss Ursula R. Blake, 806 E. Water St., Pontiac, Ill., for "That Clayton Affair"; Mrs. W. Harry Bosworth, 85 Brent St., Dorchester, Mass., for "Her Reward"; Arthur F. Bissonette, 74 Broad St., Hudson, Mass., for "Nan from Nowhere"; and Miss Nancy M. Burns, 7629 Loraine Av., Cleveland, O., for "What Would You Have Done?" Among those whose stories competed strongly for a prize are: Marie L. Waibel, Charles E. Harris, Eleanor C. Brooks, A. Loretto

Quigley, Jessie M. Whipple, L. L. Williamson, C. B. Woods, Ethel Dunn, Wm. A. Fahrenhorst, Wong Chin, Ethel Reid, Joseph Milam, Mrs. Edward Pels, R. E. Lutz, Leon C. Bailey, Maym M. Wooley, Margaret Morgan, John Lindgren, Julian E. Isaac, B. I. Scanlon, Mary C. Rupp, Orpha M. Hughey, Ada B. Rhea, Fred. R. Whitemore, E. B. McOrmand, M. R. Murphy, Claire O. Goldstein, H. J. Fraser, Pearl Stahl, Edith Dangerfield, Mrs. J. L. Long, Patty Gardinier, Charlotte M. B. Boles, Maude Vandiver, and many others too numerous to mention. We have taken over from the Scenario Service Bureau the rights to the prize-winners, and we have sent the prize-money to the successful authors. Some of these stories will be published and some filmed—it has not yet been decided.



# The Language of the Silent Drama

By MAUD WATERS DITTMAR

**A**N observer is simply astounded at the improvement made in Motion Pictures in the past five years. Wonderful plays adapted from wonderful books, and the finest actors and opera stars in the profession are employed now in producing these plays. Five years ago we would have said "Impossible!" and some persons at that time thought multiple reels very improbable; three-reel features being considered lengthy productions. But, nevertheless, we have the most wonderful films and many that take an entire evening to be shown; some costing fabulous sums to produce; those that have had longer runs at the country's leading theaters than the average play—they are all here with all the beauty imaginable.

Let us give some consideration to the language of the silent drama, namely, the music. Has it kept pace with the productions that are being daily thrown on the screen, and what are some of the causes why we do not have better music with our better pictures? What do we get in the way of music when we attend the average picture theater? In many cases, a miserable program and often very poorly rendered. What are the causes?

In the first place, the exhibitor is at fault. He buys usually a cheap piano, thinking any kind will answer, and no matter how well a man knows his business, he cannot get good results from poor material. Then he will add an imitation of a pipe-organ that has a mighty tremolo which is usually worked overtime, and minus a trumpet stop, which is most necessary, especially for military pictures. He will demand, no matter what the picture is, that the organ be played for at least one reel during the five- or six-reel production. Or, "What would be the use to go to the expense of having an organ at all?" he says. When the piano-and-organ effect is on in short cues, the music is disturbing, to say the least; and you have a most wonderful conglomeration of sound that will certainly almost make you forget to look at the picture. This is frequently done, unfortunately, in first-class houses. Right here, it would be well to add that these observations are all taken from first-class houses, where six- and seven-reel features are exhibited and where first-class musicians are employed.

As to musicians, when a leader of an orchestra or a pianist applies for a position, he will not be asked as to his familiarity with the operas or musical-comedies, or whether he can give the picture the proper atmosphere, as it should have; or whether he can play pictures with Irish, French, Russian, Spanish, Norwegian, Egyptian, Greek or Japanese settings. Nor is he asked as to his ability to play music to give color to ancient or religious settings. Very seldom will such ques-

tions be asked. Nine out of ten exhibitors will ask, "Can you catch the falls?" and if the applicant can slapstick he is engaged!

Then, he must be able to endure. Oh, how necessary it is to be able to play the morning, afternoon and evening performances! In most cases the one that endures will have to be endured by the audience, which feels inwardly—"If only he would rest awhile!" It is strange how an audience will think these things, but rarely speak of it to the management. However, they do speak of it to their friends.

Better by far to have silent drama in every sense of the word for a certain time during the day, than inappropriate music all day. However, it is hard to convince a man running a picture theater. To a lady pianist who had been working eight hours, with very few minutes to get lunch, when she protested she could not do her best with such long hours, he exclaimed, "I must have my piano going!" So in most cases the music must please the manager and not the public. This, of course, takes the ambition out of the average musician. He does not think of his work until he is ready to perform, or, if he is very good at playing American rag-time and popular waltzes, he simply uses these things regardless of how ridiculous some of it is in connection with the drama.

Music is the language of the photoplay; it should be carefully selected and well rendered. To a real musician there is nothing so extremely interesting as the setting of music to these beautiful plays. In the first place, it must give the picture atmosphere, color in the very introduction; the character of the play must be studied—scenery, whether land or water; subjects; place and country, and the age. Everything depends on the selecting of the proper theme; then it should never be lost thruout. The work should be planned in such a way that the theme would appear in some form or other during the entire production. Some will say, "Oh, I was so interested in the picture, I did not hear the music." In almost every case of that kind the picture is being well done by the musicians. If the music expresses what it should, it will not detract from the picture; and in many cases you will wonder at the thrills and the perfect harmony existing when you have the proper music, a language worthy of the silent drama.

Now, a person undertaking this work must progress. If he makes the same strides that the movies themselves have made in the past five years, he will be a credit to his profession and can demand all kinds of money. There is no reason, except the lack of common sense and the reading of the photoplay, why the musician in charge cannot put himself in this

admirable position. Every few months must find the shelves of his library filling up with descriptive musical works, and if he is wide-awake no money will be wasted.

Some of our readers advertise a symphony orchestra, and some of our film companies are putting out cues for the music, of which the Triangle Company is one, but the majority of the photoplay houses only employ a pianist, and some few of these employ a man at the traps. It is all very well to have a nice orchestra, if they know what to do, but many such do not give much thought to the picture, as will be shown in two instances later on. Much stress is laid by managers on cue-playing, which is all right provided they use judgment. Some of our beautiful songs and well-known operatic airs are often used for this purpose with distorted results in regard to the interpretation of the picture. Among the many are "Rosary," "Miserere," "Perfect Day" and the Sextet from "Lucia." These numbers played for sad scenes—unless absolutely a full rendition and a good cue, too—are made at times too cheap for words to express. Better by far to play an unfamiliar air than to make this grave mistake, especially when such a piece is followed by a few bars from some of our popular fox-trots and "rags": "The Hours I Spent with Thee, Dear Heart," "In Sweet Cider Time, When You Were Mine," etc., etc.

Cue-music must be set very carefully, so that the changes are so well done that the audience will not be able to notice anything that renders the picture ludicrous. For example, in one picture-house not long ago the barroom scene was shown to the strains of "Drink Her Down"; the next scene showed two nuns at an old well drawing a bucket of water; the music of "Drink Her Down" trailed off into the Sextet from "Lucia." Don't we have any other music for "drunks" but "We Wont Get Home Until Morning"? Surely there is plenty of suitable music.

Last summer the writer happened to be in Norfolk, Va. Of course we went to the theater advertising "symphony orchestra." The picture was "Weakness of Strength," six reels, with Edmund Breese as the big lumberjack—very spectacular. The overture was a selection from "The Mikado." Could anything have been a worse misfit? In Baltimore, a few months ago, we saw Lou-Tellegen in a fine production (not a picture) of "The King of Nowhere." The entire act music was beautiful as provided on the program, and selected to suit the period of the play, which was during the reign of Henry VIII. These numbers were played very well. On account of the length of the intermission, they had

(Continued on page 64)

(Fifty-two)

# "Anita Stewart" One-Step

By MURIEL POLLOCK

## "Anita Stewart" One-Step

By MURIEL POLLOCK

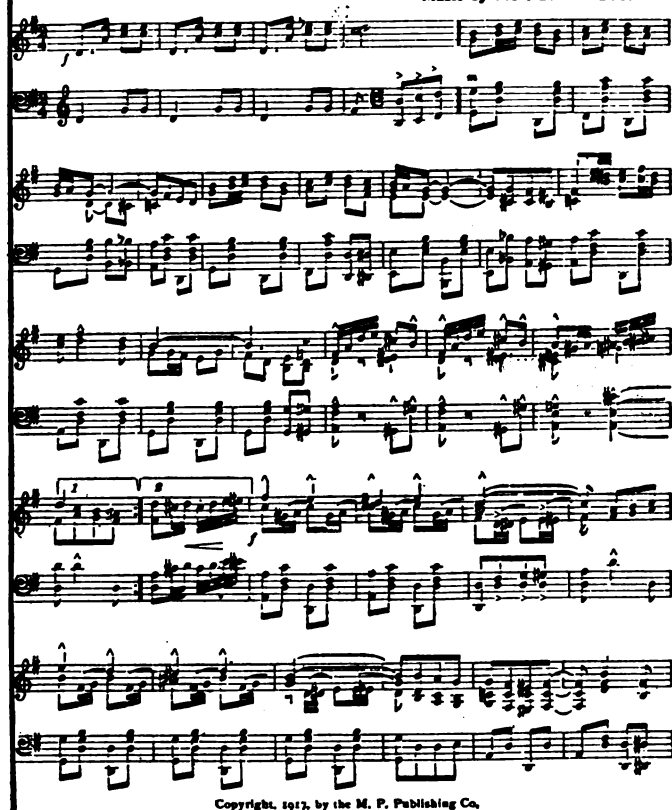


Anita Stewart

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## "ANITA STEWART" ONE-STEP

Music by MURIEL POLLOCK



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## "ANITA STEWART" ONE-STEP



## "ANITA STEWART" ONE-STEP



Cut this out, fold, try it on your piano, then order the full-size sheet music from your dealer—or send 25c. to this office for a copy.

(Fifty-three)

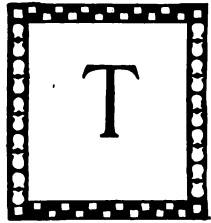


# What Money Cant Buy

(Famous Players)

By GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Scenario of BEULAH MARIE DIX



THE miniature kingdom of Maritzia lay along the edge of the waters like some vivid, uncut gem ringed by the platinum seas. It exhaled "atmosphere"—*dolce far niente*—lotus-eating—dream-stuff—lyrical, tropical, fanciful things. One presupposed before one's occasional small steamer stopped long enough for one to dory to the sugar-white shore that the natives would sing rather than talk, subsist on nectar and pomegranates, and read Shelley at their most prosaic. One preimagined, rather hopefully, that dusky, impossible maidens would dance fantastically beneath the palms, cupping their slender, lemon hands for falling dates—from heaven. One bade a deep, internal fare-thee-well to stocks and bonds, to mortgages, installments, rents and debts, to war news, cabarets and show-girls, to the weariful, dreariful, multi-faced world we know.

As a matter of sad fact, when Mr. Wm. Shakespeare observed "All is not gold that glitters," or something along that line, he spoke truth. It is not only true of miniature kingdoms with idyllic surfaces; it is also true of idyllically surfaced ladies whose beauty, alas, is but beauty-box deep. It is true of bank accounts that, at a touch, crumble and reveal themselves as "holler—holler—holler." It is true of Love sometimes, that at Pain's first touch turns arid and withdraws. It is true of a number of things. It is also *not* true of a number of things. Wherefore, let us say with "Tusitala," "we should all be as happy as kings."

Once within—really *within* the Maritzian dominion—once past the sugar-loaf shore and the dark wall of trees—one accosted, or was accosted by, some grim and astonishing realities. Of course, some of the realities gave the appearance of being dressed up for masquerade—such as belligerent-looking artillerymen in musical-comedy uniforms; fictional, little stone taverns set on the sheer wind of a slim road, with a quota or so of ruddy-beaked soldiers imbibing without; glimpses of beauteous maids, bare-armed and highly ornamented, going about their various duties; and, here and there, furtively, grimly kissing the piled-up clouds, gray castles in the air. One—a particular one, I learnt—housed Stephen III, King of all the Maritzias, and said Stephen's golden daughter, of whom it might be said, "She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen." One housed, or enturtured, Govrian Texler, Maritzia's J. D. Rockefeller, and Texler's royal nephew, Prince



GOVRIAN REMINDS HIS SON OF THE LITTLE MATTER OF EIGHTY MILLIONS LOAN TO THE KING

Ferdinand Vaslof. A third, the most ornate, contained the commercial, American, financiering person of Madison Hale and his equally American, college-graduated son, Richard, called "Dick."

I, jaunting about the fringe-places of the earth, in an effort to stop my ears to the hell-din, found myself stopping a bit with Madison Hale, whom I had known very slightly along Broadway, but with whom I discovered an astounding affinity in far-away Maritzia. Over some garnet-red wine unearthed from a cellar how many "subs" down I refrain from stating, I begged Hale to tell me of his son's royal marriage. Hale always *was* abrupt, and when he puffed out brusquely along with his expensive smoke something about "the kid getting the girl, but my millions buying the royalty," I expected a good bone-and-muscle sketch.

It all began, it seems, with poor, impoverished Stephen Rex having at his disposal a railway concession thru the crown-lands. Like two great hounds over the lone bone of another hound, growled and worried and shook and barked Hale and Govrian Texler. Texler had various and divers things in his favor. One was the bond of country; another was his wish for an alliance between Stephen's daughter, Irenia, and his own nephew, Ferdinand; and the third and perhaps most powerful, the fact that

he had, at one time, loaned the improvident king eighty millions of dollars, and that, by demanding immediate settlement, he could bankrupt the country and extract poor Stephen from his royal purple. Hale had merely his common-sense American blood, a solid apprenticeship in the bear-ing and bull-ing of the Nar-row Canyon, plenty of reserve fund to draw upon, and a considerable following of all sorts. Also, tho he was far from suspecting him as an ally, he had his son.

His son was Madison Hale's *one* softness in a nature of flint and steel. He had mothered him and fathered him since a toddler, and so into his man's love of the lad had grown a mothering tenderness.

In the first interview with Stephen Rex, Hale retreated, vanquished. Texler held the \$80,000,000 loan over poor Stephen's head like the sword of Damocles, and the sore-driven monarch executed a veritable sword-dance beneath it. Texler retreated to his private and particular cloud-osculating castle to inform his nephew, Ferdinand, that the contract would be his, and Madison Hale retreated to the Maritzian Newport where his son was disporting himself. Meanwhile, poor Stephen pondered, and bent nearly double under pressure, first from one faction, then from another, and cursed the veins of his ancestors that they ran blue blood.

(Fifty-four)



LIEUTENANT DICK HALE, OF MARITZIA

Madison Hale found his son—only to know that he had lost him. Briefly, the King is Dead—Long Live the *Queen*!

"I want you to meet her, Dad," was all the lad said, but Hale understood. Young Richard had squired many a lass before—burned up many a taxi bill—depleted scores of yellow-backs in Mr. Thorley's—worn out the first-row seats and the stage-boxes at many a musical-comedy, and said, variously, to his father, "I want you to meet her, Dad—she's *some* queen!" But he had never said simply, just earnestly and deeply and simply, "I want you to meet her, Dad"—without a smile. He had never, as he had now to Madison Hale's annoyance and astonishment, joined the Royal Hussars, or any other body. It was, this time, "different"—the difference that makes for a life-contract, or a mortal wound—the difference that made Madison Hale still one with his son's mother, tho he was living—here—and she was of the dead these twenty years.

When Madison Hale met her he ceased to wonder, but he didn't cease to fear. She was the loveliest thing he'd ever seen—the goldenest thing, the fieriest thing, the stillest, coolest thing—nun-like, Sappho-like. "Enough," he told me, "to stuff a sawdust head with fairy-dreams." He didn't cease to fear, because the happiness of his son was the one thing upon which he set no price—

(Fifty-five)

and because he did not gauge just whether it *was* the "different" with her. Somehow, vaguely but insistently, she gave Hale the impression of a pampered woman playing charmingly with a marionette. When the marionette happens to be one's son the charm is palpably lessened. Nevertheless, in the lovely idyll being enacted before him Hale managed to recapture much of his dead, brief romance. He saw himself and Nancy again standing in a garden at twilight, even as their son stood now—a garden all peopled with marvels—all tremulous and glowing and warm; and he remembered the way they had swayed together—the uncertainty—the dear question in her eyes—the warm, adorable shyness of her thrilled mouth. After all, having known that glamour once, we have held in our naked clasp the wild, warm Heart of Life—and why, like greedy gourmands, plead for more?

Like the snake invading an Eden—born again—arrived, with due bombast, Ferdinand, Prince Vaslof. Plainly, he was perturbed by the Edenesque

atmosphere. Things did not suit him either as to his crown or his heart. Irenia had never looked like *that* at *him*—and he expended, with great care and precision, his choicest Maritzian profanity on the interloping foreigner. Also, he did better. He, as his superior officer, ordered Dick to report for duty at the Palace, and watched the forlorn and very unsoldierly Lieutenant depart, with an irritating satisfaction.

Whereupon he sought out Madison Hale on the wide piazza of the hotel, relieved him of a cigar, and proceeded, very elaborately and with much embellishment, to disclose the true rank and insignia of golden Irenia.

Generally speaking, such a disclosure would have been very impressive to democratic American ears, where each man is an uncrowned king, and every woman queen. But Madison Hale knew poor, tottering, futile Maritzia, and Maritzia's still *more* futile and wholly impoverished monarch. He rubbed his hand on his check-book and felt, figuratively, the crown upon his own head.

"Of course, Mr. Hale," the Prince concluded, looking very fierce, "royalty and commoners do not—er—intermarry. It cannot be. It is not—er—*recognized* by the Crown."

"Lamentable!" puffed forth Madison Hale, laconically. Inwardly, he was perturbed. He felt that Dick's actual place lay within Irenia's sovereign fingers. He realized, quite outside of Ferdinand's



HER EYES THAT FLUTTERED LIKE BUTTERFLIES

hyperbole, that even a toy country takes its royalty seriously, and that Dick, if he were not careful, would be apt to run badly aground.

"Did you speak to me, Mister Hale?" intoned Prince Vaslof.

"I said that I would see what I could do, sir," rejoined Madison Hale, and he departed, leaving Vaslof to plan fresh vendettas for his unsuspecting son.

Hale found Irenia looking pensive—in fact, quite a mundane,



girlish forlornity, whose True Love has sailed away. He, like her father, cursed the misadventurous blue blood within her that stood between his son and a home in the suburbs, seven children and the servant problem. However, it was to her blue blood that he appealed.

"Irenia," he said in a friendly, fatherly fashion, "there is something worrying

you. I suspect it, but am not sure. Incidentally, I know

doing all this for nothing. If I accede to whatever help your father may need I shall ask, in return, your release of my son, Princess Irenia——"

The girl did not ask him what he meant. She barely flushed, yet Hale caught the infinitesimal tautening of her every slightest muscle—the trip-hammer swiftness of the pulse in her white throat. There was an instant of silence—a silence that weighed a heart and a crown—self-love and man-love—Princess and commoner. The Princess triumphed. She flung back her bright-gold head, then bowed.

"It shall be as you wish, Mr. Hale," she said. "We on thrones have ever to

Even a toy-kingdom may keep the dust of shame away—even a toy-soldier may hold his musket erect until it drops—even"—she smiled whimsically—"even a musical-comedy Princess may be a woman with a heart, you know, with *some* things that a woman cant do——" She paused again, then she looked Madison Hale square in the eye. "And so," she finished, "if my father be released from Texler's detestable pressure, and I be released from his nephew's hideous insistence, I—I gladly abdicate a higher—throne—than I have even—gained——"

She turned and fled. And Hale chewed his Havana to shreds, and envied and pitied his son.

And the next day he set forth on horseback for the capital to see about raising the necessary \$80,000,000 wherewith to remove the diabolical sword from poor Stephen's uneasy head.

Dick, meanwhile, drilling, parading,



DICK AND THE PRINCESS IRENIA HAD FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THE ROYALTY BUSINESS

abdicate the lesser throne of Self. We do our own lives to the death that we may live aright for other lives. Only in such a way may we be queens."

"Proceed," said Madison Hale, and smilingly, "your Royal Highness!" The girl put one hand on his arm.

"Govrian Texler loaned the King, my father, eighty million dollars," she said swiftly; "he is pressing for it and—for my hand for Ferdinand Vaslof, his nephew. If he demands immediate settlement of the debt he will bankrupt Maritzia, and cause Stephen III to abdicate. If, on the other hand, my father gives me in marriage to Prince Vaslof, I—well, I am a *woman* as well as a queen-to-be, Mr. Hale, and there are some things I—— We are a tiny country, as countries go, but we hold our head high.

who you are, and if you confide in me I may be able to help you—and your father—materially."

Irenia had heard that American millionaires do mad, mad deeds. They acquire money in hunks and slathers by a mere mental sleight-of-hand, and they dispose of it similarly. Moreover, he was Dick's father. Madison Hale saw a veritable cloudburst of confidences coming, and he steeled himself.

"Wait a moment," he said. "Before you go on I must tell you that I am not

strutting and maneuvering with his particular regiment, away from Irenia's patriotic insistence that he join the army, awoke to his own absurdity at this foreign, toy-soldier service, and presented his colonel—a pop-eyed, be-whiskered person—with his resignation. "The d—n thing's a farce," he said to himself.

Having divested himself of his complicated accouterments, his resignation and his unsought-for opinions, he returned to his father's aerial towers. En route he beheld Irenia, and was about to demonstrate very publicly and very

(Fifty-six)

effusively, when his astounded ears heard her say quite incisively, "Drive on, Boris," and her own

his wide eyes held eyes, cold and sneering—eyes that, a week before, had fluttered like wild, white butterflies beneath his kiss.

She rode on, a knife thru her heart. He strode on, blazing wrath in his breast.

Arrived home, his father

He would like to see them. He dared them to try it. Just *dared* them. They'd find *their* places. The idea! Preposterous! No, cursed funny! No, absurd!

Madison Hale smoked two cigars in death-defiant succession, and let him rage. Just so had he raged when some obstacle confronted a childish whim.

Having raged himself hoarse, and his father nearly insensible, he burst forth from the towers, and encountered in the town Ferdinand Vaslof.

Vaslof asked him an irrelevant question, and Dick snapped at him some un-beautiful sentiments—in which figured such apt phrases as "Little tin-soldiers," "Prince Spiff-Spaff-Spoof," etc.

As a result, loudly protesting that his resignation was "in," and that Vaslof was, therefore, *not* a superior officer,

Dick was shoved pell-mell into a

Dick had been like the cog in a many-spoked wheel. Once removed, the wheel began to revolve dizzily.

Govrian Texler, being informed by his nephew of the prison-state of Dick, fairly flew to the embattlement of Hale, who was on the verge of presenting the \$80,000,000 to Stephen. Graphically, he gave Hale to understand that the very instant the \$80,000,000 was paid to Stephen, Dick's heart would cease to beat with the suddenness of a mainspring broken.

"We still do this sort of thing up here," he said—"barbarous, perhaps, but we must live; if by blood—well and good—"

Hale dropped the business with an audible bang, and watched Texler's retreating back, homicide on every feature. He realized, forebodingly, that

Dick was in the custody of Vaslof, who loved Irenia, and who gave forth

the edict, "We still do this sort of thing



MADISON HALE, WITH HIS TRUSTY AMERICAN COLT, RELEASED DICK

greeted him, and imparted to him the information that he had been courting the daughter of the King of Maritzia. Dick raged. He raged furiously. He laughed Maritzia into non-existence. He derided it as a stage-setting. He demanded to know whether any such picture-card kings and queens were going to keep him from the One Woman in all the world.

(Fifty-seven)

court-martial and sentenced to six months' fortress confinement. His custodian was Vaslof, who accepted the custody with bared-teeth alacrity.

"Me for my wooden kimona," groaned Dick, and all he saw were Irenia's eyes—now like warm, fluttering butterflies—now like alien things—things that smote and stung—

up here." All told, it was *not* a pleasant combination of circumstances for a doting parent



of an only son to contemplate. Hale felt that the matter had passed the bounds of finance, outside of which he felt himself a stranger.

Upon this reverie—flushed from gold to rose, and holding tightly by each chubby hand two black-haired, wide-mouthed little boys—burst Irenia. The blue blood had receded in her veins, the red blood was speaking now—the red blood of her womanhood that offered itself not for her throne, but for her man.

"You must hold us as hostages aboard your yacht," she directed him. "As hostages—for Dick. Prince Meneloff here is my father's heir-apparent. When my father discovers his loss he will go mad with fear—he will release a million Dicks—behead, if necessary, a million Vaslofs. He will drag the seven seas for Meneloff. But you must make haste."

Three hours later Irenia and Meneloff and small Paul were hanging over the rail of the *Richard Hale*; Stephen III was decapitating verbally every last member of his court who did not return Meneloff to him on the instant; Texler

was thrown into the discard with such violence that he never maneuvered with the same celerity again; Hale's demand for his son's release was granted seven different ways, and Hale himself set forth for the Vaslofberg Castle where Dick was in captivity, and where Ferdinand was amusing himself, and assuaging his demon jealousy by inflicting all sorts of physical torment on the beloved of Irenia.

Madison Hale, with the aid of his trusty American Colt, released Dick from the gloom in which he had been imprisoned, and left Vaslof there as sole tenant.

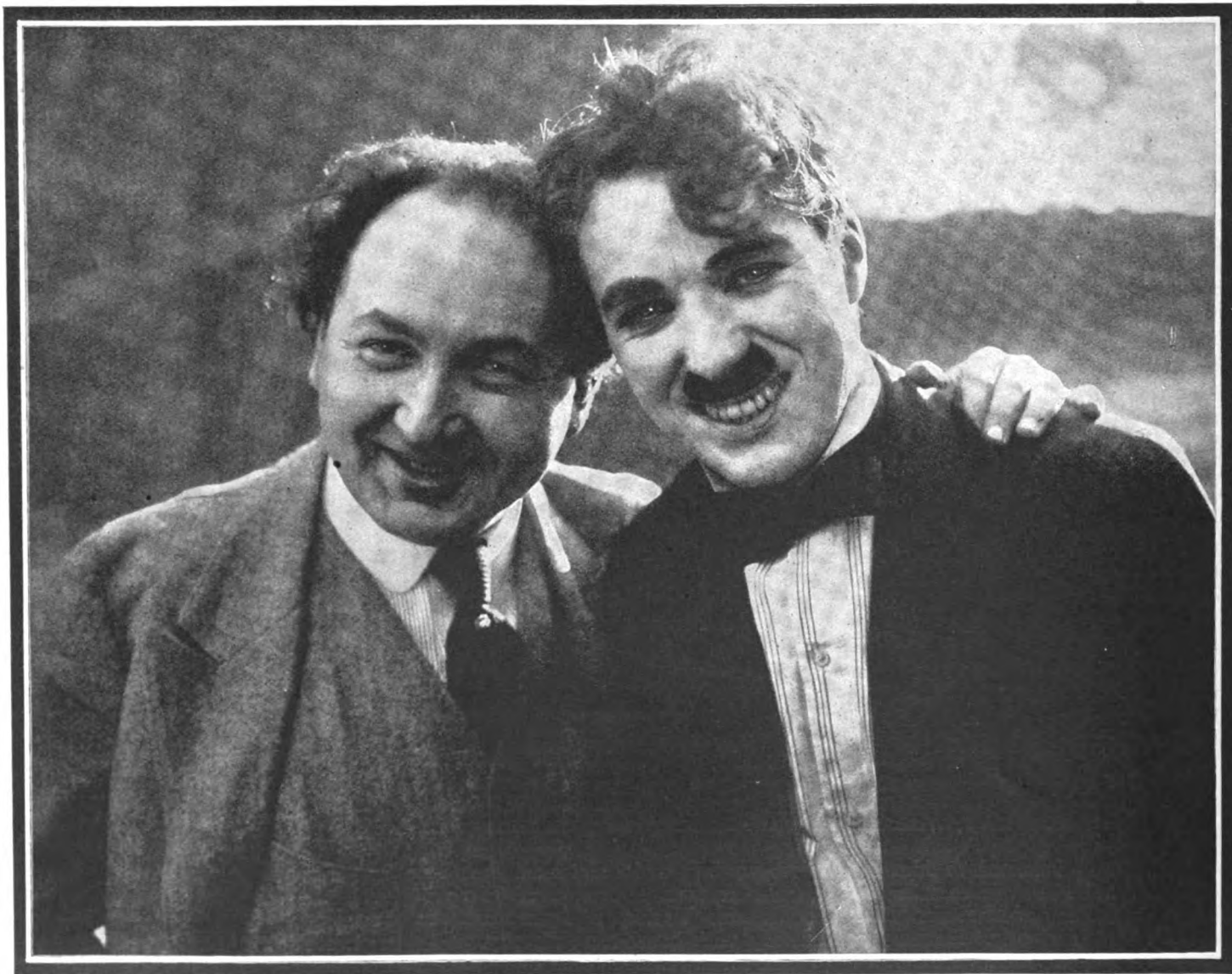
The Hales, father and son, then marched triumphantly into the capital, whereupon Hale bestowed \$80,000,000 upon Texler, and watched the Damoclean sword shiver into atoms with considerable satisfaction.

Dick watched his father's avidity in looking up available boats, wryly. The soft hands of the little Princess of Maritzia had cupped themselves, and held his heart therein—so surely, so sweetly, so strongly that he knew she could drop it only to break it. Of course, he must

go; there was no place for him here. Stephen III had said, finally, that, regretful as the case might be, the royal family of Maritzia could not intermarry with commoners.

While Richard, called "Dick," morosely packed his "Innovations," and foresaw the years eating his heart away, Irenia was busy. She was perched upon the arm of the chair of the old Court Herald.

"You must climb his family-tree," she was admonishing him; "you must make it with intricate branches so that my father will fail to understand in detail. You must make mysterious incursions into the country to verify this—to ascertain that; and at length—on the topmost limb—you must find him—a *Royal Ancestor*—one in whose veins blue blood runs like quicksilver. You must find him—this Royal Ancestor—Mischna—so that he may lean to me from out the battlements of heaven, a shadowy figure, to hand me my living, my only—happiness—so that he may give me—love— Perhaps"—she nestled close to the old man and smiled, mists of her joy veiling her fair youth in light—"perhaps his Royal Ancestor—is God!"



CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STUDIO IS A MECCA FOR THE CURIOUS AND THE FAMOUS. WHEN LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, THE WORLD-FAMOUS PIANIST, RECENTLY VISITED CHARLIE, THEY AT ONCE PROCEEDED TO FRATERNIZE—  
GODOWSKY AND "CHAPLINSKY," PIANIST AND VIOLINIST

(Fifty-eight)

# Tottie Limousine, the Wonder Girl

## An Interview—As It Really Happened

By JOSEPH H. VALISE

THE elevator boy pointed a chocolate finger at a door numbered "37." "Right in dar," he directed, looking at me suspiciously.

I knocked gently. A hushed whisper filtered thru the closed portal.

"Ma, beat it while I see this guy, will you?"

Then the door opened, and framed in it, garbed in a radiant Chinese kimono, stood Tottie Limousine, the world-famous heroine of the screen. She looked remarkably like herself.

"I need hardly ask if this is Miss Limousine," I remarked, using the good old formula I invariably employed under such circumstances, and walked right in.

"I gotta rotten cold," she said, as I gazed about the room. It was a typical hotel-room, furnished in the McKinley period and not worth talking about.

"That's too bad," I ventured in reply. "I suppose you caught it while playing in some thriller—jumping from a yacht, or something of the sort?"

"Not on your life! I cut that stuff long ago. I just play straight drammer now, 'n' if any of those tricks have to be done they dress some acrobat up in my clothes, 'n' he does it!"

"Well, of course, I suppose that does give you more time to develop the art of really acting for the pictures——"

"Art! Say, the only acting that's done for the pictures is done by the directors. They stand behind the camera with a little horn and shout everything they want done. Why, you cant wink an eye without their telling you."

Miss Limousine spoke quite seriously and knitted her lovely eyebrows—they were remarkably well made up.

Just then mamma, who had stood her exile about long enough, came careening into the room, all sails set and a broad beam aft.

"This is my ma," remarked Tottie, without enthusiasm.

"Howjer do!" exclaimed ma, pleasantly. "Wontjer sit down?"

I accepted Mrs. Limousine's invitation with pleasure. Tottie seemed a bit flustered at having forgotten to make the suggestion herself. Perhaps she missed the director with his manners and his little horn.



FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY STOOD TOTTIE LIMOUSINE



"THIS IS MY MA," REMARKED TOTTIE

(Fifty-nine)

We all looked at each other for a long and silent moment.

"This suttinly is a funny job you got," ventured Mrs. L., looking at me with mingled reverence and pity.

"Oh, ma!" cried Tottie, dismayed by her ma's *faux pas*.

"Well, aint it?" insisted Mrs. L., standing on her rights.

That sounded like my cue.

"You're quite right, madam," I chimed in. "It's a very funny job—but—when



you've done it a lot—there's a great deal of subtlety to it."

"Wassat?" exclaimed ma, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Oh, Lor', ma," interrupted Tottie, "cant you keep quiet a second? Mr. Handbag came to inaview me—not to talk about hisself with you!"

Mamma was squelched, but continued to eye me furtively.

"How long have you been in the pictures, Miss Limousine?" I asked, plunging back into the interview while I had the chance.

Tottie again knit those lovely eyebrows—just as she did in "Souls Afire"—and was lost in thought. Then she commenced counting her fingers.

"Three years 'n' two months," she exclaimed triumphantly.

"Tottie!" interrupted ma. "You know pufficly well you first was an extra for Kamragraph more'n five years ago."

Tottie gazed at her parent frigidly. Then she turned to me confidingly.

"Dont mind what she says," she advised, much as one might speak of the village idiot.

Ma ruffled her feathers.

"Well," I commented cheerfully, in a vain effort to bring the mercury back to at least sixty, "you've certainly achieved fame in a very short time."

She agreed with me by smiling sheepishly, tho prettily, showing a wonderful set of pearly teeth.

"I've no doubt," I went on, "but what you would like to go on the legitimate stage——"

"Not on your life!"

"Well—of course there is a distinct restraint to the boards that is not felt while playing for Thespis out-of-doors——"

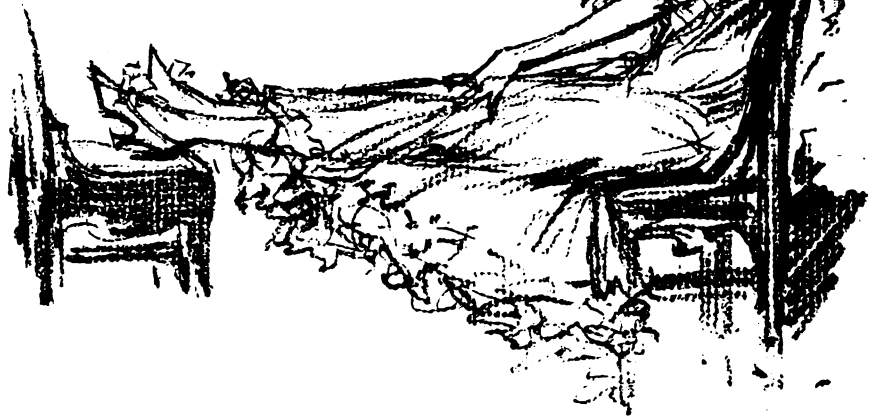
"What?"

"I mean to say——"

At this point, mamma, who had risen from her divan and was rotating about the room, came heroically to the rescue.

"Have a glass of beer, wont you?" she urged.

"Madam, there is much of interest in



"THANK GAWD, HE'S A REGULAR GUY!"

what you say," I replied, trying to suppress a thirsty glitter in my eye.

Two minutes later the three of us were

intensely occupied in finding out, each for his respective self, just why Milwaukee is famous.

I slipped my note-book in my pocket as I took a long and satisfying quaff.

"Thank Gawd, he's a regular guy!" muttered the Wonder Girl, as she put her feet on the chair in front of her.



## Kings and Queens Contest—The Classic's Great Personality Contest Begins

Vote for Six of Your Favorites—Each with a Different Trait

**T**HE NEWER and GREATER CLASSIC which started with the last issue has inaugurated a contest worthy of its place in the field of Motion Picture literature.

Our readers want something new—something startlingly different. We think the **KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST** is not only entirely different, but that it fills a long-felt want. Thru our long and intimate association with studios, players and audiences, we have come to realize that no one player is the greatest. Dramatic greatness is the sum of many traits—many characteristics.

### WHY DO THE PLAYERS APPEAL?

Answer this question and you catch the spirit of the **KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST**. Mary Pickford, for instance, means charm, youth, innocence, naturalness, to many of her admirers, but these same devotees may see more Grace or Beauty in another actress. The same must be said of the sterner sex. You admire a certain actor for his good looks, his manly beauty, but do you concede that he is gifted in dramatic ability above his fellow players?

The CLASSIC believes that the elements of appeal can be separated into three main characteristics, and that no one player can assume the autocratic crown

of them all. We ask your support in a world-wide vote to help us elect the six players who shall be declared the kings and queens of Beauty and Handsomeness, Charm and Portrayal.

### THE JURY MUST AGREE ON THE FACTS

In order to render a fair verdict, the jury must be instructed on the law. In order that we may all start with a fair understanding of each term in the Great Personality Contest, we will define each attribute:

**Beauty:** Regularity of feature or form, or both—physical gifts that delight the eye. **Handsomeness:** The same attributes for male players.

**Charm:** Winsomeness, personal appeal, attractiveness, womanliness or manliness, manner, and all that goes to make up a charming personality.

**Screen Portrayal:** Acting ability, command of technique, characterization, naturalness. A fine and finished reflection of Life, whether dramatic or comic.

On another page will be found a voting coupon with voting instructions.

### SIX PRIZES FOR EACH CONTESTANT

Here is the pleasing novelty of the awards: Each reader of the CLASSIC will personally share in the prizes. At

the completion of the contest, when you have finally selected what players shall best represent Beauty, Charm and Portrayal, we will ask the new-crowned Queens and Kings of Motion Pictures to sit for especially posed portraits that will best typify the attributes that our readers have selected them for. Each portrait will be the exclusive property of our readers, will be especially posed for them, will be autographed by the players, and will be beautifully reproduced in color on heavy paper suitable for framing. On the month following the closing of the Great Personality Contest we will publish one or more of these exquisite pictures, and follow with one or more each month thereafter until the six kings and queens have all had their reign. After that we shall probably do likewise for the six next highest on the list.

And now the jury is charged, and we ask you, our readers, to bring in a verdict heavy with your preferences. We ask you to make this the most interesting, the most praiseworthy, the most influential contest that has ever been conducted in the interests of the players.

The contest is too young to give the results, but in the next number we shall give a complete record of how the various players stand in the contest.

(Sixty)

# Four Prominent Leading-Men of the Month



ROBERT HARRON (GOLDWYN) .



Photo by Campbell

HARRY FOX (INTERNATIONAL)



Photo by Hartsook

LAMAR JOHNSTONE (DUDLEY)

(Sixty-one)



HARRY MOREY (VITAGRAPH)





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HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

#### A GLIMPSE OF PHOTOPLAY EVOLUTION

##### Close Views and Inserts

Today and forever all those concerned in the making of photoplays may well exclaim, "The world is ours!"

This is the mere statement of a commonly accepted fact. Two powerful conditions, fortunately, govern the possessive pronoun "ours," namely: Business prowess and Artistic merit. These conditions impose Competition, which is the commercial prescription for a healthy life.

The survival of the fittest has always seemed a cruel law to the unfit and the unfitted who in consequence are ejected from the high places they have usurped by reason of their brilliant audacity. What really happens is that that slow-acting creature—the Intelligent Public—rebels when it realizes that the industry is being belittled by its products, or the art is being outraged by its interpreter.

The world-wide audience of the Photodrama has come to comprehend its infinite capacity for entertainment and now recognizes its claim to a niche among the Fine Arts. With this recognition comes the intermittent demand of the multitude that the constructive parts of the produced photoplay be equal to the artistic whole of the Photodrama.

Cinematography occupied nearly twenty years in passing from the dark confines of a mere mechanical curiosity to the dazzling heights of a new and permanent art.

The mechanical phenomenon of animated photographs was destined to be short-lived as a form of entertainment. Curiosity alone prompted the expenditure of the required admission fee, and that curiosity was forever satiated by the murky presentment of some person or object in some commonplace motion on which most of the audience would not waste its attention in actual life.

Thus it took several years again for the cinema to progress from the stimulation of mere motion to the imitation of real life. It was still mechanics, but the new element attracted a new audience. Several years again passed before episodes of pursuit, peril and comic sequence began to appear. Curiosity had been supplanted by sensation. More than half the world loves a sensation when it can get it, and most of them became acquainted with it in the well-named "Moving Pictures."

# The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism,  
Timely Hints, Plot Construction  
and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

Another long period of experimentation and suddenly the imitation of life in general was merged into the portrayal of a single life—or a group of lives—in particular. Pictures grew into *stories*! A miracle had happened. Curiosity had been whetted, senses thrilled, to be sure. But now—greater by far than either of these phenomena—the *emotions were stirred*.

Exactly what happened from now on does not concern us so much, for that is mere history. What we students are seeking is enlightening psychology. For we must have recognized some analogy—in the groping progress of photoplay evolution—to the revealing spark of our own talent that glimmered thru the years of our own mechanical periods of endeavor. Once within sight of the divine fire, however, then we know that our tiny spark is nothing less, and our steadfast aim shall be to lift our spark of true inspiration into a mighty conflagration of perfect effort.

##### Plotting the Photoplay

Photoplay Plot is ruled by a single Unity—that is the Unity of Effect.

The Plot therefore should be carefully designed with a view to preserving this Unity—or singleness—of Effect.

The sum of it all is a painstaking practice of compression. For there comes a turbulent tendency—when it comes to plotting the story—to digress.

But be careful and see that your economy of details never becomes parsimony. A Plot must have every bone that the body of the perfect photoplay is supposed to have.

##### Screenings from Current Plays

Some time ago I mentioned "The Barrier" in glowing terms. I repeat, in many ways it is the most effective

photoplay I have yet seen.

"The Barrier" was adapted from the novel of the same title by Rex Beach.

The Director of the consequent photoplay was Edgar Lewis.

The photoplay of "The Barrier" has deservedly made a distinct hit. It will earn a barrel of money for some one.

"The Barrier" is unique in photoplay annals, in that it has exploded a theory popular among producers. They believed it was impossible to make a hit unless

(Sixty-two)

# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

they featured a high-salaried star—the play be dashed! "The Barrier" shone brilliantly without a single star!

Who is guilty of the miracle performed by means of "The Barrier"?

Was Mr. Beach's novel responsible, or was Mr. Lewis's directing, or . . . ?

One morning the post brings us an invitation, much more handsomely engraved than that to Beach's private showing, and we go to the Broadway Theater.

There were surprises a-plenty—not of contrast to what we saw in "The Barrier," but of startling similarity that began with the title, "The Bar Sinister," continued with the same plot and ended with the same climax.

It was termed "an original photoplay of the South." Any one who can find an original scene or situation in the entire play that has not been done many times in the annual harvest of Southern plays, should receive a big red apple.

To sum up, the difference between the two lies in the inevitable conclusion that "The Barrier" is a great, red-blooded, human-interest photoplay. "The Bar Sinister" is a mediocre, labored, artificial effort.

The latter was padded with negro-minstrel antics and lines, and much other negro local color that was either irrelevant or exaggerated. The story was "The Barrier" in another shade (Black instead of Red) and in distinctly another class. And so on and on.

And I know that I will be accused of being dense by interested parties for failing to see "the big idea" running thru the play. For the author pointedly mentioned the basic likenesses of the White, the Black and the Red races and their inconsequential differentiations. Or to be correct, he gave us nearly a score of successive Captions bearing out his theory in ponderous philosophical conclusions. I quite concur in these opinions, but unless they are part and parcel of the dramatic movement, independent of undramatic "talk," I cannot see their bearing on the present discussion.

Who wins?

Most certainly Mr. Lewis does not.

Rex Beach's story still stands out—and we wonder.

At best, Edgar Lewis has lost much of the fine prestige he had won, thru so unadvisedly selecting an unworthy vehicle for his talent at such a crucial period.

In connection with Mr. Phillips' articles, which endeavor to give a broad view of the Photodrama, each of our readers should possess a copy of "The Photoplaywrights' Primer," by L. Case Russell. Its author is one of the most successful writers devoted only to Photodrama. This little book, which we will send you for fifty cents, fairly sparkles with wit, wisdom and helpful and constructive hints.—*The Editors.*

(Sixty-three)



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DIAMONDS SPECIAL



## The President as a Movie Fan

By ERNEST A. DENCH

**P**RESIDENT WILSON is no different from you and me when it comes to enjoying the movies; only, he has the advantage of enjoying private presentations.

"Cabiria," for instance, was shown on the lawn of the White House to an audience composed of his own Cabinet and family.

"The Birth of a Nation" was also witnessed privately by the President and members of his Cabinet and household, because Thomas Dixon, the author of "The Clansman," attended Johns Hopkins University with Mr. Wilson.

"I have sometimes been very much chagrined in seeing myself in a Motion Picture," the President said, in addressing a gathering of film men. "I have often wondered if I really were that kind of guy. The extraordinary rapidity with which I walk, for example; the instantaneous and apparently automatic nature of my motions; the way in which I produce uncommon grimaces, and altogether the extraordinary exhibition I make sends me to bed very unhappy."

A year ago a camera operator wished to film the summer White House at Cornish, New Hampshire, and being refused permission, he confined his activities to taking photographs of the house, grounds and brook. He duly mailed the photographs to the President, together with a letter asking for the necessary permit, which was granted. The operator, it appeared, wanted more than merely to film the house—his ambition was to show the precautions taken against maniacs. At first Dr. Grayson, President Wilson's personal aid, refused, since it was his duty to prevent the guards from being recognized by any one. The camera operator was nothing if not resourceful—he persuaded Dr. Grayson to turn the crank of the camera. This allowed the camera-man to pose as a guard sounding the alarm to some one in authority inside the house.

President Wilson participated in "Made in America," the propaganda production. Mary V. McAllister, the six-year-old actress, journeyed to the White House with a carefully rehearsed speech; but the President put her so much at ease that all she said was, "I'm glad to see you, Mister President."

The President is honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America; so, when that organization made a seven-reel picture, "The Making of a Boy Scout," the President participated in it.

The only time on record that the President has appeared in a regular photoplay took place when the Edison Company put on a Civil Service romance. The hero and heroine take a walk thru the White House grounds, where they meet President Wilson, who stops to talk and shake hands with them.

(Sixty-four)

## The Language of the Silent Drama

(Continued from page 52)

to render a number of their own selection. Imagine the effect when the overture to "Carmen" was put on! This was all carelessness. What will be done with "Joan of Arc" when it is shown in our smaller houses or even in some of the larger ones? Will any of the leaders get busy with Tschaiowsky's "Jeanne d'Arc"? How many will go to the trouble to make any preparation whatever? If they cannot have all, they should at least have some of this music. How many will play other French works for this picture, of which there are many? What is being rendered for the "Romeo and Juliet" pictures? Will the average musician prepare himself to play excerpts from Gounod's most beautiful opera, or will he play the "Rosary" and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"? There seems to be no other wedding music for pictures in the average musician's repertoire.

Four years ago a most wonderful production was brought to our town in seven reels. It was Dante's "Inferno," and was the most spectacular picture witnessed here. Special music was set for it from "Mefistofele," a wonderfully descriptive set of cues. The man who traveled with the picture said he had shown it in a great many States, and he found only one pianist who would use them. That was not carelessness, it was laziness. Suppose we get in film the "Ballet Russe"? It is just possible. Musicians should think of these things and prepare for them. If they did, it would not be necessary for film companies to get up cues for musical directors, especially where the picture runs a full week. If they would understand their work, they would be able to arrange their own cues after the first showing of the picture. Now as to popular songs and ballads, they certainly have their place, and should be used by all means, but not misused by any means. The constant ragging of fox-trots and two-steps is just as monotonous as any other one class of music, and in many cases a distracting misfit.

Then, too, the music should accompany the picture. This was the secret of the wonderful success of "The Birth of a Nation." The music was so perfectly set that the picture was a living, breathing thing. I started to count the excerpts from famous overtures used for the heavy dramatic work and the battle-scenes, and after the eleventh I stopped counting. Simply wonderful was that music. Every drama of six reels today can be enhanced in beauty fifty per cent. by the correct music. On the other hand, it can be an absolute farce. Film companies believe this, and they are actually beginning to fear the musical end of their most famous productions.

It is high time for musicians, who claim to understand their profession, to start in earnest to study this work. Study they must, and it is up to the exhibitor to see to it that results are obtained.

Ruth Travers



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EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE

# Via Camera, Wire and Telephone

Illustrated News of the Players Told by the Lens, 'Phone and Night-Letter

Realizing the big interest in up-to-the-minute photographs that carry movie news-value, the Classic has organized an exclusive photographic and news service that is in constant touch with every studio in the country. Many of the pictures in these news columns are the product of our own Kodak and Graflex reporters.



MARY PICKFORD

It is known only by her studio confidants that Little Mary recently made a flying trip from the West Coast to gay Manhattan and returned to Los Angeles before she had been reported "among the missing." The justice of Little Mary's furlo was instantly apparent to her wardrobe mistress, and—with a bit of coaxing—her hard-hearted director, Cecil B. DeMille, was brought around, too. The secret of the whole affair was that Little Mary just *had* to have a summer wardrobe. In the hurry of her trip frock-makers were actually commandeered to concoct the little star's latest fashion whims, under the stress of day and night work. The illustration is a sample of just how well they performed their emergency job.

When Little Mary arrived safely back in Laskyville, her threatened



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS



JACKIE SAUNDERS

reprimand petered out into a most cordial reception. Douglas Fairbanks, who had just arrived from the East; Mr. DeMille and Jesse Lasky were at the station as a guard of honor to welcome home their little truant.

"Doug" Fairbanks, by the way, has a habit of dropping off the train, just like his ideal, Teddy Roosevelt, and of mixing in with some of his old side-kicks on the alkali speedways. On his recent trip to Los Angeles from New York, "Doug" deserted the overland flyer "somewhere in Arizona" and spent a day or two pulling leather on a bunch of green mounts in the prickly-pear country.

It isn't all work and no play in Camera-land, but when Jackie Saunders started out to tame a cinnamon bear-cub between scenes at Long Beach, she found that it *was* all work and no play. Jackie has been mothering "Job-lots" for the past month, and says that he is the equal in contrariness of six bad boys. The "snap" that she



MARY MILES  
MINTER

MADELINE  
HEADLEY



CECIL DE MILLE

MARY PICKFORD

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

JESSE LASKY



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sends us shows "Joblots" leading Jackie up the ladder—neither one knows where the other one is going to get off.

The craze for adopting children has hit the studios hard. Recently little "M. M. M." made a junketing trip to Los Angeles, and while there discov-



LASKY STUDIO GIRLS

ered Baby Madeline Headley. Result: Madeline went back to Santa Barbara in charge of Mary, and now she is her tiny household goddess and studio protégée.

We have always admired The Man Behind the Gun, but now here comes the Lasky studio girls with The Girl Behind the Gun—with a vengeance. At a recent Red Cross benefit the Lasky girls loaded their Quaker cannons



THE DIRECTOR ROBERT HARRON MAE MARSH

with flowers and shot them at the susceptible men in the audience.

When Mae Marsh lost her "Biograph" Bob Harron and recently her "Fine Arts" Bobby, their friends before the screen grieved at the loss. But here we have the "twice divorced" couple together again—this time in the Goldwyn studio. Mae is in costume and make-up; Bob is *au naturel*; and they are conning the lines of their first "reunited" picture.

## A Flower of the South

(Continued from page 27)

you?" I am earning a nice salary, living comfortably with my mother in a cute Hollywood bungalow, and taking advantage of the outdoor life; traveling all over the country for different scenic views, and stopping at the best hotels. What more can a young girl yearn for in our present civilization? I have my dogs and birds, and it is so much fun feeding them. I have made frequent trips to San Francisco and San Diego in my automobile, and have never had a blow-out. What if I ever do? I guess I could change tires like Anita King when she motored across the United States," concluded one of the sweetest girls in filmdom, as she walked to the door with the interviewer and bade her a fond farewell.

## A Half Hour with Nazimova

(Continued from page 37)

boiling water to stand until wilted. Remove a portion of the thickest part of the leaf so it will roll well. On each leaf place a tablespoonful of the mixture and roll up securely. Pack closely together in covered baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, pour over a little melted butter and bake about thirty minutes in moderate oven.

**Potato Salad**—Mix three cupfuls cold boiled potatoes, one cupful chopped Spanish onions, and one cup of pickled herring, cut in small pieces. Put in salad bowl, and pour over cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise, as preferred.

**Rice Pudding**—One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls rice, two tablespoonfuls brown sugar, one cup raisins, one cup chopped almonds; bake in very slow oven four hours. When done, pour over one cup of cream.

Make tea at table if possible, with freshly boiling water. When serving, pass thin slices of lemon, powdered sugar and whole cloves.

## A Modern Jekyll-Hyde

(Continued from page 25)

assistants headed for the downtown apartment of Mr. Holmes.

They discovered that the apartment was completely furnished in Japanese style, and that the bed was not the only thing worthy of attention in the room. The draperies of the apartment are a warm, deep red; the rugs are of heavy velvet, and all lighting is indirect from colored electric globes concealed in soldiers' inverted helmets.

Would you like to know what Mr. Holmes' plans for the future are? Well, here they are, in his own words:

"After this war I am to lead a Fox company to Europe, where we are to make pictures. I have a new idea about the making of pictures that I wish to put in force. Gordon Craig asserts that a picture should be made in entire seclusion, as a man can do his best only when he is isolated from the rest of mankind."

(Sixty-six)

# Sob Stories of Sammy Screen

By A. L. HANDLER

**S**OME are born great, some achieve greatness, and still others have a good publicity department.

Some good actors are born, but more are "made" by the directors.

He who hesitates to find a plot in a Keystone comedy is lost.

It isn't what you say, but how you look when you say it that counts in the movies.

Things are not always what they screen.

A comedy a day will keep the blues away.

She who "vamps" and gets away with it may be called upon to "vamp" another day.

The proof of a picture is in the showing.

The further they are away from the camera, the better do some players look.

The rolling star gathers no moss of popularity.

Beauty must be more than artificial when the camera penetrates.

Absence makes the film fan forget.

A little slapstick now and then is relished by the best of men.

Music hath charms to soothe the wild beasts—and Fox players.

Never leave for tomorrow what you can see today—the censor may drop around.

A stage reputation does not make a successful screenist.

What is one man's Griffith is another man's Sennett.

Too many featured stars spoil the film story.

"I would rather be William Farnum than President."—American boyhood.

Some five-reel features are two-reel productions, grown up by way of much padding.

The best part of some features is the accompanying music.

One does not necessarily have to be a great actor to succeed in pictures; pleasing personality spells picture prominence.

If you want a stunt done well—hire a double.

Do not waste film, for that is what pictures are made of.

One success does not make a star.

The greater the production, the greater the number of imitations.

Fine features make fine feathers.

A good film on exhibition is worth two wonderful spectacles as yet unproduced.

New companies step in where the old ones fear to tread.

When a man "arrives" in pictures he writes testimonials for tobacco; when a woman "arrives" she writes face-preparation testimonials.

You can lead a crowd to a serial film, but you cant make them like it.

Make film while the sun shines.

The truth from a publicity agent would be stranger than fiction.

The company takes care of the players, but the camera-man must look after himself.

It's an unusual film story that recognizes its original author.

(Sixty-seven)

Two fair productions do not make one good one.

Lots of young damsels thruout the country are Mary Pickfords, from the curly hair up.

In this age of strong-man heroics, where the big, strapping hero throws villains thru windows, down stairs, and generally thinks nothing of knocking half-a-dozen out in the time it would usually take to hit a man once, it is amusing to see a hero, rescuing the tall heroine from the inevitable kidnappers, take her by the hand and lead her away.

"Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to throw bricks or die—  
Into the Valley of Comedy rode the L-Ko cops."

We, speaking strictly editorially, were shocked the other night—a Motion Picture actor, in the part of an artist, failed to wear a soft shirt, a flowing black tie and a three-cornered hat.

"Not that I loved Mutual less, but that I loved more money more."—Chaplin on leaving Essanay for Mutual.

Next to the players who will not open their mouths in a picture unless they walk up to the very eye of the camera, come the players who wear excess make-up, especially when they make up for outdoor scenes, where the make-up makes them look as if they were disguising their features with a mask. If they must make up, why, in the name of common-sense, dont they make up their necks as well?

Add to list of those who pose as if they were favoring Picturedom by their presence:

Madame Petrova.  
Holbrook Blynn.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no job like working in the pictures," says Felix Macdomb, who does office-boy bits.

George Cohan came, he filmed, he conquered.

Comedians not listed:  
Picture detectives, whose costumes consist of:

- 1 cigar.
- 1 old soft hat.
- 1 fancy vest.
- 1 suspicious look.

1 continuous act of nodding head in approval to other detective whose costume consists of:

Same.

Movie brokers of Universal films, who get their ideas of the New York curb market from the director, who never was nearer the east than Bettendorf, Iowa.

We pity one-part players in the pictures; but, then, this is said to be the age of specialists.

"The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what we did here."—Manager Dougherty, of Old Biograph, on introducing D. W. Griffith to that growing youngster, Motion Pictures.



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Lillian Lorraine	Norma Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter	Pearl White
Mabel Normand	Harold Lockwood
Olga Petrova	Earle Williams
Mary Pickford	Crane Wilbur
Blanche Sweet	Lillian Walker
William Farnum	Clara Kimball Young
Valeska Suratt	May Allison
Emily Stevens	Thea Bara (2 poses)
Douglas Fairbanks	Francis X. Bushman
Sidney Drew	Helen Holmes

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Mrs. Gertrude Graham  
40 W. Illinois St., Chicago



O for the old days of Western dramas, produced by Pathé in France and sent to us for our information! The Indians in these French productions of the American West would embrace the cowboys on both cheeks, as an indication of their friendship. The cowboys carried about half-a-dozen revolvers per each and a gaily colored bandana under their hat. They never announced their arrival in the saloons (which were attended by blonde barmaids in short skirts) except by shooting up the place, and the Chinaman, a cowardly brunette, would hide. The inevitable gold mines (the French director must have read of American gold being so easily found) were on a little hill about four feet high, and the cowboy, after being embraced on both cheeks with the Indian kiss of welcome, would stamp around on the mountain and, after a few minutes, would reach into the burrowed hole and take out gold. The villainous half-breed would then appear (they must have had an American picture as a model) and, in company with three other Mexicans, who looked more like the Paris Apaches, with their velvet coats and trousers and caps, would chase them. Of course, after a long chase, the hero eluded them, usually by leaping twenty feet, more or less, into the spreading arms of a chestnut tree. Oh yes, indeed, we considered in those early days that the best comedies we had ever seen, not excluding Foolshead and Tweedledum Italian frolics, were these French bits of American life.

Who knows, probably the American director's idea of French society life, costumes, etc., struck the French as amusingly as these French original portrayals of American characters!

This is now supposedly a very prosperous country. When one considers the number of picture stars and their rumored fabulous salaries it is easy to find out where the money goes and why the average man is always two weeks ahead of his salary.

As Harry Clay Blaney or Theodore Kremer, melodrama exponents of the past, might say:

"Where, oh, where are my wandering villains tonight?"

Without doubt, the life of a serial actress, who dabbles in death-defying stunts, is one of constant danger. Who knows what may happen to the double?—and it is so hard to get some one who can look like the beautiful lady. In one of the famous railroad dramas, where the heroine jumps from one train to another, we glimpsed the trousers of the male double under the lady's skirt.

He shouldn't have worn them.

Or the company should have noticed it before releasing the film. These little occurrences give the gullible public something to think about, and when one begins to think one is apt to realize truths.

He was leaning against the gate, howling lustily.

"What's the matter, little boy?" asked the traditional kind passer-by.

"Th-they wont, take me to the Movin' Pitchers!" he howled.

"Do they take you when you howl like that?"

"S-sometimes they do, and s-sometimes th-they dont, but 'taint no trouble to howl."

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THELMA SALTER, TRIANGLE-KAY-BEE'S LITTLE LEADING-LADY—CO-STARRED WITH FRANK KERNAN IN "THE CRAB." HOLDING HER OWN

(Sixty-eight)



## THE ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

Chap." with Louise Huff. And now it is announced that Kathlyn Williams is to appear with him in his next Paramount picture.

**MATTIE, DIXIE.**—There is a vast difference between Emily Stevens and Emmy Wehlen. The latter played in "The Duchess of Doubt" (Metro). I haven't heard a thing about Anita Stewart leaving Vitagraph. Henry King leaves Balboa to direct for American. William Hart is here in the East now, for the first time since leaving the stage. He will stop at all important cities to get the "glad hand" which will be awaiting him.

**LILLIAN GISH ADMIRER.**—Lillian Gish's library is not limited to a six-foot shelf. She has a small Carnegie of unique editions. Yes, that's one of her hobbies. If you think of making her a gift of "As You Like It," order it rare—very rare. Don't call me Minerva—I'm not that kind of a deity. I'm more Solomonish. E. K. Lincoln is playing in the "Gray Seal" series.

**INEZ, NEWFOUNDLAND.**—Frank Tobin was the husband in "The House of His Master." Anna Rosemonde was the lead in "Thelma." Frank De Vernon in "The Antique Ring."

**MARION S., BROOKLYN.**—Norma Talmadge is playing in "Poppy" with Eugene O'Brien and Frederick Perry. Our dog "Shep" is still around the office. It is said that all dogs in Peru have the Peruvian bark, but "Shep" has none at all. We have just clipped him like a lion.

**OLGA, 17.**—Of course I am glad to hear from you, even if you do call me "dear old lobster." Lobsters are perhaps the most intelligent of sea-living creatures, and they make fine pets. If diligently trained they will crawl about the house, answer when whistled for, and even can be taught to pinch your toe or your hand. Don't you believe it? The last Wilbur picture was "The Single Code."

**EUGENE T.**—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers. There is a new company every day almost, and it is hard to keep track of them all.

**JULIUS.**—You bet I have my buttermilk. The Realkraft Film Corporation aims to present historical events and developments of America from the time of discovery by Christopher Columbus up to the present.

**QUEENIE.**—Nicholas Dunaew played in "Reward of the Faithless" (Universal). There is some difference between *cinema*—a mechanical device for showing pictures of men, animals, etc., in motion—and *chimera*, a wild illusion; mythical monster which has the head of a lion, body of a goat, tail of a serpent and emits fire. Miriam Cooper's last was "The Honor System."

**JACK T. C., BALTIMORE.**—So you are looking for a partner in life. Well, woman might be man's silent partner—only she's a woman. Socrates and Milton both had cruel wives. Socrates drank the fatal hemlock, 'tis true, but after Milton's wife deserted him he wrote "Paradise Lost." Irving Cummings is with Fox. He played in "Royal Romance."

**AUGUSTUS, MEDINA.**—Don't worry; I won't go to war. You say a married man has cares and a bachelor has no pleasures, but I'm satisfied. Augustus Phillips played in "God's Law and Man's" (Metro). Did you know Mildred Manning was his wife?

**EVANGELINE.**—I thank you. Yerza Dayne was the girl in the Shorty Hamilton series. You want a picture of her to appear soon.

**BILLIE T. B., GLOUCESTER.**—Smoking should not be allowed in the lobby. He should have been hanged for smoking that brand of rope. I've heard that smoke will keep mosquitoes away, and I'd advise you to choose the lesser of two evils—better a poor cigar than those little pests that put New Jersey off the map.

**YPONOMEUTRA.**—Charles Wellesley was the father in "Poor Little Rich Girl." Mae Marsh was the little star in "The Clansman." George Beranger is with Lasky. Have no record of the whereabouts of Joseph McDermott. Some qweschuns!

**ALICE, BROCKPORT.**—Montagu Love, Gerda Holmes and Evelyn Greeley in "The Brand of Satan." I don't know why you haven't seen Carlyle Blackwell. He is playing for World.

**EVELYN T. B.**—On May 25, 1916, a special edition of the *N. Y. World* was carried from New York by the first aeroplane express to Washington; time, 3 hours 4 minutes.

**JESSICA T. C.**—So you like black. As a rule, I don't like to see women dressed in black. It corresponds to despair, darkness, earthliness, mourning, negation, wickedness and death. Why don't you get a blue suit? I favor the tailor-made girl very much, provided she looks feminine.

**RUSTY, NORTH DAKOTA.**—W. Davidson was the stranger in "The White Raven." I'm sure you are wrong, because the Washington monument is the highest in the world. The height above the ground is 555 feet, it cost \$1,500,000, and was erected at Washington, D. C., by the American people in honor of George Washington.

**HUNTER C., MEMPHIS.**—Valeska Suratt is with Fox and Jackie Saunders is with Balboa. I should say Theda Bara. Yes, the *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE* is the oldest of all. Raymond Hitchcock was rated a pretty fair screen player because "his hair is human—his smile sublime."

**ALEX, BORDEAUX.**—*Certainement!* I recall your spicy letter—just wondering when I would hear from you again. Yes, Fannie Ward is Jack Dean's wife. She scored a huge success with the Japanese actor, Sessue Hayakawa in "The Cheat." You will see her on the next Classic cover in all her glory. Thanks for the memento; it's a treasure.

**JONSIE, NEW ORLEANS.**—House Peters has developed a remarkable fickleness. In "As Men Love" he appeared with Myrtle Stedman, and in his next Pallas, "The Lonesome

(Sixty-nine)



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Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the International Correspondence Schools, just as nearly two million men have done in the last twenty-five years, just as more than 100,000 men are doing today.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way—and make it right now.

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MARIETTA.—Bankruptcy is a wet sponge that erases from the debtor's slate all his moral and legal obligations. "Camille" was the last Fox picture produced with Theda Bara.

SOCRATES.—So you can't wait until you see Warren Kerrigan in pictures. I guess there will be a lot who are anxious to see him. Not in these days is the library mightier than the battleship.

CLIO.—The graham cracker was invented by Colonel Jasper P. Graham at his birthplace, Speonk, N. Y., on August 19, 1812. Colonel Graham stumbled upon the compound quite by accident, as the pan in which the illustrious dietician kept his wheat flour had accidentally been half filled with earth. Thanks for welcoming me into the Scroll Club.

GLADYS M.—I don't know why you don't see more of George Fischer. He played in "Annie for Spite," also "Environment." Of course there is a Robert Mantell. No, I don't know of any companies who are in need of scenarios. Creighton Hale is back with Pathé. You should see "The Thirteenth Chair" on the stage if you want to see a gruesome thing.

23-13.—David Wall was Willard and Florence Malone was Princess Nayla in "Yellow Menace."

JACKIE SAUNDERS ADMIRER.—I am informed that Antonio Moreno has left Vitagraph. Yes, we had a fine picture of Alma Hanlon in the December 1915 Classic. Of course Harry Fox is a regular player. You say my picture up above here looks as tho I was attending a requiem mass. Say not so.

JOHN N. D.—That's very true, but Moving Pictures are far from being speechless when the director gets busy with his megaphone. Guess you were right. The Dutch village in "Hulda from Holland" was taken in Hempstead, L. I.

INEZ, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Yes, Bob Vignola is still directing for Famous Players. You say that Owen Moore is Catholic, Mary Pickford is Catholic, Joe Moore is Catholic, and now Grace Cunard, or Mrs. Joe Moore, must be Catholic. Why extend your imagination? Why bring religion into my sacredly neutral columns?

WILLIAM L. MCC.—Lottie Pickford isn't playing now. Yes, Ruth Stonehouse is still with Universal, playing in "A Lovable Thief." Theda Bara is working on "Cleopatra." Not May Allison, but Carmel Myers, now playing opposite Harold Lockwood. I hear there was a quarrel. As soon as Warren Kerrigan returns to the Coast he will release his pictures thru Paralta.

OLGA, 17.—So you are knitting for the soldiers. I suggest that you all make pajamas for the Germans, because they are about to retire. William Farnum was William Armstrong in "American Methods." Naomi Childers was Phyllis and Leslie Austen was Jerry in "The Auction of Virtue."

NORA.—Edward Hearn opposite Ella Hall in "Her Soul's Inspiration." No, no, no, Ruth Roland is not married to any one. Neither is it true that the Ford cars are manufactured in a strip and cut off individually, but that is the way the jokesmiths put it. "Max in a Taxi" is quite funny, but not so good as Linder's last. Charming indeed.

C. S. W., TORONTO.—Address Art Dramas at 116 W. 39th St., N. Y. City. I agree with you. I do not know what the correct feminine of cowboy is, but some say "cow-girl." My own idea is that they should be called milkmaids.

HELEN, MILWAUKEE.—Victor Sutherland was Page Warren in "The Bar Sinister." Frances Nelson as Louise and Harry Northrup was Mortimer in "The Beautiful Lie." So you want a picture of Milton Sills in the Gallery. It shall be did.

CLIO.—Tax bachelors? Certainly; aren't they taxing all luxuries? Haven't seen a copy of that *Clarion* yet.

DIMPLES.—Well, Uncle Sam expects every acre to do its duty. You can reach Mrs. Vernon Castle, care of Pathé, Jersey City,

and Olga Petrova, care of Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City. It would be some job to give you the names of all the players alphabetically, beginning with A. Sorry.

CATHERINE C.—Surely; Mabel Normand, Hollywood, Cal., will reach her. Edward Arnold was Grant, Ernest Maupain was the Baron and Hazel Daly was Frances in "Be My Best Man." The best man is often the one who isn't getting married.

JOHN I. D.—We have no record of the player who took the part of the Christ in "Intolerance." You say you think it was Howard Gage. I'm sorry we can't help you. Arthur Shirley in "Bethesda, the Wildcat." Irene Hunt and Ernest Shields in "The Birth of Patriotism."

MINKA K.—Kempston Greene was with Lubin last, and I haven't heard of him since. Norma Phillips is with World. I am no doctor, but if you have water on the knee why don't you wear your pumps?

SYLVIA L.—A good game for you to play would be to have each one name their superstitions. I am sure it would be interesting as well as amusing. I don't mind answering such questions. One girl asked me to give her a list of the latest New York songs, but that's somewhat out of my line since I neither attend cabarets nor sing.

PAULINE FREDERICK FAN.—Your letter was indeed interesting. You don't like June Caprice's mouth. Why, I thought it a very nice little, cunning little, pouty little mouth. Then you say you saw Mae Marsh wear the same dress that Dorothy Gish wore in "Atta Boy's Last Race," and that Blanche Sweet and Tsuru Aoki wore the same clothes. Of course we like to get your criticism, but what if they did? They were probably stock studio clothes.

MARY MILES MINTER FAN.—No, I don't know any chorus girls, but, with De Wolf Hopper, I can say "Here's to the ladies—God dress 'em!" Josephine Stevens and Roscoe Arbuckle in "The Butcher Boy." You were right in your assumption.

GEORGE C.—No young man ever earned his feed with a billiard cue, and lots of them have rendered themselves incompetent ever to do so. Jessie Arnold was the mother in "Tennessee's Partner." Thomas Holding in "The Eternal Sin." Viola Barry was the girl in "Sea Wolf." Emanuel Turner in "The Redemption of Dave Darcey."

ERNA V.—Miriam Cooper was the sister in "The Birth of a Nation." Lillian Burns was Mary in "The Goddess." I can't tell that play from your description, and besides, things aren't like years ago, when we could read almost all the synopses that were produced and know everything that was going on. Times have changed.

WARWICK AND WALTHALL ADMIRER.—You show good judgment. By the way, the high cost of paper hasn't affected my readers, I'm glad to see. Thanks for the fee. No such person as the police spy in "Badge of Shame." Very sorry. Richard Tabor was with Essanay, but I doubt whether he is playing now. Florence Malone was the child in "The Master Hand." You ask how long I have been over from the Emerald Isle. I've never been over.

OCTAVIA P. R.—Stuart Holmes was Teddy and Mary Martin was Rose in "The Derelict." Douglas Gerrard was Paul and George Gebhardt was Cou Cou in "Eternal Love." You want to hear more of Norma Talmadge. Josie Collins is with Pathé. "Dimples" was released in February, 1916. Gordon Griffith was Blake in "Gloriana." Of course you hear of Bryant Washburn. He is an Essanay star.

K. C., WOODHAVEN.—And who told you so much? The child in "Little Shoes" is not cast. You say the increased price of the Classic isn't going to faze you any. That is right, for it's well worth a quarter, even.

ALICE M.—Arlene Pretty played in one picture with Douglas Fairbanks for Artcraft. She has blue eyes and light hair. Kittens Reichert was Alice in "Her Secret." Arthur Housman and Jean Sothern in "A Mother's Ordeal" (Art Dramas).

(Seventy)

**DOLPH.**—As T. Adams once said, "War is that miserable desolation that finds a land before it like Eden and leaves it behind like a Sodom and Gomorrah." Read Olive Schreiner's book, "Woman and Labor." She defines admirably woman's contribution to war. I shall give an extract from her chapter on "Woman and War": "Men have made boomerangs, bows, swords or guns with which to destroy one another; we have made the men who destroyed and were destroyed! We have in all ages produced, at an enormous cost, the primal munition of war, without which no other would exist. There is no battlefield on earth, nor ever has been, howsoever covered with slain, which it has not cost the women of the race more in actual bloodshed and anguish to supply than it has cost the men who lie there. We pay the first cost on all human life. In supplying the men for the carnage of a battlefield, women have not merely lost actually more blood and gone thru more acute anguish and weariness in the long months of rearing that follow; the women of the race go thru a long, patiently endured strain which no knapsacked soldier on his longest march has ever more than equaled; while even in the matter of death, in all civilized societies, the probability that the average woman will die in childbirth is immeasurably greater than the probability that the average man will die in battle."

**O. R. EL CONDADO.**—Yea, yea, yea; you ask what players take the Classic. Do you honestly want to put me to the trouble of going thru our thousands of subscription files? I guess nearly every player in America reads the Classic. Seena Owen's latest picture is "A Woman's Awakening."

**BRUNETTA, 17.**—Character actor is one who has the power of representing with equal facility widely different characters. Marguerite Clayton and Webster Campbell in "The Clock Struck One" (Essanay). June Daye is with Fox. Have no other pictures she appeared in. Come again.

**GEORGE C.**—Alfred Hickman was George Everett and Jean Hathaway was Mrs. Darnell in "The Master Key." Lee Roy Baker was Michael in "The Exploits of Elaine."

**BERNIE.**—The Screamer is a five-penny affair gotten out in Los Angeles. They say that Tsuru Aoki has signed up with Essanay and will be directed by Frank Borzage. Thomas Santschi in "The Indelible Stain."



FRANKLYN FARNUM ISN'T LAUGHING BECAUSE THE SCENE CALLS FOR IT—HE JUST CANT HELP IT, AND NEITHER CAN YOU IF YOU TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM. SURE COMPETITION WITH THE FAIRBANKS CACKLE!

(Seventy-one)

**DEAR SEÑOR EDITOR.**—Sooner or later, every visitor to Los Angeles travels southward to the marriage-place of Ramona in the City of the Sun.

You may go to Tia Juana (Aunt Jane) by way of rubber-neck wagon, narrow-gauge "Tia Juana Limited"—drawn by a tiny oil-burning engine which makes up in voice for lack of avoirdupois—electric cars or Studebaker Six. Having sampled them all, I prefer the jitney with its courteous chauffeur, especially when I get the front seat with information gratis.

We Coast folk take a yearly trip to Tia Juana, much as you Easterners imbibe sulphur and molasses, and the Mexican trip certainly goes thru one's pockets and removes pesos in much the same fashion as Grandmother's Remedy eradicated facial blemishes.

Not long ago Fannie Ward and Jack Dean decided to relieve the Hollywood Bank of excess responsibility by toting some of their earnings to the border town. "Tennessee's Pardner" really expected to find an infant Monte Carlo, and prepared to emerge from that den of iniquity with nothing more tangible than the return stubs of transportation tickets. Perhaps you can imagine her disappointment when no white-marbled halls of sin and sorrow loomed up as a background for her loveliness, and rummy bookies did the honors instead of velvet-clad attendants. Dont you want me to tell you what Fannie did see? Perhaps this true-to-nature type is more exciting, after all, than the effete nobility of a foreign clime.

Between those movie theaters, Ca-brillo and Plaza, you'll find the Barbara Worth Hotel, almost as much charm lingering about its halls as one finds in the book of that name. Here the jitney calls, and we drive down by way of Chula Vista, where I expect to be handed a lemon, for 'tis the home of the largest citrus groves. Towering pines and eucalyptus, chocolate-coated sentinels, guard the left side of the road, for the sea-breezes which sweep in from the Silver Strand love to throw dust in their eyes, in a wild endeavor to flirt with the young fruit-trees, gay in their floral wreaths.

This would be a fine place for chickens—oh, of course there are always some on the tour, but they dont enjoy a dust-bath, because of their fine feathers, as a staid old Biddy might, and dust-baths are forced upon one here. In many sections of the road you will find dust fourteen inches thick, for the rainy season has "been and went" and sun and wind are having their innings now.

Tiana Juana is about twenty miles from San Diego, but we can make it in fifty minutes with a fearless driver, provided there is not a fiesta when the long line of autos prevents progress. Yes, and that includes crawling over the desert on a parallel plank-road, each plank but a bit wider than an ordinary tire, and used even by the thirty-passenger touring cars. Of course, when a

thousand machines nose each other down this perilous path, you wont be surprised to hear that the trip is accompanied by squeals of fear, à la the "Race Thru the Clouds," for the improvised road over the sand is two miles long, and one might topple off and land in a mess of cactus or mesquite.

An exciting cue is furnished by the *aduanero* at the Mexican customs house, and we all pile out in order that he may peer under seats and lift the cushions. There is no searching of individuals, however, and with a cheery "Buenos dias" we are permitted to resume our way. You'll find a few stocky soldados ornamenting the tiny porch, and it's just as well to note their uniforms, for they change with every administration. At this time they were Carranzistas, and that gentleman's flag flopped forlornly over the alkali road.

Tiana Juana cant boast of flower or blade of grass. In the so-called "calle," or street, ani-mules and getchergoats bite the dust. But look at those purpling hills, vast stretches of brown mesa, the bull-fight arena two blocks distant, and on the other side that funny little fort, with its walls-of-Troy pattern on top, for all the world like those lithographed penny sheets of forts and soldiers which we purchased in—hey, there, class in Ancient History, forward! But if dry as to soil, this little burg is full of good cheer, for fourteen cantinas (saloons) irrigate perhaps twenty casas (houses), and since the Mexican population belongs gladly to the Army of the Unwashed, what need for pumping plants? The cantina will take care of one's thirst, si!

Cant you hear the merry lilt of that guitar at the Cantina Club? Just watch Conchita, with eyes like sparkling burgundy, as she pours two glasses of mescal for two bits. That's a sunshiny little drink, short as to quantity, but long on effect. It makes the head heavy and the feet light, and but little persuasion will induce a mescal-laden Mex to dance. This Cantina Club was actually a U. S. fort in the last scrimmage on the border, and our brave boys held it.

But the real magnet at Aunt Jane's is the Casino. It was here that Fannie Ward and Jack Dean met their Waterloo and found instead of Monte Carlo Junior—what?

Noise! That just describes the gambling hall. Not that the tables are noisy, for the gamblers are motionless statues, inscrutable, immovable, save for their eyes, but I'm sure they have an elusive system of signals as I watch the ever-growing pile of gold and silver on the tables. And such card shuffling! I've been told that a student of the gentle vice is required to shuffle all day long, in solitary confinement, for two months. Surely, practice alone could make possible that noiseless, one-stroke shifting of the spots, perfectly accomplished, before one can mutter "Madre de Dios!"



## Our Pacific Coast News-Letter—Continued

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If there's a skeptical reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or CLASSIC, who says "Oh, but in reality there are never such types as one sees in photoplay dancing-halls," let him or her visit Tia Juana, and be convinced that we still have a very woolly little old West. Dear fans, you know very well you've seen that tall individual with monstrous Stetson, linen duster, spurred boots and heavy caterpillar over upper lip. And you thought that funny-whiskered, bibulous biped with bleary blinkers, blue flannel shirt, bandana, revolver-belt and greasy leather money-pouch belonged only to the William Fox studios? Why, no, he's a regular client of the Casino, and works over in the mines until the pouch feels heavy, when a trip to Tia Juana will relieve him of his burdens.

That short-skirted girlie will dance with any of you for the joy of a yackey-wackey. At seventeen, she is still optimistic and buoyant enough to recover from disappointments. But look at that Gladys Brockwell type, hair disheveled, face hopeless and pallid; don't you remember how Gladys looked in Tom Forman's play? She's had too much mescal, paid for by yon young mechanic who flings an arm about her, and she has forgotten the burning cigaret and starts as it singes her fingers. He asks for another dance, and once more she drags herself unsteadily about, only to fall again, as she has fallen many times, only to get a little more dust on the blue serge, for they don't bother much about sweeping floors down there.

The piano-puncher, clad in knickers, his shirt disclosing a well-chiseled throat, seems a familiar figure. He's had the art knocked out of him in this seven-day go-as-you-please stunt, but some U. S. regulars buy him a drink—they like his ragging. Isn't it funny how every girl will fall for those buttons and khaki uniforms? Our army boys never want for sweethearts, bless 'em!

Two young girls, enjoying their first trip "abroad," join me in an amble to the Mexican Fortress! Any attempt to take snaps of this fuerte means confiscation of the kodak, but, like the miner of old, "I done my damndest; men nor angels can do no more."

Going back we are really held up, for your Uncle Samuel has a good representative at his fortified border bungalow, and we form two lines, one for the deadly of the species and the other for the wearers of bifurcated garments. A year ago, one might import one dollar's worth of tobacco free; now the limit is two bits, and the ladies may carry but one dollar's worth of drawn work or similar mementoes. I buy nothing but postals and foreign stamps in Old Mexico, for all their stuff is imported from Frisco, anyway. But the lady customs officer opens my bag and extracts a pink chiffon veil, which she smilingly returns when convinced that it is a product of the Angel City.

And let me tell you, when I arrived in San Diego again I was thankful God made plumbers and plumbers installed baths.

And what do you suppose I saw at the Orpheum the other night? Quite a crowd of our film-folk, but right near me sat Francis Ford with his new-old wife, the latter beautifully frocked in a greenish shimmery gown and a confection-coat of green. Quite a lot of folks recognized Francis; you remember his little "side-boards" which distinguish him from other men? Just then, the Farber Sisters on the stage got off a little story. Number one remarks, "You mustn't flirt with that man out there; he's a married man." Number two retaliates, "How do you know he's a married man?" "Well, there are two things you can't disguise—a married man and a Ford; you can always tell 'em by their clutch!" Can you see us all howling, and a lot of eyes glued on Mr. and Mrs. Francis?

I must close muy pronto, so adios, Señor Editor.

FRITZI REMONT.



MARGARITA FISCHER ON HER PET OSTRICH

(Seventy-two)

# Just Imagine

By CHESTER W. CLEVELAND

Little Mary doing the vampire stunt—  
Marie Dressler as "Miss George Washington"—

Ham without Bud—

Kate Price in "The Perils of Our Girl Reporters"—

Oshkosh and Kokomo as rival centers of production—

Marc MacDermott opposite Mabel Normand—

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Peace and harmony in the Triangle camp—

Charles Chaplin in support of Pauline Frederick—

"The Great Secret" still running in 1925—

Theda Bara signing an ordinary contract—

Another presidential campaign for Edwin August in 1920—

When Podunk and Turkey Run have their own screen clubs—

The day when there are no more end-seat hogs—

All the old Chaplin prints getting a rest—  
When there will be no more "No Children Admitted" signs—

How many more years before Mary Miles Minter will be fifteen—

When all the stars have their own companies—

No more death-bed scenes—  
Roscoe Arbuckle as "Little Mary Sunshine"—

Jack Kerrigan getting an average of three letters a day—

When the days of over-production are over—

A good vehicle for Mary Fuller—  
The return of the nickel show—

When movie players get what they are worth—

All the movie studios open to visitors—  
An absence of the subtitle reader that usually sits behind you—

When the film fails to break at the climax—

The passing of matinee idols—  
When producers advertise fewer million-dollar productions—

When churches, schools and homes are equipped with movie apparatus—

No more rejection slips—  
No more "Pink Slip" pictures—

All the photoplaywriting schools out of business—

The Ohio censors rejecting "Logging in Louisiana"—

"Youth's Endearing Charm" with Flora Finch.

"The Idiot," an absorbing photoplay, was holding the rapt attention of the audience. Just as it was nearing the thrilling climax, with the reunion of the father and son, the screen was suddenly swept blank. The picture was discontinued.

"Isn't that a shame!" exclaimed a lady sitting in front of me.

"Maybe they forgot their parts," suggested her six-year-old daughter.

(Seventy-three)

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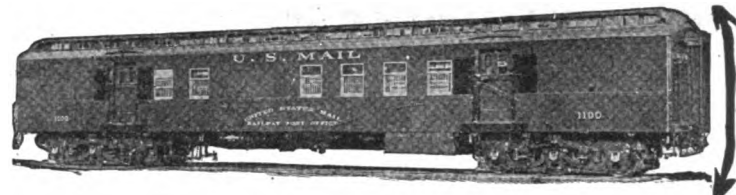
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Two eloquent telegrams: "May 3, 1917. To Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Mount Sinai Hospital, New York City—Having just viewed your magnificent work in the Motion Picture 'Mothers of France,' we, as an audience, desire to express our unbounded appreciation. We cannot give you up, Divine Sarah. We know your unconquerable spirit will win you back to perfect health, just as the spirit of your beloved country—our ally—will lead her to victory. May you live to enjoy the triumph! A message from you as to your real condition will be greatly appreciated by those who have been inspired by your wonderful work in the Motion Picture 'Mothers of France.' (Signed), Committee Representing Alhambra Theater." The reply: "May 11, 1917. To Alhambra Theater, Cincinnati, Ohio—I am profoundly touched by your telegram. I have only tried in 'Mothers of France' to show the real sorrow (grief) which each woman in France feels—a grief which I feel grows deeper from day to day. Thanks for your sweet words. (Signed), Sarah Bernhardt."

Peggy Hyland, the Pavlova of the screen, on the completion of her swan-song appearance with the Vitagraph Company in "The Sixteenth Wife?" announces to all her friends that her temporary address is Mayfair Film Corporation Office, 10 Wall Street, New York City. La petite Peggy is now ready to play rôles requested by her many admirers.

Lou-Tellegen has completed his first production as a Lasky director, co-starring Louise Huff and Jack Pickford and including Theodore Roberts in "What Money Cant Buy."

Mrs. Vernon Castle will appear in a red-blooded, fast-moving five-reel thriller, titled "Carroll of the Secret Service." She will have the splendid support of capable stars. Elliott Dexter plays the leading male rôle; Macey Harlan is the villain; Susan Willa and Mrs. Castle are familiar faces to be seen in this strong detective screen drama.

"Sudden Jim," the popular *Saturday Evening Post* serial story, has been picturized by the Triangle-Ince Company, starring Charles Ray. He will be supported by Sylvia Bremer, the Australian beauty, and J. J. Dowling.

Mabel Taliaferro will be directed by Tod Browning in a forthcoming Metro wonder-play, "Will o' the Wisp," written by Katharine Kavanaugh.

In rehearsing a mob scene in "Betty, Be Good," Jackie Saunders and her new run-about were really mobbed and nearly wrecked when the extras put too much spirit and ginger into the scene. She didn't mind their taking their parts seriously in "The Checkmate," where she plays a dual (twin-sister) rôle of tomboy and dignified young lady.

Sam de Grasse, who played prominent parts in "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" and delightfully remembered as "Bud" Fraser in "The Good Bad Man," will appear with the Douglas Fairbanks company in "A Regular Guy."

Among the various thrilling scenes in Mary Pickford's next presentation, "The Little American," the sinking of the *Lusitania* will be depicted. Rehearsals commenced on May 7th, the second anniversary of this tragic episode. Following this production, "America's Little Sweetheart of the Screen" will appear in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Apparently Chicago's crop of "fine feathers" is short this season. Marguerite Clayton, who is shortly to appear with Jack Gardner in an Essanay feature, entitled "The Night Workers," made a shopping trip

to New York. She made such a rapid Moving Picture fitting in and out of the revolving store-doors that the camera-man failed to qualify in this marathon.

The latest Paramount picture offerings are: "At First Sight," Mae Murray (Famous Players); Anita King appears with Wallace Reid in "The Squaw Man's Son" (Lasky), and he then takes the "Big Timber" with Kathlyn Williams (Morosco); George Beban as the "Cook of Canyon Camp" (Morosco), followed by Lou-Tellegen in "The Long Trail" (Famous Players); Vivian Martin and Sessue Hayakawa travel together in "Forbidden Paths" (Lasky); Fannie Ward fascinates us in "The Crystal Gazer" (Lasky), and Pauline Frederick shows us "The Love That Lives" (Famous Players).

Antonio Moreno is back in New York and is greeting his friends along the Rialto. Tony has resigned from the Vitagraph Company and has not as yet announced his future plans.

Harry Morey, who appeared with Alice Joyce in "Her Secret," is rushing to completion work on another Vitagraph picture play; then he will rush to California.

William S. Hart has deserted his beloved West for the first time in three years and will take a vacation holiday in New York. Newburgh, N. Y., is the birthplace of Mr. Hart, and his mother still lives there. Telegrams of invitations to stop in various cities on his trip across the continent poured in on this popular Ince star, and there were many he found impossible to refuse.

A group picture of Triangle players, taken at Culver City to bid godspeed to Ruth McCord, departing on her 10,000-mile motorcycle trip, included Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Louise Glaum, Bessie Love, Olive Thomas, Bessie Barriscale, Clara Williams, Charles Ray, William S. Hart, and William Desmond. Several hundreds of motor-cyclists from various Los Angeles clubs escorted her to San Diego.

A beautiful play for children is being filmed at the Ince-Triangle studios, Culver City. The studio kiddies, Thelma Salter and Georgie Stone, will have as a supporting cast, Laura Sears, Jack Livingston, J. P. Lockney, Gertrude Claire, Leo Willis and Walter Perry. Exquisite fairyland settings are being constructed for use in this play.

In "Poppy," Norma Talmadge's latest release, she exhibits a wide range of creations, from gingham frocks and pinafores of a little Irish vagabond of the Transvaal to the most exquisite creations of the modistes. African natives give it local color, and luxurious tropical settings make this one of the most beautiful photoplays ever reproduced.

Director Barker found it necessary to hire a real washerwoman as extra for a day, to instruct Charles Gunn and Enid Bennett in the tactics of the laundry lady's art, in making scenes in the Ince-Triangle comedy-drama, "Happiness." The hero earns his way thru college as a "washerwoman."

Tsuru Aoki has resumed her study of Japanese dancing, in which art she has attained proficiency. Only the intimate friends of Miss Aoki, however, have the pleasure of seeing this little Oriental girl interpret the dances of her Japan.

Forrest Halsey has written a photoplay especially for Gail Kane, entitled "The Serpent's Tooth." Following this, she will be directed by Henry King in "The Woman in Black," an exciting (American-Mutual) Secret Service story. Her third offering, "The Upper Crust," is an adaptation of Charles Sherman's novel, "The Indiscretions of Molly."

(Seventy-four)

William Russell is back at the American studios, after a brief vacation, rehearsing "The Frame-up" and "For a Lady's Name." Mr. Russell's divided interests cause him much consternation these days. If it rains, picture-making is suspended—Mr. Russell worries; if it does not rain, a large bean crop on his Fresno ranch is in danger of a drouth—Mr. Russell worries again; when it is cloudy, with neither rain nor sun in prospect, the plot thickens—he is worried both ways.

Mary Miles Minter has a varied assortment of rôles. Dressed as a very poor and then very rich little girl, she changes from a homely to a beautiful little lady in "Annie-for-Spite." In "Periwinkle," she romps along the rugged ocean coast in rubber boots, oilskins and sou'wester. Next she appears as a Tennessee mountain girl in "Melissa of the Hills."

Arthur Shirley will play the rôle of a young civil engineer, opposite Jackie Saunders, in "A Bit of Kindling." The supporting cast in this fourth in a series of Mutual feature-plays includes Edward Jobson, H. C. Russell, Charles Dudley, Ethel Ritchie, J. P. Wade, Charles Blaisdell and George Austin.

One of the most thrilling fight scenes ever filmed will be seen in "The Flame of the Yukon." Kenneth Harlan and Melbourne McDowell disregard Queensberry rules, landing the sort of hard "jazz" hits practiced by the first Alaskan gold rushers.

The camera crank grinds out a goodly grist of golden gems for June: Marjorie Rambeau, in "The Mirror," reflects a story of theatrical life—the action occurs amid and about the bright lights of Broadway; Edna Goodrich makes her screen début in "Reputation" (American); Billie Rhodes, in "Trixie of the Follies," cures a flirting hubby; Lillian Hamilton masquerades in boy's clothing in "Caught in the End" (Vogue); June Caprice, in "A Small-Town Girl," plays well the part (with all due respect to her birthplace, Arlington, Mass.); Ann Murdock, in "Outcast," takes us from America to Piccadilly, London, a Bohemian restaurant in Paris, and a kirk in Scotland.

G. M. Anderson, "Broncho Billy," returns to the screen in a film play, "Humanity," after a busy interim as owner and producer of Broadway theatrical successes. He was one of the pioneers in the Essanay Motion Pictures' interests.

Simplified spelling meets with the approval and endorsement of film manufacturers and is now generally used in all printed matter on films. The list includes words used by the National Education Association since 1898. For example: prolog, catalog, thoroly, thru, altho, etc., and the spelling "t" for the ending "ed" when pronounced "t." MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC long ago adopted simplified spelling and requests contributors and contestants to please follow the fashion.

Shirley Mason, featured in McClure's "Seven Deadly Sins," will have the leading rôle in Edison's "The Little Chevalier;" Freddie Verdi (formerly with Selznick, in "The Foolish Virgin") is cast with Miss Mason in "The Little Chevalier."

In "The Law of the North" (Edison) Shirley Mason appeared in an all-star cast. The other well-known screen favorites are Sally Crute, Pat O'Malley and Richard Tucker. Miss Mason is under contract with McClure, but was recently loaned to Edison.

Vivian Rich has joined the Treasure State Motion Pictures Corporation, Butte, Mont.

The gasoline go-cart has not supplanted faithful Old Dobbin in the affections of Wilfred Lucas. This Triangle star has just fitted up a luxurious stable for his equine friends on his own home estate in California. When he asked their ebony-hued attendant, Tom, what he thought of it, Thomas replied: "Uh—huh! Mistah Lucas, them thyah hawses is jes' waitin' to express a mos' gratifyin' nod of thanks to yo'-all. I know dey surtlny done enjoy dis yere palace. It jes'

(Seventy-five)

makes me almos' wisht I was a hawse, yes, sah!"

Florence Reed has a new "vamp" variety to interpret in the part of Lily Wagner, in "To-day." Lily is a "clothes-horse vamp," and she rides her hobby to the limit. The love of glad rags dominates and destroys all of the near-good or great latent qualities of the beauty who toils not, neither does she spin, but arrays herself in Solomon-like glory and follows the line of least resistance.

The big summer flit has commenced of head-line players from one studio nest to another. It makes us dizzy to try to keep up with them. But here are the important changes of the month: Leah Baird flies from Universal to Ivan; Jack Kerrigan soars from Universal to Paralta; Barbara Tennant hops from Metro to Williamson Brothers; Glad-den James flutters from Triangle to Pathé; Anders Randolph swoops from Vitagraph to Ivan; Elsie McLeod bird-cages from Edison to Metro; and, not to be caught napping,

Jack Richardson flaps from Selig to Triangle.

Here is a crazy-patch of assorted studio news: Just as Olive Stokes Mix is granted her divorce from Tom Mix, Craig Hutchinson leads Mary MacLaren to the altar. Triangle has abolished the famous Fine Arts brand. Norma Phillips, once known as "Our Mutual Girl," is now with World. Universal has added another brand to the burning by discontinuing its Red Feather features. Kittens Reichert has toddled from Fox to Art Dramas, and Rita Jolivet ambles from Morosco to Ivan. And, to make a long story short, Charlotte Burton is haling Essanay into court in a lawsuit for \$28,000. She does not know whether she wants to stay with them or not, and Essanay doesn't know whether they want her to stay or not. So there you are. And, to end with a bit of big romance, Ruth Roland decided to accept the hand and heart of Lionel Kent, a Los Angeles business man, and she is now Mrs. Kent.

## THE Big Midsummer Picture Book

The Harvest Moon, Verandas and Hammocks, Beaches  
and Woods Send a Call for the August  
Motion Picture Magazine

Myrtle Stedman, the "Songbird of the Films," is portrayed as a study in green by Leo Sielke, Jr., on the cover of the August Magazine. She is the call of lush pasture, verdant meadow, green forests, emerald waves—an ideal summer-girl.

"The Why of the Tankless Film," by Hi Sibley, is another photo war-story direct from the firing-line in France. Illustrated with special photographs taken by a famous American airman.

"Dame Fashion's Horoscope," by Dorothy Gregory, former editor of *The Whip*, is a series of stunning lay-outs, especially posed by picture stars in riding toggery and sport-clothes for golfing, fishing, boating and vacationing. The article is written by an authority on smart outdoor clothes.

"A Songbird of the Films," by J. Gordon Bastedo, recites the adventurous career of Myrtle Stedman, opera singer, globe-trotter, "chefette" and picture star. A most eventful life now at its zenith.

"Picture-making in the Tall Uncut," by Frank W. Salley—another of those delightful location stories, dealing with the trials and adventures of Helen Holmes in search of "atmosphere" in the rough country.

"Extra Ladies and Gentlemen," the continuation of W. Sheridan-Bickers' fascinating article on the life of the "special engagement people" in the Los Angeles studios. Illustrated with exclusive photographs from the Coast.

"The Movie Gossip-Shop"—the new department—promises the very best and smartest gossip from Studio-land, illustrated with special snapshots. And then there are a brace of short stories—red-blooded, the kind that tickle your heart and feed your fancy; up-to-the-minute Greenroom Jottings; the Answer Man at his best; a beautiful Rotogravure Gallery of Players, besides a surprise or two to while away a midsummer hour.

"All About the Submarines," by Edwin M. LaRoche, is the absorbing inside story of the "Mystery of the Seas"—how they have been used in pictures and how they attack, disappear, and live their charmed and mysterious life. Reserved for the September issue.

### VOTING COUPON

## CLASSIC KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST

Any reader may vote once a month by filling out this coupon and mailing it to the CLASSIC, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The same player may be voted for for all three attributes. Additional coupons can be obtained by addressing the CLASSIC Sales Manager, also clubbing rates and extra coupons for subscriptions.

I vote for the following players:

MALE		FEMALE	
Beauty.....		Beauty.....	
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# Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS



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entitled "The Crowning Glory of Womanhood" and learn how to add style and attractiveness to your figure—fill out hollows in your neck—develop your bust—possess beautifully rounded shoulders. Book tells you how to do it in a charmingly natural and simple manner. Write for it today. Sent free in plain envelope.

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Suite 636 Garland Building, Chicago, Illinois



The Fox and the Lasky companies have gone in for a small army all their own. Each has what it terms a Home Guard, composed of the members of the various departments at the studios. They are fully equipped in every respect, from the uniforms to the guns. An army officer is training the men at both studios.

Some massive sets are being erected for the Theda Bara production that will soon be started. It looks strange to see the sets of ancient Rome next to the famous French Bastille.

Ora Carew, the Keystone star, has won another beauty contest, which makes the third she has walked away with in the last two months. She is fast becoming known as "The Keystone Beauty."

William S. Hart is off on a trip and will visit every State in the Union. He certainly will be missed while he is gone.

Herbert Rawlinson, the Universal star, has had a great deal of luck lately. Everything he has touched has turned into money, and, to cap the climax, his better-half won "The House Beautiful," which is worth several thousand dollars, in a raffle on a fifty-cent chance.

Max Linder is still laid up in bed, suffering from wounds he received while fighting at the front. His company of players has been temporarily disbanded until the famous comedian recovers.

Margarita Fischer is working at her studios in San Diego on a brand-new five-reel story that is said to be a dandy. It is called "The Merry Missionary" and was written by J. E. Hungerford. Harry Pollard is attending to the directing.

Allen J. Holubar seems to have a fondness for battle-scenes. He is now working on some more fighting scenes that will go into his latest feature from the pen of Brand Whitlock.

The indications of a tremendous crowd at the week's running of the new Douglas Fairbanks picture were so pronounced that "In Again, Out Again" was run at Clune's Auditorium instead of his Broadway Theater. The large seating capacity was taxed to the utmost during every performance. "Doug" certainly is a favorite here.

Speaking of Fairbanks, "Doug" is working on "A Regular Guy" at the Lasky studios, and progressing very favorably with it, too. He has selected his types for the film very carefully, and has certainly secured what the story calls for in every detail. It looks like a winner.

Henry King, discoverer of Baby Marie Osborne, is no longer directing at the Balboa plant in Long Beach. Henry is now at Santa Barbara, where he is directing the destinies of Gail Kane in American productions.

Tom Ince has left us flat for the time being and gone East.

Mack Sennett is also in the East, looking after the affairs of his Keystone busy business.

Charles Ray is up among the big timber regions of Santa Cruz, where he is filming scenes for a big seven-reel Ince special production.

Bill Farnum and his director are in New York, where they will make two features before returning to the Coast, while Theda Bara is in Los Angeles, where she will be filmed in two features before returning to New York. Sort of tit for tat.

David Kirkland has just finished a comedy under the supervision of Henry "Pathe" Lehrman, in which Dot Farley will be seen as a country vampire. It sure looks like a scream.

Harry Ham, the handsome juvenile, has returned to the Christie forces.

Just before he left Los Angeles, Frank

Lloyd took several scenes in his William Farnum production in which he used two Hawaiian hula-hula dancers. Work was suspended among the other companies until every one had a good look.

Helen Holmes shipped three car-loads of cattle to her ranch last week, near Lund, Utah; Chester Conklin has put a new irrigation system on his bean ranch that has cost him several thousand dollars, and Monroe Salisbury has just disposed of several tons of apricots to a cannery. In their spare time these people are actors and actresses.

"Chet" Franklin, the director, came mighty close to winning a dancing contest the other evening at the Vernon Country Club. The bunch were all pulling strong for "Chet," but number thirteen just nosed him out.

Hollywood is becoming rather devoid of players as the summer draws on. They are all taking cottages down at Venice, so that they can be sure of a morning dip in the ocean before going to work.

Bessie Barriscale will start her first production for her own company on June first. Her plays will be released by Paralta. J. Warren Kerrigan will also release thru this organization.

Dorothy Dalton had a wonderful set built for herself at the Ince studio in Culver City—a big ballroom set, one of the largest ever put up at the studio. It will be seen in her latest offering, "Wild Winship's Widow."

Raymond B. West, who has been directing some of the biggest successes that have been made at the Ince studios, has been signed to direct Bessie Barriscale for her own company. West directed several pictures with Miss Barriscale at the Ince studios.

Lee Moran is getting to be quite a night-owl. Saw him up at nine-thirty the other evening.

Horace Davey, who has been associated with Al Christie for a long time, has joined the Horsley studios to direct comedies.

The stork has visited Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sloman. A fine baby girl!

Thirteen baby wolves were born at the Universal City zoo this week.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran are certainly turning them out at the Universal in record time. They do about one every four days now, under the direction of Roy Clements. "Seeing Things" is the name of their latest offering.

Lots more newsy notes next time. Order your copy now.

## HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS

A young writer who has been rather unfortunate in the matter of sales recently confided to a friend that he had at last written something that he was sure would be accepted by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"You dont say!" exclaimed the friend, interested. "And what is it?"

"A check for a year's subscription."

## IN THE FUTURE

"Motion Pictures," read the small boy from his history, "were first shown in the United States in 1871 A. D."

"What does A. D. stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered.

"I dont exactly know," he said. "Maybe it's after dark."

## ADDITIONAL REWARD

The picture on the screen was of the hero rescuing the girl from a watery grave. He had taken her to shore, and now he supported her in his arms.

"Well," said Little Sister savagely, "it's a wonder he wouldn't kiss her."

"Huh!" replied Little Brother belligerently; "aint he done enuff for her already?"

(Seventy-six)

## THE CLEVEREST BOOK



L. Case Russell

Shakespeare said: "The play's the thing!" Nowadays, an audience of 30,000,000 says: "The plot's the thing!" Fame and fortune await the new profession—the photo-dramatist. \$2,000,000 is paid each year for clever plots, and a strong "plot-maker" is caught up and captured alive. We have retained the services of L. Case Russell, the O. Henry of screen story-writers, to tell how it is done. No lessons, no textbooks, no dry detail—a simple, readable, "inside" story of plot catching is

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**Morosco.**—"The Brat." Maude Fulton wrote this charming play and takes the title rôle excellently. She has created a unique and interesting character, and Mary Pickford and Laurette Taylor had better watch out.

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**Globe.**—"Out There." Laurette Taylor's best since "Peg o' My Heart," but it is a play of characterization rather than of plot and story, of which it has practically none. A preachment on recruiting and interesting to all who like scenes in military hospitals.

**Harris.**—"Lilac Time." An absorbing, interesting dramatic play of modern French war-time in which Jane Cowl does some excellent dramatic work, supported by a good company. The play has a strong appeal and is no doubt destined for a long run.

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(Seventy-seven.)

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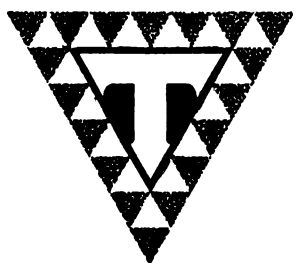
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(Four)



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*Too often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our powder boxes and then think our skins are passing fair*

If you could only see your skin as others see it, you would not feel so contented. You would realize just how much lovelier it could be.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. For the first time, really look at it as someone else would. Find out just what condition it is in.

Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by disfiguring blackheads? Perhaps you will find its only flaw to be conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever the trouble is, it *can* be changed. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is your opportunity. You can make this new skin just what you would love to have it.

### To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, cleanse your face thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into your pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm

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This treatment will make your skin fresher and cleaner the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

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Send 4c and we will send you a miniature edition of the large Woodbury Book "A Skin You Love to Touch," giving all of the famous Woodbury skin treatments and valuable facts about the care of the skin which few people know, together with a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these skin treatments.

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*For sale wherever toilet goods are sold.*




Driving himself tandem is no effort for Robert Warwick. Assured of a long Broadway engagement on the stage, the "doublestar" will produce his pictures at the same time.

# ROBERT WARWICK



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Mildred Manning is starting just where she left off—on Broadway. Cast to portray the whimsical heroines of O. Henry, Vitagraph's leading woman is prepared to be one of the "Four Hundred" in art and one of the "Four Million" in appeal.

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CAMPBELL

Mildred  
Manning



©  
APEDA

MARGARET  
ILLINGTON

Another of the stage's "first-water" emotional stars is making her picture début. The art of reading tears into Ibsen's lines can well be translated by her into the language of the lens. Margaret Illington's new field is with the Lasky Company.





With the kiss of dying soldiers still on her cheeks, and the hand clasps of recovered ones hallowing her hands, Maxine Elliott comes to us fresh from the trenches in Europe to take up her work again. She has never faced the camera, but her long and brilliant career on the stage assures her a welcoming audience.

# MAXINE ELLIOTT

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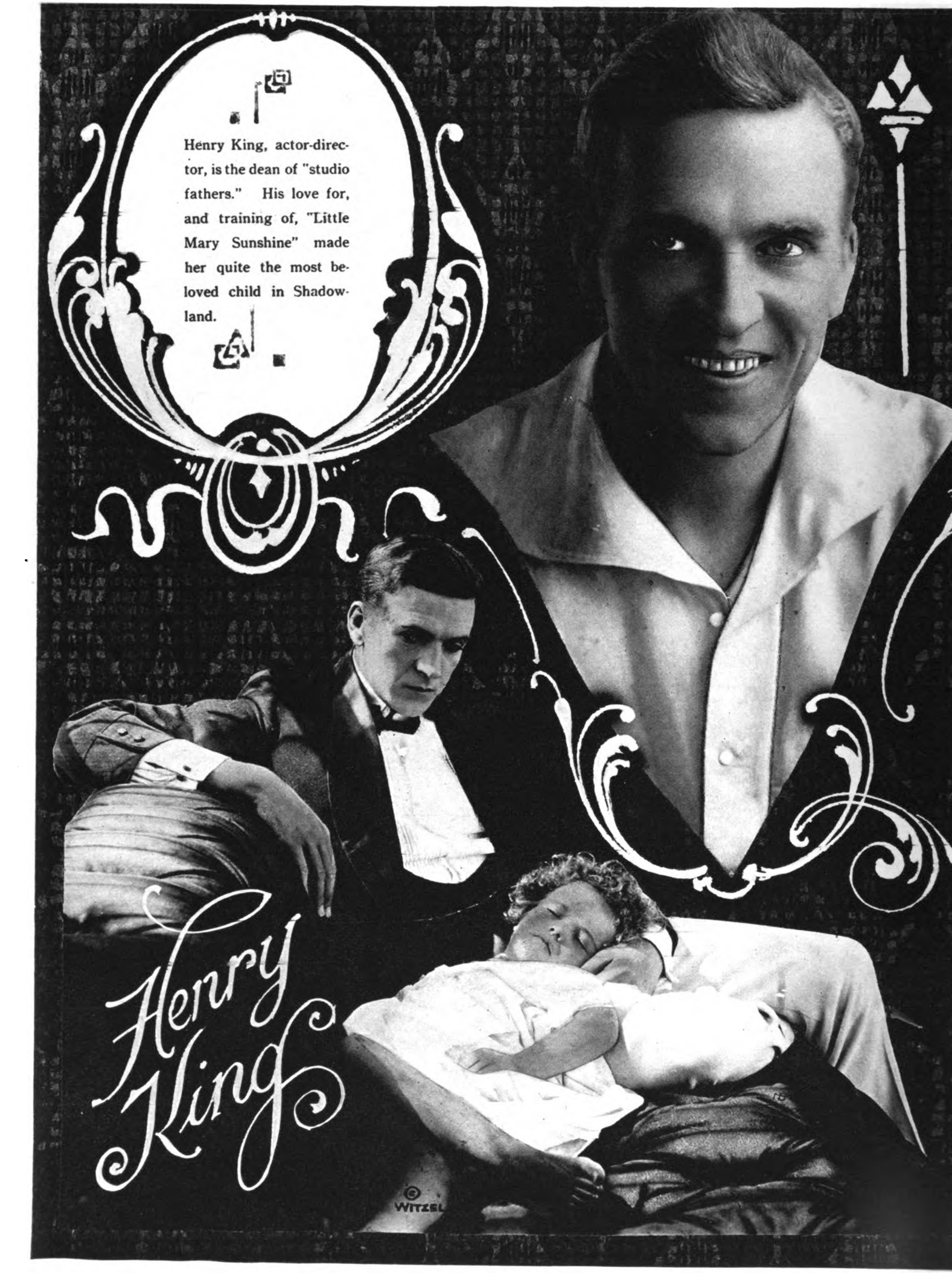
# Margarita Fischer

Margarita Fischer is fast making her name a household word. Her stardom crown has always fitted her nicely, but in Santa

Barbara she is now taking the leadership for sweet charity's sake as well as enlisting recruits for Uncle Sam's Navy.

© WITZEL





Henry King, actor-director, is the dean of "studio fathers." His love for, and training of, "Little Mary Sunshine" made her quite the most beloved child in Shadowland.

Henry  
King

WITZEL

# ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE

With Roscoe Arbuckle back  
in its midst "Lil' Old New  
York" feels safe from  
attack and earthquakes.  
The Roscoe "film mountain  
in labor" is charged with  
nothing but chuckles and  
laughs.



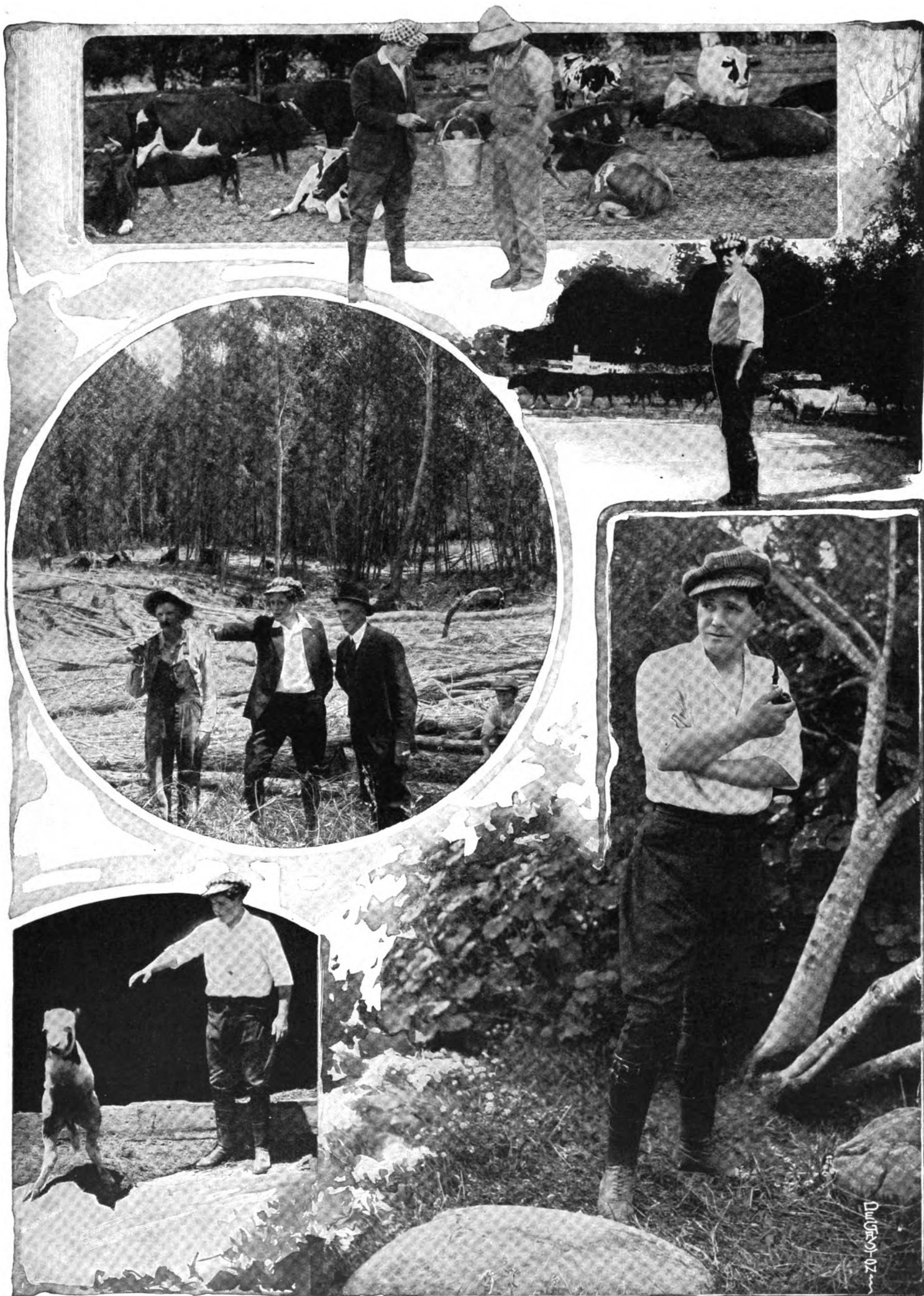




## LITTLE JANE LEE

Jane Lee is not only the tiniest darling in "The Daughter of the Gods" but, with her sister Katherine, is also the sweetest little woman in the Fox studios. This pocket-edition actress has "the run of the shop."





DLUGA-02

(Fifteen)

SCENES ON THOMAS CHATTERTON'S CALIFORNIA RANCH. (FOR DESCRIPTIVE TEXT, SEE PAGE 64)



## Movie Battles That Make Mars Blush

By FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE

Military Instructor of West Middle School District, Hartford, Conn.

WHEN will Moving Picture directors learn that battles are not mere matters of rifle and artillery fire, smoke-balls and haphazard charges and countercharges? It would seem as if even those who are absolutely without military training might have learnt something from reading the accounts of the present great war, but apparently they have not. If it's a good picture from a photographic standpoint, that's all they seem to care, and the result is a confused jumble of which neither the soldier nor the civilian can make head or tail.

The Motion Picture director's idea of how a battle should be fought seems to be the direct opposite of that of a military expert. The director's way of meeting a charge is to climb out of a trench, or over a breastwork, and meet it with a countercharge in the open. The soldiers' way of trying to stop the same form of attack is to stick tight to whatever defenses are available and shoot fast and straight. It is fortunate for us that Motion Picture direc-

tors were not in command of our forces at Bunker Hill and Gettysburg.

In real warfare the artillery try to screen their guns as much as possible from observation, but in Motion Picture fights the guns are almost invariably placed in the open where they could readily be seen by hostile airmen. Another pleasing idea of the



SIEGE GUNS THAT ARE PLAINLY IN SIGHT OF THE ENEMY'S AIR FLEET ("WOMANHOOD")

(Sixteen)



movie general is to plant his colors on top of his breastworks so as to enable the enemy to get the exact range. One might go on indefinitely along this line, but what's the use?

"The Fall of a Nation" affords an excellent example of how a military Moving Picture ought not to be presented. The story of the picture is interesting, made as it is from a well-written book, and its theme is a strong plea for adequate military preparedness; but as a presentation of war, it is from the soldier's standpoint very, very bad.

The story deals with an American of great wealth who seeks to overthrow the republic and found a monarchy. He is aided in his scheme by a foreign power, and when his plans succeed he is made governor-general and becomes a prince. Later, of course, he is killed and the republic restored.

The earlier part of the picture which deals with the plotting, and introduces the love interest, is coherent, interesting and well played, but as soon

as the fighting begins, the picture from a military standpoint goes to pieces.

One sees the soldiers of the foreign power, who have been sent over here in disguise, meeting secretly to receive their uniforms and arms, and one notices that while each man is issued a rifle, not one of them gets a cartridge-belt or even a bayonet, and it is hard to understand how a force thus armed could capture a city like New York, protected by its police and national guard, to say nothing of its unofficial gunmen. This curious condition is in evidence more or less throughout the picture, even after the enemy's supposedly veteran troops have landed. The American forces, history shows, have often been illy



UPPER PICTURE:—CORRECT TRENCH FORMATION ("WOMANHOOD"). LOWER PICTURE:—INCORRECT TRENCH FORMATION, LACK OF MACHINE-GUNS, ETC. ("FALL OF A NATION")

(Seventeen)



equipped, but I do not recall an instance where they have not had at least a round or two of ammunition at the beginning of a fight.

Well, the war is on. The American forces are intrenched on Long Island, with a battery or two of field artillery in support placed in a nice open lot, where in actual warfare they would be annihilated in ten minutes. The enemy advance and the Americans, after firing a few rounds at them, swarm out of their protecting trenches and charge. The enemy retreat and then countercharge. Rifles crack, cannons roar, flags wave and smoke-balls are plentifully used. It is magnificent, but as was said of the charge of the Light Brigade, "it is not war."

Eventually, the enemy bring up the forty-two centimeter guns, designed for use against permanent fortifications, and not against trenches, which they also place in an open field or else where they are outlined against the sky, and these terrible weapons proceed to make the dirt fly in earnest. The heroic Americans cannot stand against them, and from the confusion which ensues you gather that all is over. This is war as the movies see it.

Now supposing that the director in

presenting this battle had tried to put it on under approximate conditions of actual warfare, to my mind he would have had twice as effective a picture at no greater cost. Let us say that he showed first the American trenches manned with uniformed soldiers and partially uniformed volunteers. The flags would not be visible and as many machine guns as possible would be scattered amongst the infantry. Back of the trenches, carefully screened from aerial observation by bushes and trees, would be the artillery. In various parts of the field would be field hospitals. Supply and ammunition wagons would be placed so as to meet needs as they might arise.

Now change to the enemy's side and show his advance, with cavalry scouting on ahead, aeroplanes searching from the sky, infantry in solid columns marching along the roads and with the artillery and trains bringing up the rear. The enemy discover the American lines. The enemy's infantry form for assault, while their artillery unlimber and prepare to support their advance.

The Americans prepare to meet the assault. The enemy assault in mass. Panorama view. The Americans open fire. A series of pictures showing scenes in the different parts of the field,

the infantry and artillery in action, reserve ammunition being rushed forward, the wounded being carried to the field hospitals and bandaged; the hospitals themselves being under shell fire. Panorama view of the enemy's advance, at a walk, with men falling. The advance come on in spite of everything. They get within charging distance and rush forward with a wild yell. The Americans redouble their fire. The enemy's line wavers, steadies again, wavers, and finally breaks. The assault is repulsed. Cheering in the American trenches.

The enemy bring up more guns and shell the American trenches; the American batteries reply, but are soon out of ammunition (pictures of empty caissons) and are put out of action. The Americans die by hundreds under the rain of shrapnel and shells. (Trenches could be mined, manned by dummies, and blown up.) The enemy form again for assault. The assault is made. Unsupported by their artillery, the Americans are unable to stop this assault and die fighting in their trenches.

A Motion Picture presented along these lines could be easily followed, would accent the "suspense," would be educational to our young soldiers, and would approximate technical correctness.



A TURNOUT FOR AL LICHTMAN, GENERAL MANAGER OF ARTCRAFT, UPON HIS VISIT TO CALIFORNIA. LEFT TO RIGHT:—  
FIRST ROW—AL LICHTMAN, JOHN EMERSON, JACK PICKFORD, MOTHER AND MARY  
PICKFORD, AND SMILING DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

(Eighteen)

# The Screen Kiss

From Rude Beginnings to Present-Day  
Perfect Attacks—By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

GAIL KANE  
IN  
"WHOSE WIFE?"

**I**N looking around for authorities on what a kiss is and how it can be expressed I found that the Good Book is a treasure-house of knowledge on the subject. There are fourteen distinct kinds of kisses recorded in the Bible. But, alas! they are of the common or garden variety in these days of inventive genius. The little boy who first made cross-marks on his letter and called them kisses delivered the first long-distance caress, and you can imagine how shocked Salome or some other Biblical flirt would have been if she had received her morning salutation over the telephone. (Of course this is only hearsay with the author, but telephone central girls claim it's now an every-day practice.)

The author found that even modern dictionaries were extremely backward in defining the range and variety of the kiss. After consulting most of the eminent lexicographers, one of

OWEN  
MOORE  
AND  
MARGUERITE  
COURTOT IN  
"THE KISS"



stage with the precision of a machine-gun, mis-fired dreadfully when they aimed at the deadly camera. In the halcyon days of the one-reeler, when every studio made a pot of money every day and every little picture was just perfectly lovely to its audiences, almost every photoplay ended with a kiss. To first-nighters the signs of its coming

CULLEN LANDIS AND  
PATRICIA BENSON (BALBOA)

MIGNON  
LE BRUN AND  
EDWARD JOBSON

whom is known to have three wives, the lack of information about the kiss is appalling. Here are some of the dry-as-dust definitions: "A caress given by smacking of the lips!" "A salute with the lips!" "A form of affectionate salutation expressed by contact of the lips." Horrors! these narrow limitations would not satisfy the most jaundiced old maid; or even Gladstone Dowie, the man who was never kist. There is no feeling; no imagination; no trembling of the lips; no tears nor heart-burnings; no after-effects—not even a germ! According to definition, a kiss might as well be a hurled brick or a tooth-brush exercise. Only one lexicographer shows a suggestion of insight and feeling by confessing that "A kiss is a kind of confectionery."

This is the sort of sympathy directors were up against when kisses were first manufactured for the screen. All sorts of troubles developed in registering even the simplest labial contact. Actors who were Don Juans in private exhibited the restraints of Saint Anthony when forced to give up a celluloid smack. Actresses who could aim and fire caresses on the

ARMA JACOBSON  
AND  
LEWIS KING  
(BALBOA)

ETHEL  
PEPPRELL  
AND  
EDDIE  
PETERS  
(BALBOA)

were writ all over the screen. It was just like the gather-round-me chorus of the curtain ensemble in musical-comedy. Just so much footage was always allowed for the curtain-kiss, and it was always delivered and received in the

itself," with the result that the perforations did not mesh and little white dots trailed up and down the face and figures of the kissing couple. So in time the pioneer screen-kiss most aptly came to be known as "the Perforated Kiss."

With the advent into filmland of real actors instead of reel actors, and of stage directors taking the place of broken-down stock actors and two-a-days alongside of the camera, the pantomime of silent drama began to mean something, and the screen-kiss slowly but surely was exalted to its proper place. Today it is a fine brush in the hand of a master artist. A celluloid kiss can and does register a thousand shades of meaning. Nevermore is

FRANK  
MCINTYRE IN "THE  
TRAVELING SALESMAN"

same way. After the lover had overcome all his troubles and put the "heavy" *hors de combat*, the loved one, by a singular prescience, was always waiting for him by the roadside, on the beach, or silhouetted on a cliff against the sun—just where it doesn't matter. She usually twirled a daisy and sighed. This was the cue for the kisser to enter and for the first-nighters to reach for their overcoats. The lover approached yearningly, a bit of conventional skirmishing was done by both parties, the screen-kiss was delivered, and one second afterwards—"Approved by the Board of Censors" chased it out of sight.

A curious thing about the original screen-kiss is that the operators always knew that it was coming, hand-in-hand with the censorship tag. In their hurry to exchange reels they would let the screen-kiss "take care of

RUTH  
ROLAND  
AND  
PHILO MC CULLOUGH  
(BALBOA)

PAULINE  
FREDERICK  
IN "THE  
WOMAN IN  
THE CASE"



it the final sticky fifty feet of the inevitable dénouement.

The screen-kiss today helps to tell the story of the film. As the case may be, it motivates its characters; characterizes them; makes or mars their destinies, and gives just the proper shading to the sentiment.

It was only recently that Famous Players labeled the kiss paramount by christening a photoplay for it—"The Kiss," presenting Marguerite Courtot

ROBERT GRAY  
AND  
VOLA VALE  
(BALBOA)



The kiss that germinated the plot and vitalized the drama is not the mere stolen-in-a-conservatory kind. It is the young girl's first chaste salute, and with it she forever surrenders her heart's freedom. Her still alertness of pose, the hesitancy of her hands, helps to tell the story—"Her First Kiss."

It is said that the stage is the school of experience and that its portrayals are only the crucial things of life well told. If this be true, what should be more carefully registered than the kiss? It may be the beginning of a woman's life—or its crossways—or its end. And, if a capable actress, she should put every shade of meaning into it to define it. Out in sun-loving Santa Barbara, Gail Kane is undertaking the hardest work of her screen career. By hardest we mean the most intelligent and that requiring the most refined emotionalism. Emotions in the rough are slapstick; in the embryo are purely conventional, but to be fully expressed require the fine and high art of refined emotionalism.

In "Whose Wife?" Miss Kane portrays Constance, a rather usual and undramatic quality. And it is strictly up to her and her director to present this common attribute (so-called) so finely as to grip the heart and inspire the imagination. A wife is expected to make sacrifices; she must, therefore, touch her audience by the manner in which she makes them.

In making her kiss of betrothal in this photodrama its earnestness and sense of sacrifice have to be made apparent. Its emotion was restrained, yet forceful; deliberate, yet deep.

It was the willingness to give and take, to serve and sacrifice for all time.

Kissers can be classified as spiritual, mental or sensuous. By sensuous we do not mean the purely sensual, such as the linger-longer or violent vampire kind. The sensuous kiss has little motive

back of it—  
it is as

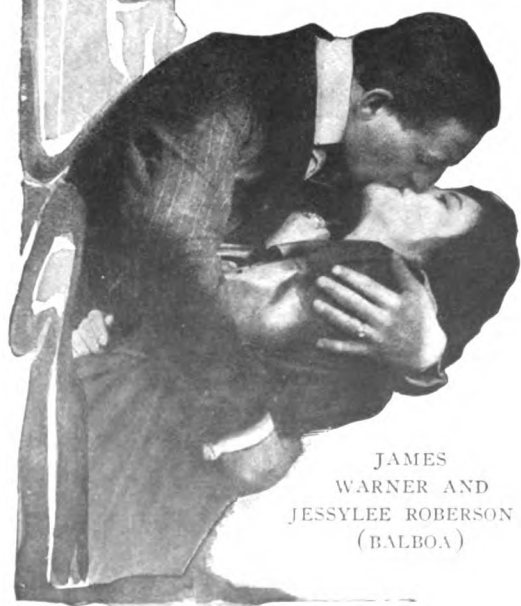


GLORIA PAYTON AND NEIL HARDIN

Moore in an idyllic and sentimental light drama. Nowhere in its conception and situations was refined sentiment driven to cover nor ennuied thru lack of imagination.

inspirational and fugitive as a laugh. The cuddlesome kind, like newlyweds are given to overindulge in, freights about as much definition as the antics of a blind and newly born kitten. It simply arrives—by the joy route. But even a kissing-bee of this hit-or-miss type now has its distinct interpretation on the screen. Such a thing often falls into burlesque unless finely rendered, and perhaps there is no finer example of the semi-humorous, semi-serious art of honeymoon osculation than the one Pauline Frederick depicts in "The Woman in the Case." Her kisses are neither sacrificial, sublime nor

JAMES  
WARNER AND  
JESSYLEE ROBERSON  
(BALBOA)



new, but properly to measure their joy she cups her hands around her hubby's chubby cheeks—just a little touch that labels it a newlywed kiss.

All acting is either simulated, stimulated (sometimes with stimulants) or inspired. 'Tis the same with the kiss—it must be mighty well "simmed" or "stimmed" or heartfelt to get across. Herein is where Mr. Actor Man sometimes fails dismally. In his effort to register a perfect shot he often goes the cave-man one better, and Mayme in the audience quits mauling her gum just long enough to whisper: "My Gawd, aint he dreadful rough?" The fact is that the swooping, chicken-hawk kiss, with the kissee bent double beneath it, is not even convincing to Mayme, the wash-goods wrapper.

The kiss of resignation is usually a comedy gag, but, strange to say, it can be made a telling point in the most pulsating drama. The Man of God received the kiss of Judas resignedly—a salutation that signalized the world's greatest tragedy. It is a story with a thousand warps and woofs—resignation and the kiss that may mean it—but in screen fancy the "Kiss of Resignation" has been side-tracked mostly to comedy. When mother-in-law arrives in the midst of the happy nest and kisses the bridegroom, if he doesn't register unqualified resignation the laugh will never get across. In "The Traveling Salesman" no lines are needed to abet the screen; you can plainly hear Frank McIntyre saying, "It's all up with me—I surrender—my goose is cooked!"

There are sweet shades of meaning that set apart the farewell kiss from its more showy fellows. After once seeing, who can ever forget the farewell kiss of "The Huguenot Lovers"? The pose and expression of the farewell kiss is caught in every line and limb of this exquisite painting. The saddened, misty eyes, the gentle touch of her lips and arms portray only too well the reverence of a lofty love and its parting.

We are fortunate to possess a photograph of Ruth Roland and Philo McCullough which well illustrates the kiss that lingers on the borderland of the spiritual and the real.

In the picture of Bob Gray and Vola Vale, "shot" on the romantic sands of

Venice, California, even the most amateurish heart analyst can see that their duel of lips is a prelude to an engagement. It hasn't been one of those sudden, vacation courtships either, but the companionship of years that has at last brought them to their sweet confessional.

When a kiss is stolen from a maiden she is either surprised or does the next best thing—pretends that she is. It is only in unreality when a kiss is purloined that the girl tells the man "to put it right back!" Sentimentalists, especially women, do not like to see the "Kiss of Surprise." They want all the preliminary hoots that go with it. To a woman, a stolen kiss, even tho it's stolen from another woman on the screen, is a paring without its peach; in other words—a skin! The actress who cant pretend that she's surprised is an enemy to her sex. All in all, the stolen kiss, while short and snappy to the taste, is difficult to register to the comfort of all concerned.

Gloria Payton and Neil Hardin have effectively posed for us the stolen kiss. As can be seen, it is in its first stages, and we can assure our gentle readers that she will at least register surprise as soon as her lips are off on their own hook again. We suggest this merely to save the lady's dramatic reputation from critics who actually know the after-effects of the surprised kiss.

As there is no limit to the length of a siren kiss, just so there is no jumping-off place to a discreet discussion of kissing. But we are resolved to bring our kissing-bee to a grand finale, just like the closing chorus of all stars in the minstrels and the big set-piece of the Coney Island fireworks. So here is a cluster of kisses that thrill, or at least will turn

over a back-log in somebody's wood-box of memory. With half an eye we can see Mignon LeBrun is receiving a chaste salute from Edward Jobson, and that she is well aware that he is a plutocrat.

Arma Jacobson and Lewis King are registering such a bucolic and unadulterated kiss that if such things happened every day in the country there would be a lot more "To Let" signs on bachelors' row in the hall-bedroom colony. Ethel Pepprell is putting the "pep" in Pepprell in her attack on the purity of Eddie Peters' lips. We guess it's a stolen kiss—not from each other, but without mama's consent. "The Quizzical Kiss" is a new one, but it's perfectly *au fait*, according to Cullen Landis and Patricia Benson. The idea is that they dont know whether it's going to be painful or not, so they mix in a sort of pain-killer smile.

Every kiss is more or less of an episode in Life's serial, and the next episode starts as soon as the icing on the first kiss has been nibbled off. Altho—and this we cant understand at all—they say that Ralph Kellard did not kiss Pearl White until the twelfth episode of "Pearl of the Army." We received this astonishing news from an indignant girl reader who spent twelve perfectly good dimes waiting for the event. All we've got to say is that there was something the matter with the story, or with Ralph, or with the army, because Pearl is awfully careful of her artistic reputation.

But getting right back to the nunnery, here's a shocking revelation: Having acknowledged that Cullen and Patricia tried out a kiss, we must show them in the act of repeating. I leave it to every fair-minded girl if Patricia doesn't look as tho she had been kist before. It is going a step too far to assert that the first kiss tarnished her kissing tentacles—practice makes perfect. But the case is now in the hands of the lady jurors. Ladies! cant you see that Patricia is an adept repeater? Her closed eyes (how would she know enough to close her eyes if it were her first offense?), the face lifted to just the right angle to receive the accolade of the lips, the expert tilt of the chin—all proclaim guilty! And as such we want you all to proclaim her a perfectly good actress, because she has registered a perfectly convincing kiss.

## The History of the Silent Screen

By C. H. T.



Just think! A few short years ago,  
We only had one movie show,  
The only one in town—  
Held in a little, stuffy room,  
A total stranger to a broom;  
A cracked piano out of tune,  
And plaster falling down.

In case of rain, the owner came,  
And, with a look of sheepish shame—  
A bashful sort of fellow—  
He'd say, quite sadly, in despair,  
"You'd better get away from there,  
Or raise an umberellow."

The show? Oh, no, it wasn't much;  
Some foreign pictures from the Dutch,  
Or just a few French reels.  
As censure was a thing unknown,  
A damsel's dress was often blown  
Much higher than her heels.

(Twenty-three)

The critics said, "It's all a fad;  
These motion plays are awful bad,  
And they are doomed to go;  
For, like the bicycle and horse—  
Most certainly, oh yes, of course—  
Farewell, the picture show!"

Prophetic souls! Now were they right?  
Well, take a stroll down, any night,  
Along the Great White Way,  
And you will surely ascertain  
They are picture-playing, just the same,  
And they are here to stay.

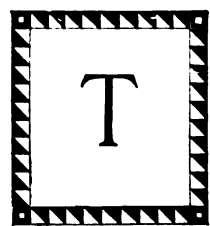
Large oaks from little acorns grow,  
Just so the humble movie show,  
And now its present station.  
Oh, wonderful! 'Tis like a dream!  
This history of the silent screen,  
Stupendous aggregation.

Where just a few short years ago,  
We saw a little one-horse show,  
Is now a blaze of glory.  
Uplifting, moral, censored plays  
Are bound to win deserving praise,  
And that's what tells the story.



# The Perennial Fannie *By Pearl Gaddis*

## The Lasky Juvenile Star Makes a Few Confessions



THE age, matrimonial status and a few other trifling things like that concerning Fannie Ward have been the source of much agitated questioning on the part of photoplay fans. We have heard that she was forty years old—then we go to see her in a picture and we make fun of the report, and judge her as about twenty-one or two—altho she looks about nineteen.

I was curious—as usual—so I hied myself to the cream stucco villa that houses the lady, and demanded of a trim, white-capped maid the whereabouts of her mistress. She led me around the wide veranda to the side, which had been fitted up as an outdoor sitting-room. There were ferns and potted plants everywhere, there were striped awnings to shield it from the sun, there were numerous big, comfy-looking wicker chairs comfortably fitted with flowered chintz cushions. And, most of all, there was Fannie. And there was also Fannie's husband.

"An interviewer?" glowed Fannie (yes, I know it's difficult—but she did it!) "Oh, lovely! Do come sit down and make yourself perfectly comfortable. I just love being interviewed!"

I hastily sought a chair, and dropped, tremblingly, into it. Now in the course of a somewhat extensive career, during which I have interviewed some few hundreds of Motion Picture players, I have never before discovered one who would admit that they were anything but fearfully bored with the ordeal. Because of this, I have acquired a meek, docile manner, something between that of a poor relation and a guinea-pig. Of course, I know that nine out of ten photoplayers really want to be interviewed and that their reluctance is merely a somewhat

wearying pose—but the meek and docile manner is necessary just the same.

However, as the dark-blue eyes of Fannie Ward smiled at me, I felt my meek spirits rising. I felt almost giddy, like an aged horse who has had too much oats.

"I—er—I think I shall have to be excused," suggested Mr. Deane, who is better known as Fannie's husband. "I've an engagement." And he bolted—which was just as well, as this interview was with his wife.

"Now," beamed Fannie (the beauty about being an interviewer is that no matter how meek and docile you may be in public, when you can begin writing

Go!)—"what shall we talk about?"

"Something interesting—you, for instance," suggested I, with a meek attempt at

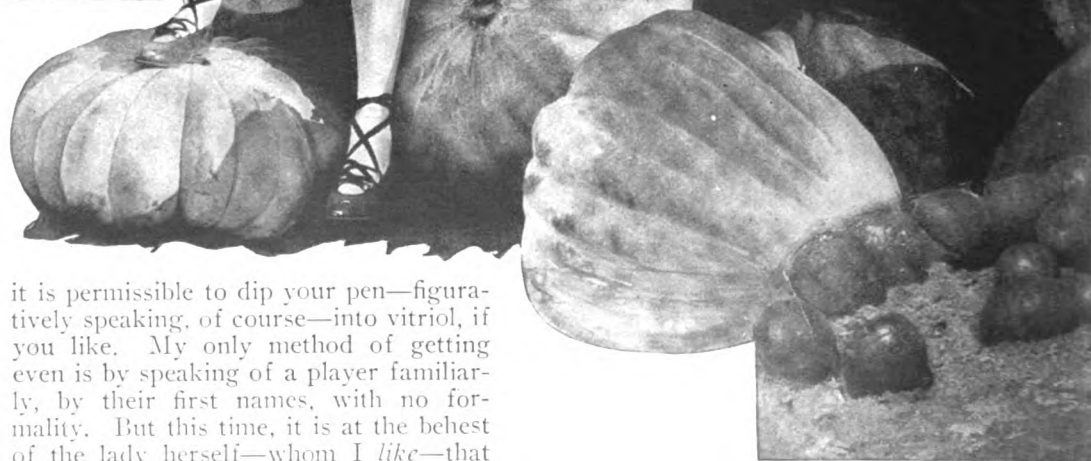


A BIT OF CHARMING CHARACTER WORK

wit. It was such a comfort not to have to soothe and smooth the "temperamental" feelings of a re-



FANNIE WARD AND JACK DEANE IN "A SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS"



FANNIE WARD AS A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD (Twenty-four)

it is permissible to dip your pen—figuratively speaking, of course—into vitriol, if you like. My only method of getting even is by speaking of a player familiarly, by their first names, with no formality. But this time, it is at the behest of the lady herself—whom I like—that I use the informal address. All set?



FANNIE WARD IN EVENING DRESS—

luctant interviewee!

"Oh, of course, I'm delightfully interesting," she mocked with a tinkle of laughter.

"I must remember that this is an interview, and I'm the subject!"

Just here, I remembered a story that I had read, of Ellis Parker Butler's, in which an author, at his first reception, is prevented from saying the smooth, gentle things that are in order, and thru embarrassment says the rough, crude things of truth. For I felt myself in the position of that poor author.

What I meant to say was:

"Wont you tell me about your stage work in London?" a perfectly decent and sane remark. What I really did say was, "Are you really forty years old?"

For a moment she stared, and my knees knocked together, beneath my irreproachably correct gray coat-suit. Then she gave a funny little shout of glee.

"Delicious!" she cried. "This interview is going to be amusing." (To whom? I wondered, in abject terror.) "Yes, I am forty years old; as a matter of fact, I'm more—I'm forty-two. I was born in St. Louis, Mo., November 23, 1875."

Tremblingly I thanked her and jotted the dates down obediently. And then I tried to say, meekly, "And wont you tell me about your stage début?" What I really said, unhappy wretch that I felt myself to be, was: "And did you really marry James Lewis, the South African Diamond King?" I reflected, miserably, that I had no business to drink that second cup of tea. I had hoped to bolster my nerves for the interview—and I had overdone the thing, as usual!

"Really and truly," she answered solemnly, bobbing her beautifully coifed blonde head like a little child. "Suppose you let me tell about it in my own way."

"If you will," I answered, gratefully and meekly.

"Well, I made my stage début as Cupid in 'Peppino', in 1890, at the age of fifteen. Later on, I was on my way to England, for a pleasure-



AND IN EVENING COSTUME ON THE STUDIO STAGE

trip, as well as to round out my education. There I met George Edwardes, the well-known English stage-manager. He was quite nice to me and offered me an engagement in 'The Shop Girl,' which was to open in London that season. So my professional career in England began at the Gaiety Theater, in 'The Shop Girl,' in 1895. It was during my subsequent stay in London, where I may say that I had been very successful, that I

(Continued on page 66)

GIRL WHO BELIEVES IN HOBGOBLINS

(Twenty-five)



# High Jinks at Triangle's Annual Deep-Sea Picnic

By LILLIAN MAY



URING the month of June, when the carnival is on at Venice, California, every studio-player's thoughts lightly turn to that Mecca of their

dreams. Wonderful things are in evidence there—the big fashion parade in which the movie stars appear, displaying party gowns, sport, afternoon and outing dresses—all the styles for the coming season. There's a water, carnival, too, in which the contestants pass down the broad beach-walk in electric chairs. "Why!" exclaimed Sylvia Bremer, Australian beauty and one of the newest members of the Ince-Triangle Company, "last year Fay Tincher won first prize—fifty dollars. You know her bathing-suit was modeled on a black-and-white-striped dress which helped to make her famous in 'Ethel, the Stenographer,' and everybody will try for the prize this year."



BESSIE LOVE

"Anyhow," chorused the players, waxing enthusiastic, "beach parties are very much the vogue and no

end of fun." So the Ince-Triangle forces organized for an outing, and away they went with their land navy of automobiles filled with a merry crew and all the paraphernalia needed for a real beach party, for it was a private beach to which they went and "all the conveniences" had to be carried with them—studio-tents, camp-chairs, cushions and, most important of all, big baskets of eatables.

Tents up, and dainty bathing-suits donned, there was no sitting demurely on the beach "scared to go near the water, my dear," and there was no question of what to do first, for "Off the beach and into the water!" came the order—this from Director Reginald Barker, who can't refrain (from force of habit) from telling people what to do, even when on an outing.

"Come on in, the water's fine!" shouted Director Roy Neill, and in an instant the gay party of mermen and mermaids were frolicking in the surf. It was June and it was California—supposed to be an ideal combination—but nevertheless the water was cold. Nothing daunted, the players rose to the occasion and danced the one-step to the orchestral boom of the breakers. This proved enchanting—at least Wm. S. Hart and Olive Thomas thought so, for they not only won a prize, but continued to dance until the schedule



LINED UP TO BE "SHOT" AT NOON-TIME

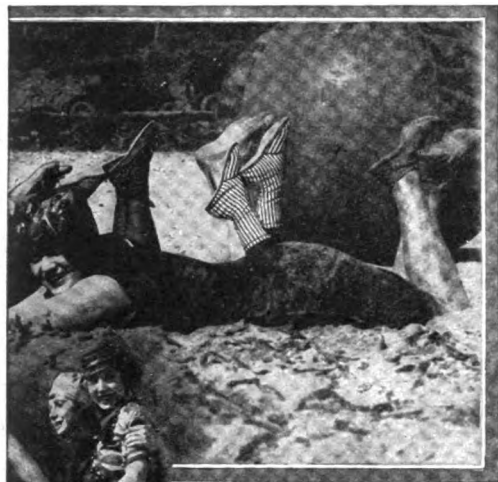


of water-games was sadly disarranged. Mr. Hart proved himself to be a real NOT ONE OF THE PYRAMIDS Romeo of the beach, quite to our surprise. He is supposed to have a cowboy-leap-to-your-horse-and-ride-away way of dealing with ladies, courageous in dealing with men, but—well, we expected pretty, talented Olive



WILLIAM S. HART AND OLIVE THOMAS

(Twenty-six)



ON EGYPT'S SANDS



LED OFF IN THE BEACH ONE-STEP

(Twenty-seven)

she is obliged to resort strenuously to both hard work and pleasure to keep herself in trim. "It speaks well for the movies," she declares. "There was no danger of getting too fat when I was dancing day and night, but this work evidently agrees with me as much as I like it. And isn't it fortunate that the play being produced makes me



THE SAUCY CREW OF THE ABANDONED SCOW

Thomas to completely floor him, and he outdanced her at that!

Speaking of Olive Thomas, it is interesting to note that since leaving New York and "The Follies," where she was reigning beauty and bright, particular show-girl, she has taken on weight to such an extent that

work hard at the very thing that will help 'reduce'?"

There is a completely equipped gymnasium at the Culver City studios, and in a play written for her Miss Thomas and a number of other girls go thru evolutions and do stunts that will make Fairbanks green with envy. And when she isn't doing it for work she does it for fun, taking a turn at the rings and bars, vaulting-horses and rowing exercises, until she will soon be ready for the trenches, she says. So there was method in her madness when she went one-stepping in the breakers and pyramid-building on the sands. It all helps!

Following this, Mr. Hart put his horse, Fritz, thru a number of spectacular water-stunts, quite in his element again, until he was called to assist in athletic stunts, not the least of which was "supporting" four pretty girls—Bessie Love, in her military bathing-suit (one of the rare birds who flew from obscurity into stardom) is perched on the top, of course.

Following the human pyramid, two teams were organized for a game of water-football, and if you don't think this game takes lots of spirit, you should see handsome,

accomplished William Desmond in deep-sea action, tho they do say that his principal hobby is baseball. Clara Williams, "the Spanish beauty," proved herself as much of a whirlwind in the water as on a horse, as the female rough-rider, and Jack Richardson, "the man who robs, steals and plunders," lived up to his reputation by stealing the ball every chance he got. And right here is where Jack Gilbert and Kenneth Harlan proved their versatility and became princes of popularity by making themselves "chefs-in-chief" and unloading the big baskets of eatables while the others lazily sunned themselves on the beach. Of course a few of the pretty little stars—Margery Wilson, Margaret Thompson, Gloria Hope, Mary MacIvor, Margery Bennett, and Josephine Headley—offered assistance and assisted at the "dishing up."

"Isn't it fun?" said Margery Bennett. "And don't we eat just like cannibals!"

"Well, you ought to know," chortled her companions, gleefully, "coming from Australia!" For, be it known, Margery Bennett is the same little sister of Enid Bennett who traveled alone from Sydney, Australia, last year.

"Hurrah for our outing!" cried Gloria Hope, looking very much like her name. "Let's come again!"

"And good-by, all!" quoth William S. Hart, looking quite like a modern Lochinvar as he mounted his horse, glanced at the assemblage of youth and beauty, then turned away with a sigh of regret. "Get aboard your chariots," he commanded; "as for me, I ride my faithful steed."



WILLIAM S. HART



# Earle Williams—Revolutionist

Getting Into Mysterious Troubles and Getting Fair Maids Out of Them

By DOROTHY DICKINSON

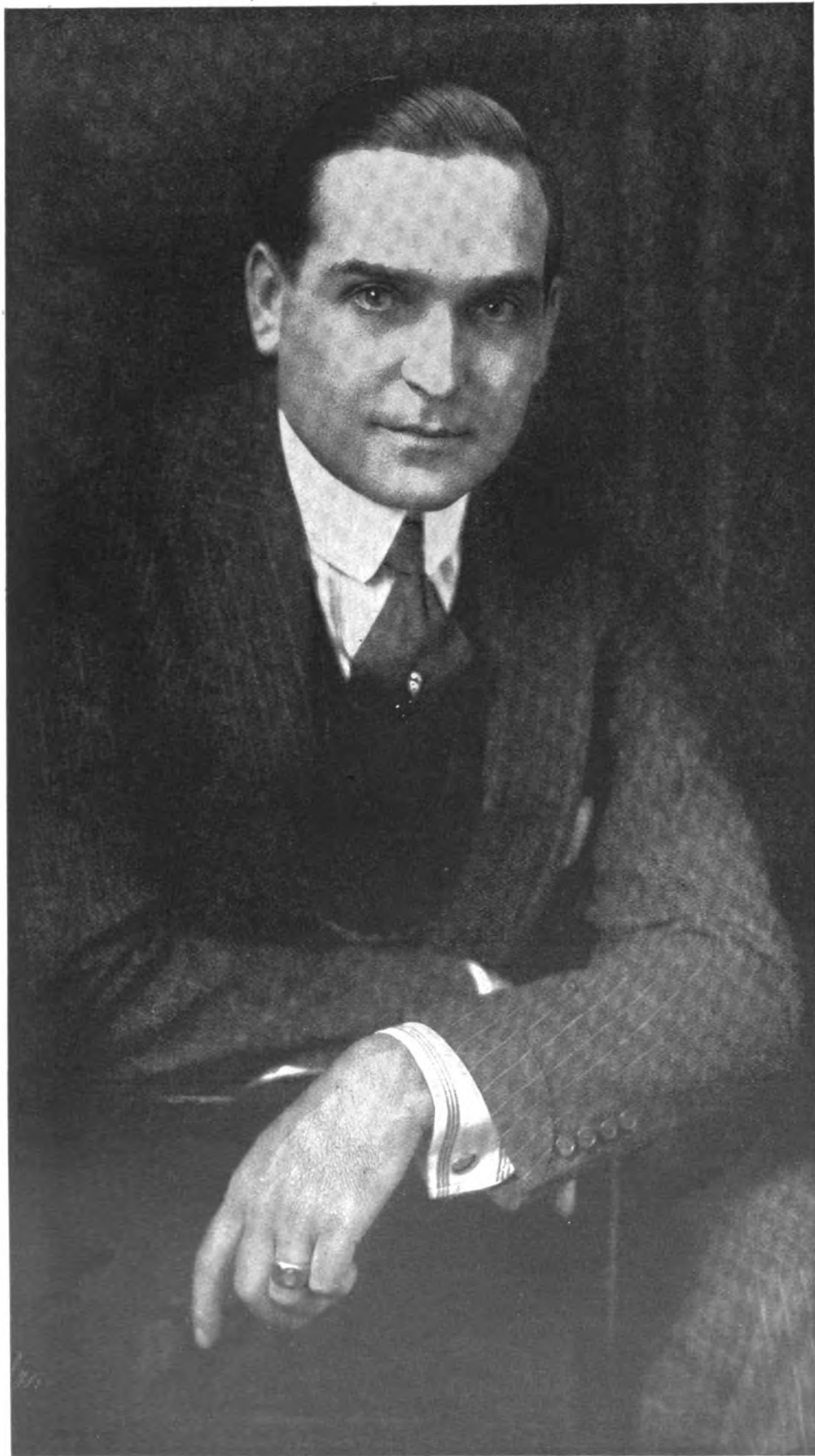


Photo by Campbell

EARLE WILLIAMS (VITAGRAPH)

**W**HEN final acknowledgment has been made of the debt which the new art of the silent drama owes to the school of acting, the name of Earle Williams will come well up among leaders of those whose dramatic training and performances have revolutionized the former limited sphere of histrionic activities, and have made it possible for the millions, instead of a fortunate few, to see the great artists in the great plays without paying a great price.

Perhaps his dominantly characteristic trait of intense concentration, which is ever strongly noted in everything he does, is the keynote to a comment I recently heard one evening at a "greenroom" gathering: "Earle Williams does good, conscientious work." As a result he has reaped a full measure of reward as an international favorite and holds the exceptional record of having played under the exclusive management of but one producing company, the Vitagraph.

In the long list of screen successes to his credit he has played the gamut of rôles, serious and dignified, sympathetic and tragic, and more recently he has treated his appreciative public to the delightful serio-comic, mysterious, and heart-interest parts he interprets in "The Scarlet Runner," "The Maelstrom," and "Lincoln-by-the-Nine." In each of these he solves a dozen puzzling problems. As the chauffeur in "The Scarlet Runner" he is appropriately named Christopher Race. The experiences of Christopher Columbus with the *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria* were as serene as a babe rocked in its cradle compared with this modern Christopher's adventures in his flying red-devil go-cart.

In "The Maelstrom," as James Hallet, a millionaire clubman, he gets into all sorts of complications with a gang of international crooks and detectives, thru his efforts to befriend "The Girl." He has six fistic encounters before the five-reel story is told. Four of the fights, in which eight hard customers, international crooks and strong-arm detectives take part, end in knock-outs. In rehearsing two of these encounters, Williams, thru putting into his punch the "juice" required to make the action convincing, severely damaged his opponents. One of them was laid up for three days. Williams himself came out of it with nothing worse than badly puffed knuckles.

Pretty easy, you say, for the leading-man to use minor characters for punching-bags. Sh-h! not so fast. In two of the six fights Williams gets knocked out himself.

After one of these combats he was  
(Continued on page 65)

(Twenty-eight)

# The Jaguar's Claws

This story was written from the  
Photoplay of William M. McCoy  
By DOROTHY DONNELL

"NONSENSE!" Philip Jordan's tone was frankly skeptical. "I'm too old to be scared by bugaboos and Bluebeards and Fee-Fo-Fi-Fums! You're in a blue funk, Jones! Wake up, man—this is the year of our Lord, 1917. There aren't any robber barons nowadays, except Broadway taxi-drivers!"

Jones, small, meek, with legs like parentheses, coughed apologetically. "I know it must sound rather like a dime novel, Mr. Jordan, but I do assure you the man they call El Jaguar is the devil himself, if you will excuse me, sir. He's half Spanish and half greaser, and he rules his peons and ruffians like a czar. There are stories—" he shuddered.

"If you listen to a Mexican you'll be seeing spooks next," Philip laughed gaily. "And what proof have you? A few fences torn down, a few cattle stolen! Pooh! And again pooh!"

He swept the acres before him with a glance of satisfaction. Cattle grazing to the rim of the world; the boundary fence, newly patched here and there; and above the dip of the land yonder a lazy curl of smoke marking the ranch-house. Head flung back, eyes alert and eager, the young Manhattanite surveyed his new domains like another Cæsar who had come, seen and meant to conquer.

"Why, it's a cinch!" he declared, and whirled upon the little man at his side, dragging him into a fantastic burlesque of the latest society dance to a whistled syncopation. Breathless, meekly disheveled, Jones groped for his eyeglasses at the end of their flying cord.

"Well, I hope you'll still think it's a cinch a month from now!" he said earnestly. "But I rather expect playing pinochle in the room back of Eb. Slater's barber-shop at Boonton, New Jersey, is going to furnish as much excitement as I'll need the rest of my life. Many's the night I've lain awake listening to the war-whoops of his vaqueros and expecting to be scalped in my bed!"

"They wouldn't take the trouble to scalp you, Jones!" said Philip, with a sly glance at the other's bald, red crown. "Anyhow, you're mixing your drinks. Mexicans aren't Apaches, you know."

"If there's anything bloodier and crueller than an Apache, El Jaguar is that," said Jones, grimly. He held out his hand. "Well, I'll say good-by, Mr. Jordan. I'm going to catch the afternoon train, if they're running one today. I rather expect I can make yesterday's, anyhow. I wish you the best luck in the world." He hesitated, a withered flush

creeping over his dried-apple cheeks. "I believe you said your sister was with you, or was coming?"

"My sister is here," Philip nodded. A little smile touched his lips. "It is my wife who is coming as soon as I am certain I am going to make a go of the ranch."

"Well"—Jones did not glance at his companion's face—"you want to keep an eye on the women, Mr. Jordan. One of them would be quite as safe in a real jaguar's claws as in Pedro Costello's power. There are stories—"

He was still shuddering and wagging his bare red poll as he rode away. Philip watched him out of sight, rather contemptuously, then swung his coat over his shoulder and turned his steps toward the 'dobe ranch-house in the hollow.

"A mouse wouldn't run away from that fellow!" he mused derisively. "He'd recognize him for one of his own kind."

Cast of characters of this play as produced  
by the Lasky Company:

El Jaguar.....	Sessue Hayakawa
Beth.....	Fritzi Brunette
Phil Jordan.....	Tom Moore
Nancy Jordan.....	Marjorie Daw
Harry Knowles.....	Tom Forman
Marie.....	Mabel Van Buren

No wonder a half-breed bully took liberties with him. But Mr. Jaguar will find he's up against a different proposition now!"

He stopped short in his tracks, disconcerted. Below him the low, flat ranch-house squatted in the red sunset, the wooden shutters drawn over every window. Vague unease quickened his steps. The sun got too hot, probably—Nancy wasn't initiated to the unadulterated Mexican brand of sunshine yet; but he was panting from his haste when he flung himself against the door. It was barred.

"Nance!" shouted Philip. "It's only me! Let me in, hon'."

Footsteps dragged across the floor and the bolt was drawn. Nancy, pale and quivering, hurled herself into her brother's arms.

"Oh, Philip!" she wailed, "I thought you'd never come! I was so scared—"

"What was it this time—a spider or a perfectly ferocious, man-eating mouse?" Philip's tone teased, but his eyes were anxious. Nancy giggled shakily.

"It was a mouse-eating man! And I was the mouse. Philip, I never saw such a dreadful face, and when he smiled it

was worse! He kept staring and staring and kissing my hand!"

Philip Jordan's frame stiffened with the muscular fury of a race that allows no tampering with its women.

"The d—d scoundrel!" He gritted his teeth. "What did he want and who was he, anyhow?"

"He asked to see the gringo. I think he meant you, Phil." Nancy wrung her pretty, ineffectual hands. "José and Isador were working on the porch when he came up and I heard them cry out 'El Jaguar!' before they ran away."

"El Jaguar!" Philip repeated slowly. His jaw grew very grim, erasing the dimple in his chin. "So! Well, it might as well be now as any time."

He was drawing on his coat, and Nancy, noting, wept afresh.

"Where are you going? Oh, he'll kill you dead, Phil! You *shant* go!"

He put her gently aside. "Bolt the door when I'm gone, Nancy-Prancy." He laughed down at her reassuringly. "Goose! I'm only going to pay a neighborly call. I'll be back at supper-time. I don't suppose"—craftily—"would it be too much trouble to make a chocolate layer-cake?"

He chuckled as he rode away, leaving Nancy fluttering housewifely over her bowls and pans. But the chuckle roughened into a growl of primitive rage, and he set his spurs into his horse's sides.

Pedro Costello, master of a thousand acres, lord of the destinies of all who dwelt thereon, sat in the courtyard of his hacienda, playing with the stem of his wine-glass and smiling a sleepy smile that curled the full red lips back over the slightly pointed white teeth. Very splendid was El Jaguar in his purple velvet suit with the silver bullets for buttons—it was whispered every bullet had slain a peon—and his gold-embroidered sombrero. The lithe-limbed, dark woman crouching watchfully on the tessellated pavement beside him writhed in a single supple movement till her scarlet lips lay warm upon his hand.

"Of what think you, lord?" she lisped in Spanish. "Open thy heart and let me in."

"I am thinking of a woman," Costello replied lazily in the same tongue—"a gringo woman with a skin like new milk and hair the gold of the sun. I like to think of her. She is very beautiful, Marie."

Delightedly he watched the flame of jealousy flare and burn in the dark eyes at his knee. With a bound, Marie was



on her feet, full bosom heaving under the single silken robe she wore.

"False! False as Iscariot!" she panted. One slim hand went to the dark coils that weighted her small head like a heavy flower on a slender stem, and snatched out the silver dagger that held them. "Rather than lose thee I would slay thee—*Dios!*"

Her words shrilled into a wail of terror as the great hand of El Jaguar gripped her wrist like a vise and tore the silver toy from her fingers.

"None of that, daughter of the devil!" A blade was sheathed in the velvet of his voice. "Some day I will very surely kill you—some day when you are no longer beautiful."

He flung her contemptuously to the ground, wheeled at a sharp ejaculation behind him, and confronted Philip Jordan staring past him at the huddled figure on the pavement.

"What kind of a way do you call that to treat a woman?" The young American's voice rang with anger. He took a step toward the Mexican, fists doubled. Under half-drooped eyelids

Costello watched him, with a cool smile of disdain.

"My way," he replied softly. "My woman."

He bowed in ironical ceremoniousness.

"To what am I indebted for the undeserved honor of this visit, Señor Jordan? I know your name already, you see!" The suave

at the ranch and frighten my sister into hysterics again I'll pretty near kill you. You can do as you like, I suppose, with any woman of your own kind who is fool enough to stay with you, but keep your dirty hands off white girls or you'll take an express trip to h—l!" He stopped, gulped once or twice, and turned away. "I guess that's all I've got to say this time. If there's any *next* time it isn't going to be talking, remember that!"

He marched out of the courtyard, climbed on his horse, and the drum of hoof-beats died away in the distance. Pedro Costello listened, the same sneering smile twisting his lips.

"Go, young fool!" he murmured. "Men have died for less than thy insults, but there is a prettier way than killing to punish thee!"

He clapped his hands and gave a peculiar call like the howl of a wild

they returned from their foray the next evening, a white-gowned figure, with arms bound with a crimson sash, seated on the saddle before one of them. Under the arches of the courtyard they rode, the shadows of their horses flung across the white-

EL JAGUAR TORE THE  
SILVER TOY FROM  
HER FINGERS



composure of the man suddenly made Philip feel boyish and awkward. He was angrily conscious that he was blushing, and his voice shook with young rage as he answered.

"I came over to tell you to quit fooling with my fences and taking my cattle." He went directly to the point without preamble. "And if you dare to show your yellow face

animal. Immediately three vaqueros stood before him.

"Tomorrow night, when the moon is high," El Jaguar directed them smoothly, "go to the gringo's house and fetch me the woman there. If it should happen that a raid were made on his cattle at the same hour it would make matters easier."

The three ragged scarecrows grinned knowingly. They worshiped their cruel master as unquestioningly as the child-hearted savage admires and propitiates his diabolical gods who have the power to do him harm.

A red moon glowered at its zenith when

washed walls.

As they lifted their captive to the pavement and untied her bonds, the mighty figure of their master rose from a low bench and came forward. The flaring torches of the men and the oil-lamps set in rude brackets about the walls lighted up his thick, working lips and bloodshot eyes, and the shifting shadows gave his face a curiously swollen, animal look, like one of the terrible grotesques of Dürer.

(Thirty)

"So you have come to return my call!" He laughed very low and caught the white, still figure in his arms. Then, taken by surprise for once in his life, he stood dumbfounded, staring down at the face crushed against his breast. Dressed like a bride, white to the proudly set lips, the girl returned his gaze defiantly.

"Fools with the ears of an ass!" gritted Costello, whirling upon his abashed vaqueros, "I will have you flayed alive for this! You have brought me the wrong girl!"

"Impossible,

supine on the dirt floor of the ranch-house, gasping out answers to the frantic questions Philip flung at her.

"I—was riding," Nancy moaned; "I came back—and found Beth——"

"Beth!" Philip shouted. "You don't know what you're saying! Beth is in New Haven!"

"She came—to surprise you"—the thread of a voice was tangled in a flood of tears. "She had on—her wedding-dress. And we were planning—a wonderful surprise for you—when they came——"

"Who came?" the man groaned, white-lipped with dread. He forced himself to

Beth! My God! I may be too late now."

He stumbled thru the door and across the prairie with a dim idea of cutting off the distance by road. And so, staggering thru the sage-brush and scrub-growth of the great pasture, he did not meet El Jaguar's bullies on their second raid.

Distances are deceptive on the great plains, where the moon



NANCY IN THE CLAWS  
OF EL JAGUAR'S  
WHELPS

master," one of the men replied, doggedly. "The woman at the gringo's house, you said. She fought like a wildcat, but we brought her. There was no other there."

El Jaguar's baffled eyes rested on the girl again, took in the proud lift of the chin, slid like a sensual hand down the sweet curves of her body, and began to glow.

"I do not know who you are," he said to her in his fastidious English, "but you please me as well as the other. You have blood in your veins, not milk. Yes, you please me very well." He turned to his hirelings with a wave of his hand.

"Place this woman in one of the cells on the patio," he directed, "and then go back and bring the other one."

At this moment the "other one" lay

(Thirty-one)

speak calmly, realizing that the girl was very close to hysteria. "There, there, dear—take your time. But try to tell me where Beth is, so I can go and get her."

Nancy sat up and began to sway back and forth monotonously, a slim, boyish figure in her white riding-trim. "Ten of them on horse-back. They beat on the door. Beth made me hide in the wood-closet. The door fell. I heard her scream. I fainted, and when I came back she was gone!"

She began to laugh, insanely pointing to the newspapers spread on the floor.

"We put them down so—her dress wouldn't get dirty," she shrieked. "That's funny, isn't it? Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Phil shook her thin shoulders roughly. "Stop that and get back into the closet!" he commanded. "I've got to go after

casts long shadows from tiny things and dazzles the eyes with her strange, copper glare.

Philip had lost his way a dozen times before he staggered at last up the cactus-bordered driveway that wound to Pedro Costello's fortress-home. The flesh of his hands was laced with blood from cacti-spines; he was drenched with sweat,



and his breath beat his broad chest in heavy sobs. Yet he still had the strength to strike out savagely at the two brawny peons who sprang upon him out of the shadows and dragged him, in spite of his struggles, into the dim hall. The stone pavement and arches rang to the sound of the scuffle, and El Jaguar, sitting in his great, bare audience-room nearby, smiled gently.

"He will be more courteous, this gringo, when I am thru with him," he mused. He drained the last of the wine in

"Welcome, Señor Americano," he said softly. "Make yourself quite at home under my roof."

Philip flung back his head and folded his arms across his chest. "Dont play with me," he said in a low voice; "if you mean to kill me, do it at once. But before you use that wicked toy in your hands there, tell me one thing. What do you mean to do with the American girl you have stolen?"

"American girls," Costello corrected, gently. "There are two of them, Señor Gringo, if it interests you. One of them arrived a matter of an hour ago."

Philip flinched visibly under the blow of Costello's words. Nancy, too! He had played into this scoundrel's hands, and his

for money, nothing for a few lives. Go to your Government with your grievance—whine at its doors. Tell them Pedro Costello is a law to himself, and see what your Government will say. I will let you go tomorrow morning, señor."

Philip started, new hope flashing into his eyes; noting which, El Jaguar's smile grew. "And you shall take with you," he finished deliberately, "one of the women. The other I shall keep with me. Which shall it be?"



EL JAGUAR'S  
HABIT OF  
STEALING  
BRIDES

his glass and sent it splintering over his shoulder against the wall. "It is going to be great sport, better than cock-fighting or even the bull-baiting, *por Dios!* Miguel—André, bring him in!"

He took a slim, silver-mounted pistol from his belt and seated himself insolently on the edge of the table, swinging one narrow, elegantly booted foot with a stealthy motion, like the silent lashing of the jaguar's tail before he springs. His cold eyes met Philip Jordan's wild gaze unwinkingly.

cards lay on the table, hopelessly outplayed. He remembered Jones' diffident warning, "Your women-folks would be as safe in a real jaguar's claws."

"What are you going to do with them?" He tried to speak authoritatively. "I suppose you know you will have to answer to my Government for this outrage."

El Jaguar laughed enjoyingly. "Your Government sleeps the fat sleep of a well-fed swine," he sneered. "It cares much

The room wavered before the young American's eyes as the full horror of this man's plan was revealed. He forced his stiff lips to frame the hoarse question:

"Which one?"

El Jaguar made a polite gesture with one smooth, lemon-tinted hand. "I am willing to be generous," he purred. "Either of the women pleases me. I leave the choice entirely to you."

In spite of the hands grasping his own,

(Thirty-two)

"LET ME LOOSE AND  
SETTLE WITH ME  
IN A MAN'S  
WAY"

then I shall have both of the women instead of one. Good-night, and sweet dreams, Señor Americano."

Thru the thick darkness of the hours of that terrible night Philip Jordan lived as many emotions as most men experience in their entire lives. Never afterward did little troubles have the power to stir him. He was as immune to them as a concentrated dose of deadly bacteria renders a man immune to the ravages of fever. Now he paced the cell, trying to clear his mind to make his ghastly decision; now he beat the bars of the door in a gust of hysteria, shrieking aloud; and now he flung himself on the floor and sobbed weakly, like a tired child. And always he seemed to see the two faces hovering just beyond his reach—Nancy's, quivering with terror, drawn and appealing, under her pale, golden hair; and Beth's—the face of his sweetheart as he had last seen it lifted to his kiss.

"Beth! I can't leave her to that brute. I'll choose her!" he would mumble, and then suddenly writhe to the memory of Nancy, his little sister, in pinafores, sharing a red-cheeked apple with him. "No, no—I've got to take care of little Sis Nancy! I promised mother I'd look after her. I'll have to choose Nancy. Beth! My sweetheart! Oh, my dear love——"

And so on in dreary round until the morning

"I CHOOSE  
FOR HIM—  
I WILL  
STAY——"

Philip Jordan's rage almost freed him. He cried aloud in anguish when he found that he could not reach his torturer.

"You mongrel fiend!" he gasped. "A white man would be incapable of thinking up such a plot. Let me loose and I will fight you with no weapon but my hands. If you are a man, instead of a devil incarnate, let me loose and settle with me in a man's way."

El Jaguar yawned. "Put him in a cell next to the others," he directed. "Be ready with your choice tomorrow, my friend; if you prefer killing, I will gladly favor you, for

came palely between the bars of his prison-window and found him with his decision still unmade.

In his long audience-room El Jaguar sat over his wine, occupied with the congenial pastime  
(Continued on page 67)





Photo by C. S. Gardner

## A Heart-Smashing King o' Thrills

**G**EORGE LARKIN has been a heart-breaker almost as long as he has been before the public. He began his devil-may-care, bone-breaking, heart-smashing career in the sawdust ring. Here he frisked near the precipice of eternity, having a glorious time. He broke into the sacred circle of filmog-

raphy several years ago, but his first real heart-troubling career started with Cleo Madison, in "Trey o' Hearts." He is now flirting gayly with death as co-star with Ollie Kirkby in the new Kalem series, "Grant, Police Reporter," during the course of which he has performed many feats as exciting and daring as they

are novel. George is "Doug" Fairbanks' one best rival as a "stunter."

He swings thru the air on the frazzled end of a steamer-rope, and makes love with equal ease, seemingly enjoying the dangerous experiences equally. Of course, his work isn't confined to doing stunts—he can also *act!*

(Thirty-four)

Expression of the Emotions, Second Series—By ANITA STEWART





# Daughters of Eve

Transported from the Ancient Garden-of-Eden Paradise, 4000 B.C.,

By NINA



THE Three Graces—a Water-Witch Nymph, as supple as the sunny ripples behind her, balances like a sprite of the air and seems about to float upward, as lightly as a feather, from her companions;

ancient Babylon.

Yvette Mitchell, the alluring Lorelei, clad in airy sea-green drapery of silken seaweed streamers, has a vivid recollection of getting an accidental



Maid-of-the-Mist, whose downcast eyes gaze fascinatingly upon her sparkling beauty reflected in the mirrored surface



of the deep pool; Laughing-Water, the graceful Naiad, poised in a flying pose, makes the gliding ducklings behind her appear almost water-shy. Their sister sirens, led by Queen Titania, emerging from the woods and glades and lagoons, greet Psyche at the brink, murmuring weird chants and incantations which only the elves and fairies can understand. They represent the personified spirits of Starlight and Moonlight, Sunset and Sunrise, and Dewdrops and Sea-foam. These entrancing goddesses appear in the most comical and unique and yet altogether artistic dance pageant ever filmed.

Permission was extended to the Keystone Company to stage the scenes of "Her Nature Dance" in these enchanted environs of the famous Busch Sunken Gardens, Pasadena, which were created at a cost of millions by the foremost landscape gardeners of the world. They present an exotic beauty rivaled only by the famous Hanging Gardens of

ducking while clad in dainty attire, when rehearsing in the Universal comedy, "Lord Helpus Investigates."

Shirley Mason, the little cave-woman, modishly attired in a fur bathing-suit, realizes the dream of the famous artist, Clarence Underwood, who has been searching for years for an ideal model, a type to represent America's best at sweet sixteen. Mr. Underwood, who is painting her portrait, says: "Miss Mason registers one hundred per cent. in coloring, beauty, figure and intelligence." As the star selected to play a star part



"HER NATURE



SHIRLEY MASON

(Thirty-six)

# Our Classic Extra Girl Plays at the Fox Studio

by Ethel Rosemon



ONE more star framed in my personal Hall of Fame; one more chance that I may or may not see myself flickering upon the screen; ten dollars added to the exchequer; one yard of silk maline of the approved Motion Picture hue eaten from the back of my favorite evening-frock, *mise en scène* with Theda, and there you have a ledger I defy even the

State Board of Public Accountants to balance.

I neglected to mention that the heroine of this particular venture of Alice in Film-land is a vampire. The neglect was intentional. I know your conception of a vampire and I do not desire to have you think for even an instant that the lady in question made her noonday meal of my pet maline bow or that, jealous of the graceful folds into which my bows naturally fall—in print—she decided that mastication was the most effective, if not altogether the most sanitary, method of humiliating her rival.

Theda did not eat my bow. Betsy did. Betsy who? I don't know. You see, we were never properly introduced—no one ever is in a Moving Picture studio—but I could see from the very beginning that Betsy had conceived a sudden, deep affection for me. From the moment I entered the room she became my constant companion. (I wonder if by any chance she sensed my value as a press-agent.) Not intending to be

rude, she followed me into a corner which I had chosen as an ideal spot for a quiet chat with Jackie Vaughn, one of the girls working in the picture. I felt a tugging at the back of my gown. Shoulder-straps are always obtaining divorce decrees at

(Thirty-nine)

"HAVE A HEART, MIKE, AND TELL US WHEN WE EAT. I'M STARVING!"  
—JACKIE VAUGHN



JACKIE VAUGHN AND THE CLASSIC'S EXTRA GIRL TAKING A GRADUATE COURSE IN MAKING UP FROM ANDY CULP, THE CAMERA-MAN ("QUIT YOUR KIDDING, ANDY; WE ALL CAN'T BE STARS!")

inopportune moments, so my hand flew back in horror—only to encounter the soft head of Betsy. Somewhere in Betsy's esophagus my maline bow was traveling its watery way, while Betsy's pleading eyes begged for just one yard more.

Betsy, I learnt, had established a residence at the studio ever since she had won Miss Bara's heart by her simple, unaffected acting in "The Darling of Paris." Altho Shakespeare neglected to mention the fact, every play must have a goat, human or otherwise. Sometimes it is the young country vine who is deceived by the city passion-flower; sometimes it is the young college student who finds his he—hades in the limpid eyes of a snaky-handed vampire; sometimes it is the poor old mother whose gambling son absconds with the mortgage interest the evening it is due; but there must always be a goat. This time it was Betsy.

However, I am not a nature-faker and this is not an animal story, so Betsy must "fade out." (I wish I could describe to you the exquisite joy of being able to use such a melodiously graphic expression and to





top it with the assurance that it is not slang but a technical term most highly approved in élite photodramatic circles. I have served my second term as an extra girl and I have collected a charming vocabulary which I bring forth with or without provocation. By the time I finish this series I expect to have revolutionized the entire language.)

The Vitagraph studio had made me camera-wise, and it was like a veteran returning to the firing line that I sought my second engagement, this time with the Fox Company. And here the chief lesson I learnt, the lesson I will probably continue to engrave upon my memory during my subsequent trips into Screenland, is that an extra girl's life is one wait after another. Her patience must be limitless, her shoes painless, for good footwork is one of the main assets on the road to movie fame.

The Fox Company has no yard such as the one I graced so frequently in my attempt to make my début on the Vitagraph screen. The studio is at Fort Lee. This means thirty cents a day carfare for the venturesome extra who goes over "on spec," as they say of a player who takes this chance of being engaged. Maybe it is to save the actor carfare, maybe it is to spare the director annoyance; anyway, a sign at the New Jersey studio notifies the applicant that all artists are engaged at the New York office on West Forty-sixth Street.

So day after day between the hours of four and six Betty Briggs, for that is the name after sleepless nights of indecision I chose for my second screen appearance—and, by the way, if some kind reader would like to save me other sleepless nights I wish he, she or the goat would send me some favorite names for future flickerings—might be seen wending her ambitious way to the Fox office and back. "At the time of going to press" I think I have a gazing acquaintance with every actor and actress who treads Broadway in the search of fame and food. I know they are all feeling sorry for me, at the same time admiring the courage with which I have been sticking to it. Forty-sixth Street has responded so often to the imprint of my heel that, could the pavements speak, I'm sure the burthen of their song would be, "We Miss You Since You Resumed Dishwashing, Mary Ann."

Semi-occasionally, Mr. Kingston, the casting-director, known to every man and woman who has ever tried to enter Paradise by the extra gate, would appear in the doorway of his little office on the sixth floor of the Leavitt Building—how often have I joined the elevator chorus. "Out, six!"—and with a characteristic shake of his handsome gray head, say, "Nothing tonight, ladies and gentlemen." More frequently Mr. Foley, his assistant, would answer the numerous inquirers with "So-and-So is just finishing his picture," "So-and-So is reading his scenario," or "Director Blank has left for Florida or the Klondike."

Then one day when my face had become as familiar as the cold-cream "ads." in the subway trains Mr. Foley told me to return at 6:30 to see a director who was engaging extras. He said it with such an air of kindness, of "Here is thy reward, good and faithful servant," that I blessed him for it. Not waiting for the final vote of Congress, I drafted all my make-up and prepared for the sea voyage to Fort Lee. On my return trip I found that I was not the only one who had been given the 6:30 call, for about ten familiar faces greeted me when I opened the door marked "Booking Office." There is still another door that leads to the inner sanctuary, closed except on special occasions to special people. But this was a special occasion and we were special people, so one by one we were permitted to pass thru the magic portal into the director's presence. The pretty applicant who entered before me returned with a happy smile which I caught as we passed in the doorway. But, alas, how short is the life of a smile!

"I've just engaged the last girl I need," the director announced as I stood before him.

"Sorry," Mr. Foley added. "I thought he needed more. Keep coming in. I'll probably have something else soon."

So I kept "coming in" and meeting some of the same girls day after day. They were typical New Yorkers—all well, many richly dressed. From their costly shoes to the latest creation of some smart milliner, they brought back the afternoon receptions that were the bane of my cub-reporter days.

"The girl in moderate circumstances has indeed a hard road to travel," I thought as I watched these pages from the fashion magazines.

Some of them, I learnt as my acquaintance grew, had just returned from the road; others had homes in New York and were following the work for a lark or for added pin-money. With many the lark didn't last long, and as I stood in the group one afternoon after another I saw new faces take the places of the old ones who had turned elsewhere for amusement.

At last Mr. Foley told me to report at Fort Lee at 9:30 the next morning as a shopper in a Paris establishment.

"Dress as you would if you were attending a reception at Lucile's," J. Gordon Edwards, the director, added.

To me Lucile is not a name to conjure with, and the feverish excitement with which I overhauled my wardrobe in a wild endeavor to look like Paris before the war was a fitting climax to my days of anxious waiting. Finally I collected an array of finery which I felt confident would make Lucile fear that a new fashion dictator was about to appear upon the horizon and started for Fort Lee at the appointed hour.

The boat that left the New York side at that hour of the morning carried a complete cargo of movie atmosphere.

Several of the large Eastern studios are located at Fort Lee, and the modest ferry-boat seemed to be converted into a private yacht for directors, camera-men and player folks of all degrees. Film-land talk was everywhere, as actors hailed friends and acquaintances in hearty camaraderie. Not the least interesting were the costly limousines of the stars, which the moment the gang-plank was in place whizzed past us and sped up the heights. The ordinary folks boarded the car that wound slowly up the hill, affording a wondrous view of the quiet Hudson and the busy metropolis beyond. For once I can truthfully say that I preferred the democratic mode of conveyance.

Arrived at the studio, I was directed to a tiny dressing-room which was occupied by two other players, one a concert singer who was breaking into pictures via the extra route, and the other a beautiful gray-haired lady who was playing a part. As we made up, the latter's gray hair became the subject of conversation.

"It literally turned white overnight," she told us. "I had a great sorrow—lost my husband suddenly—and it took all the life out of me."

We began to sympathize.

"But I had life enough left to get another soon after," she hastened to add as she put the finishing touches to her eyebrows.

So we turned to the consideration of happier subjects.

But I was keyed up for adventure. I was anxious to get "on the set" and, above all, to see Theda Bara at close range.

Who has not read about her and who has not wondered what sort of woman would be revealed if one could extricate her from beneath the press-agent's fluent writings? She was starting "Camille" that day as a manikin in a Paris shop.

Soon my impatience became too large for my third of the tiny dressing-room, so I went out into the sunlit studio, a huge conservatory entirely enclosed in glass. Nature's lighting did away with the terrible glare of the overhead lamps, tho sidelights were being arranged judiciously here and there to heighten the artistic effect.

The call for luncheon interrupted my waiting and, tho I failed to obtain even a glimpse of "The Queen of the Vampires," I realized that in this case it was now or never, so I hastened to join the other extras at the Bungalow. Here, in exchange for the tickets supplied by Mike, a young man useful in general, and in this case in particular, around the studio, a substantial luncheon was served. It was 2 o'clock when we returned to the scene of our future flickerings.

In the meantime two professional models had arrived and had been assigned to my dressing-room. They had never been in pictures before and were at a loss how to make up. Glad of a chance to display my superior knowledge of the screen, I

(Forty)

proceeded to decorate them. As they were two of the most beautiful girls I have ever had the pleasure of meeting, I am sure I will be proud of my handiwork when it's screened.

Soon "On the set!" resounded thru the corridors. We all filed into the Paris fashion shop at Fort Lee, N. J., and the action began. Men and women were assigned their places in the general scheme of things, and I was stationed back in an alcove with three other women and one lone man. The director called the first manikin, and, amid admiring glances from the shoppers, the camera started to click its busy way.

Next Miss Bara appeared upon the scene, and there was no need of the warning, "All interested in the model!"

The costume the star was displaying for the customers of Madame Prudence was a black evening-dress, but one immediately became unconscious of the frock, of the whiteness of the wearer's skin, of the masses of dark hair simply arranged, as one gazed into the eyes of this woman who has done so many weird things—on the screen. One realized at a glance that her success was due to no trick of the camera, no guidance of a clever director, but to the intelligence and thought that shines from those deep gray eyes. They plainly said that Miss Bara does not take her art lightly, that she is ever reaching out for perfection. In short, the real woman behind the screen vampire has a mind that makes itself felt, that causes one to know intuitively that she would succeed in any line of work she undertook. Her voice as she talked to the director had that soft, low quality that made even the most loquacious extra stop to listen.

The fact that Mr. Edwards

I should picture her ranting up and down the studio and making things generally interesting. I will leave that to him and, tho not questioning his veracity or that of any man following the same calling, will simply state that I am pledged to tell the truth on the honor of an extra girl and that here you have a realistic picture of Miss Bara taken from the side-lines.



THEDA  
BARA'S  
PROGRESS  
FROM  
MODEL  
TO FORSAKEN  
MISTRESS IN  
"CAMILLE"



greeted all her suggestions with a hearty "Fine!" put the stamp of approval upon my first swift reading of Miss Bara. Evidently he knew from the past that his star had come on the set with a wealth of ideas gained from a careful study of the script, that would prove profitable to even his wide experience.

Perhaps the Fox press-agent will not thank me for presenting his star vampire in such an unvampirish light. Probably

(Forty-one)

But the director says "Back to the scene!" Miss Bara is parading up and down the fashion shop, for Mr. Edwards was not satisfied to have his Camille come "out of the nowhere into the here," as she does in some of the stage versions, so he gave her a definite past in an establishment catering to the fast life of Paris. Here the Duke de Meuric, who has come to the shop with his sister, the beautiful white-haired lady with "life enough to get another," sees in the manikin a resemblance to his lost daughter and adopts her while we all look on in wonder.

Up to this time I had been far from the camera's unlying eye, but now the field of action changed and camera-man and machine came into close range. Had they been lured hither by the hope of a "find" in the Classic's extra girl? Not so. As I told you before, these are true stories.

But two of the girls who shared the alcove had confidentially remarked that they were not ordinary extras, but embryo stars there for a test. I could almost hear their hearts beating high



with thoughts of future fame as the tripod was set in place for a close-up. However, their hopes were not nourished by the lone man ensconced in the alcove. In a fatherly way, in spite of his youthful appearance, he pointed out the stony path up the Moving Picture hill and did all he could to change their rosy dream into a weird nightmare. He gazed at me as if he admired my good sense in not looking beyond the five dollars I was earning that afternoon, and I began to feel like a very superior person. I hope the camera will register that fact.

About 4 o'clock the sun began to forsake the studio and Mr. Edwards called "All thru!" There was to be a reception the next day at which the Duke would introduce his ward to his fashionable friends.

"Would I be invited?" that was the question.

Good luck! Mr. Edwards told me to report the next morning in evening dress.

This time eight other girls and I were assigned to a room in the Eclair studio about half a block away. At least, we started with eight. An hour later two more rushed in breathlessly.

"Oh, girls, we did such an awful thing!" one of them explained. "This is our first day in pictures. We got into the wrong studio. A dressing-room door was open. The place looked cozy, so we walked in. A few minutes later a maid appeared as if by magic.

"I guess we'll keep this dressing-room," I smiled. "Will you help us to make up?"

"I'd like to but I can't," she returned. "You see, Miss Suratt wouldn't like it."

"What has she got to say about it?" Ida inquired.

"Well, I'm her maid and this is her dressing-room and—she hesitated—'she doesn't like extra girls to occupy it,' she concluded, timidly.

"We took the hint and quickly viewed the room from the other side of the door. Sure enough, there in letters so large that only two blind pieces of atmosphere could have failed to see it was the star's name.

"We simply fell out of that studio and here we are. Wont some one please make us up—that is, of course, if Miss Suratt wont mind?"

Half-a-dozen rushed to the aid of the newcomers, for they are a happy, helpful lot, these extra girls.

"Dont forget to take your powder-puffs with you," admonished Jackie

Vaughn, who shared my popularity with Betsy and continued it all the way up the line to the directors. "You never can tell when you'll get a close-up. I had one a couple of weeks ago. My nose was greasy. If I never become a star I'll know that my shiny nose was my downfall."

"Wouldn't it be great to be a star and not have to arrive at the studio until you pleased?" a pretty blonde girl yawned. "My idea of heaven is to tumble from bed into a purple limousine and be whirled to Fort Lee."

"Wake up and run for the boat, Geraldine," her friend laughed as the girls filed out of the dressing-room and made their way down the country street to the studio.

Again we were sent to the Bungalow before the scene was taken.

"You cant put anything over on Miss Bara," one of the girls at my table remarked. "Just heard the property-man throwing a fit because he had to go 'way down into the heart of New Jersey to get camelias. She wouldn't wear fakes."

"She's right. Why should she?" another added.

But probably we had dawdled too long between eating and gossiping. Anyway, there was soon a frantic call for the extras to appear at the reception. Being rather uncertain about the quality, quantity and reality of the Duke's refreshments, we hated to leave the pie, so silence reigned while peach, apple and cocoanut disappeared.

This time the scene was one befitting the residence of nobility. Expectation filled the air, for the Duke's ward was to be introduced to society. How would she take it, and how would they take it? We would soon see.

An unconscious murmur of admiration went around the room. Miss Bara was descending the stairs. The reflection from a mirror held off scene in the direct rays of the sun shone on her hair and lit up her eyes, making her look like some beautiful portrait come to life. The old Duke tottered forward and proudly escorted her thru the throng. He was sure she would create a sensation. She did. As she passed, we shrugged our shoulders and turned our backs upon her.

"Breaking into society, indeed—a shop-girl!" we murmured.

How we hated to do it! But Mr. Edwards had ordered this for all—all but the men. True to the conception

prevalent among male humans, tom-cats are non-existent for this wise director.

One man was particularly fascinated by the beauty of the Duke's ward. This was Walter Law, who as Count de Varville afterwards becomes Camille's lover.

"I wonder where they'll find that cute little cottage in the country where Camille goes to live with Armand Duval after she gives up the Count and the gay life of Paris," remarked one girl who boasted that she knew the book "from cover to cover." "How do you think Miss Bara will get consumption?"

"Artistically," I answered.

"Yes, I suppose so," she assented. "Wouldn't you just love to play that part and have Albert Roscoe whisper in your ear, 'Courage, Camille; you will live till spring'?"

"Personally, I'd rather have Mr. Edwards shout, 'Cheer up, old girl; you'll have another day's work tomorrow,'" I answered materialistically, and with a withering smile my romantic friend turned her back upon me.

"Perhaps you will," volunteered Jackie Vaughn, who had taken me under her wing. "I hear there's another scene with extras. Ask Mr. Foley about it."

"Good; more copy," I registered mentally, when at the end of the day Mr. Foley promised he would engage me for the next scene.

"I cant tell what day it will be, tho. Keep coming in," was his parting instruction.

And then old Sol began to get disagreeable. Day after day Mr. Foley informed me that the scene had been postponed on account of the weather.

The weather is still with us. The Classic is going to press and still I "keep coming in."

At the Fox office this afternoon I heard some terrifying news.

"Did you know that Miss Bara had been thrown downstairs at the studio today?" the man who had been my companion at the Duke's reception inquired.

"Oh, what happened?" I gasped.

"Dont look so frightened," he said, soothingly. "The Count got peeved because Camille no longer loves him and took this gentle method of showing his feelings. But dont worry; Camille will live till spring."

So the ways of vampires are laid in bumpety places. Would I rather wait at the gate for a day's work as an extra or be thrown downstairs by a discarded lover? It depends upon the stairs.



## HER M8 OF F8

By ALLEN F. BREWER

A country lass was little K8  
When Motion Pictures turned her P8  
And made her strive to EMU'L8  
The stars whose salaries are GR8.  
She used her fairest smile as B8,  
Until at last she signed a D8  
To play in "Writing On the SL8,"  
A story famed in every ST8.

And on the film she met her M8;  
He spied her weeping by the G8,  
A-registering love and H8,  
Because the villain did BER8.  
He rushed up at a mighty R8  
And pushed said villain in his CR8.  
Then lo! his love would ne'er AB8—  
He wooed her early, wooed her L8.

For her at eve he'd often W8  
To dine at seven bucks per PL8,  
Till they were married; then he'd PR8  
And scorn her as a mere INGR8.

That's why we're really glad to ST8  
This painful tale of little K8  
Is only just a film of F8.

(Forty-two)

# "Here Comes the Bride!"

By H. H. VAN LOAN

It all started at Levy's. In fact, 'most everything that happens, in a social way, in the Moving Picture world in and around Los Angeles, gets its first chance in the immediate vicinity of this famous café, which is tucked away behind a lot of tall buildings on the third most important street in the town.

The big clock was just bringing its hands to eight as she entered, and everything was going fine, including cocktails, lobsters, steaks, and the orchestra which was playing a very catchy fox-trot as a score of couples traveled around the floor.

She had finished the twelfth episode of "The Purple Mask" late that afternoon, and, after laying aside her costume, had jumped into her

car and pointed its nose straight for Hollywood, Los Angeles and the café. She hadn't come to dance, drink or gossip with the large coterie of Moving Picture stars gathered at the various tables, who looked up as she passed thru the entrance. She was tired and hungry and had come here for the purpose of eating, after which she intended going straight home; for she had a lot of "exteriors" scheduled for the next day and wanted to get an early start.

There was only one vacant table, and it was right next to one which was surrounded by a merry little party consisting of Herbert Rawlinson, Harry Carey, Mary MacLaren, Lois Wilson, Claire McDowell and Ben Wilson. In fact, Universal City seemed to be pretty well represented on this particular evening.

"Why so exclusive?" inquired Carey as she sank into a seat. "I bought a new car yesterday and ran it for the first time today," she returned by way of explanation, as she smiled to the group. "I understand," added Ben Wilson. "I bought one myself about a month ago, and spent all my leisure hours in seclusion so that nobody could hear what I had to say about it." "What's the matter—doesn't it run well?" inquired Mary MacLaren. "Oh, it runs all right," replied the "Queen of Serials" as she moved over to the table with her friends. "But it seems to get inflated so with its own arrogance that it blows out all four tires simultaneously. My trip to the studio this morning cost me exactly two hundred dollars!"

"That's something to think about," remarked Carey, thoughtfully. "Yes, especially if you had just such a scene scheduled in your picture," she answered dejectedly.

"I should call that a rehearsal, then," said Rawlinson as he lighted a cigaret. "Too bad there were no camera-men



Photo by Witzel  
(Forty-three)



around," sympathized Claire McDowell. "For that would have made an excellent fade-in."

"Please dont," pleaded the other. "It's too serious to joke about, for it put me back a day. I'm already a day late with the next release."

"Just think, and there are twenty million fans, with throbbing pulses, awaiting the outcome of 'Patricia Montez' and the mystery that surrounds her," said Wilson, as he shook his head sorrowfully. "Well, there

from serials," said the star. "However, I think I'll stop after I've finished this one."

"What are you going to do, get married or buy a dog?" asked Carey, who has always managed to escape matrimonial entanglements because he loves his horse.

"Maybe," she

is one thing about a Grace Cunard serial," remarked Lois Wilson, encouragingly, "they're full of punches and well worth waiting for."

"You are always so generous," smiled Grace as she patted the hand of her friend.

"Yes, I saw Francis Ford get a lot of them the other day in one episode," agreed Carey.

"Still," mused Grace thoughtfully, "if you dont put those in the public wont go to see them."

"Dont you ever get tired of writing serials?" asked Rawlinson.

"Do you ever get tired of making money?" she inquired of him.

"Yes, when it doesn't come fast enough," he replied.

"With the completion of 'The Purple Mask' I will have made approximately one hundred and fifty thousand dollars

calmly replied as she scanned the menu.

"Grace Cunard will never marry," declared Claire McDowell.

"How can any one, who is not even serving in the capacity of my personal representative, presume to make such a

decisive statement?" she inquired as she summoned a waiter and pointed to "filet mignon." "You'd want to scenarioize, direct, star and novelize the whole production," interjected Ben Wilson slyly. "It's because such a spectacle, no matter who's directing it, requires too many retakes," she smiled as she bowed to Chaplin, who was seated with Roscoe Arbuckle at an opposite table. "She never falls in love, except when the script requires it," said Carey.

"That's a bad synopsis you've got there," said Grace, with a little tone of rebuke in her voice.

"You've got to show me how you can improve on it," continued the screen cowboy.

"Everybody in Universal City has decided that you are going down to old age decrepit and alone," added Lois Wilson.

"I've got a hundred dollars to back that up," remarked Ben Wilson, with a certain amount of nonchalance.

"You cant afford to lose that, Ben," she reminded him. "You've got a wife and children—and a car, too."

"There's the yellow boys to prove that I can," insisted the hero of "The Voice on the Wire" as he drew ten crisp, new notes from his purse and threw them on the table.

(Forty-four)

"I'll add another hundred," said Carey as he threw a brand-new "century" on top of Wilson's money.

"You fellows must have been paid today," remarked Lois Wilson as she stared at the pile of notes.

"Then they must be working by the month," chimed in Rawlinson, playfully.

"It's my rent money," confessed Wilson, "and if I lose this

Not to be outdone, Lois Wilson offered to buy dinners for the entire group, provided the others lost their wagers, and

Claire McDowell said she would send ten per cent of her salary to the Belgian Fund if Grace won.

By this time the waiter had arrived with the filet mignon and had deposited it before the beautiful star, who was the subject of such lengthy discussion at that moment.

But she paid little attention to his service.

bored with her long, and knew her to be a girl so enwrapped in her work that she never gave a thought to the hundreds of endearing letters she received daily from admirers all over the country. Grace Cunard had always lived for her art, and tho she had received offers that would have made some hearts throb madly, to Grace they were little more than interesting. Had they not felt entirely secure there would have been little danger of their making such remarkable bets.

As they watched her they saw her lift her eyes and study the countenance of each one of them for an instant. Then, suddenly, her whole expression became resolute and her attitude that of one who has reached some

important decision, and the next instant they received a thrill which made all their work in past productions seem like a regular meeting of

bet I'll have to move the family into a tent."

"You'll be fortunate if you have enough left to move them," ventured Claire McDowell.

"I'll bet her four brand-new tires for the car that you fellows win the bet," spoke up Mary MacLaren.

"Let me add to that a perfectly good grayhound pup, with a pedigree that would reach from here to the Grand Cañon and back," Rawlinson added. "I've had it only a month, and it's the biggest dog for its size I've ever seen."

(Forty-five)

She was thinking and thinking hard. Her gaze was centered on the white cloth before her, and occasionally she shifted it to the beautifully engraved notes which rested on the center of the table.

Those around her studied her with intense interest. Not one of them believed there was the faintest possibility of her accepting their wagers, for they had la-

some old ladies' sewing-circle. "I'll take your bet!" she quickly exclaimed as she turned to Ben Wilson, who leaned back in consternation. "And yours—and





yours—and yours!” she continued as she looked at each one of them. “Furthermore,” she continued, “I’ll bet you all an additional hundred dollars that I can be introduced, wooed and married within twenty-four hours!”

The little group shot questioning glances at one another as she spoke. They knew Grace Cunard well enough to appreciate that she meant what she said. She watched them in silence for a moment and then added:

“Is it a bet?” she continued.

“It is,” replied Carey.

“It is,” agreed Wilson, “and I can now give up the idea of living in a tent; for I’ll be rich as the dickens tomorrow this time.”

“And what am I to do with four tires?” asked Mary MacLaren, who plainly evidenced that she was worried.

“Here’s where I keep the pup,” added Rawlinson with an air of assurance, which caused the other to laugh heartily.

They refused to take her seriously, even though there was a grim determination from which there seemed to be no appeal. The clock at that moment was three minutes this side of midnight, and, as they looked at the hands, they arose. And a few minutes later all had entered their cars and were speeding homeward, and each was thinking the same thoughts.

Grace lingered until after the others had left, and took a few bites of the filet mignon, which had now grown quite cold. She pushed it aside and had to be contented with a cup of coffee; for the waiters were clearing away the tables and preparing to close up the place for the night.

She left the place, alone, shortly after midnight and, stepping into her big, white car, started for Hollywood. And she wasn’t thinking of the wager she had made, either; she was thinking of those “exteriors” she had to make early that morning. When she arrived at her bungalow she drove her car into the spacious garage at the rear, and then returned to the house, where her maid was waiting for her with sleepy lids and a face full of yawns.

Five hours of sleep was all that Grace Cunard got that night, for at five-thirty she was up and, as the big cathedral-clock in the hall struck six, she was partaking of an orange and a cup of coffee. Fifteen minutes later she was seated behind the wheel of her car speeding along Lankershim Boulevard on her way to Universal City.

When she arrived Francis Ford and several other members of her company were already awaiting her. In addition there was a large group of extras on hand for a big mob-scene she was going to “shoot” that morning. Her assistant, the property-man and the camera-man were all ready, and, after placing one or two costumes in her car, Grace gave the signal to start for the rear of Universal City, where the “exteriors” were to be taken.

Everything went along fine that morning, and as noon approached, the author-

directress-star was highly pleased with the results she had obtained. She had one more scene to be taken outside, and she decided to take this before stopping for lunch, as the next stuff was all “sets” which would have to be taken on one of the big stages. These would have to be “shot” the next day, as it would require the entire afternoon, and most of the night, to get them ready.

Now it happened that this scene was to be the exterior of an automobile factory, and “Patricia Montez,” disguised as a boy, comes there to discover the plot which has been framed against the owner, who is a friend of hers. Among those in league with the plotters is the nephew of the owner, “Jack Elliott,” who made his first appearance in this production in this scene, in the rôle of the superintendent of the factory.

For this rôle the assistant-director had chosen a young man by the name of Harold Moore, who was almost unknown in the Moving Picture world, except for several minor parts he had played in various productions.

Just previous to the taking of the scene, the star was introduced to him, and, as they shook hands, each stared at the other in deep wonderment. She was impressed with the big, handsome features of the boy. There was something awfully nice about him, and she decided right there that he was just about the finest chap she had ever met, while he, on the other hand, felt that something had happened to his heart, and, almost unconsciously, he held onto her hand as he gazed down into the big, gray eyes which looked straight up into his.

After the scene was finished, Harold stepped over to where the star was standing, giving orders to her assistant for the studio “sets,” and when she had finished, he turned to her.

“Are we thru for the day?” he asked.

“Yes,” she replied softly.

“May I wait for you?” he ventured.

“If you care to,” she replied. Then she darted away and, jumping into her car, drove to her dressing-room.

When she appeared later Moore was standing outside waiting for her.

“Let me drive you downtown in my car,” he said as they started towards the big garage.

“Where are we going?” she inquired.

He paused a moment and looked into the questioning eyes. “Say, do you know, you’re just about the greatest girl in the world?” he said.

To spill any more of this story right here would have a tendency to spoil the plot.

But, late that afternoon, as Ben Wilson was rubbing the make-up from his face he received a telegram which stated that “Grace Moore, *née* Cunard,” would be pleased to see him and those who were members of the party the night before, at Levy’s that evening, when she would have the pleasure of introducing them to her husband!

“Egad!” exclaimed Wilson, as he ran

from his dressing-room down the hall to Harry Carey.

“What’s up?” inquired Carey.

“Read that,” said Wilson as he thrust the telegram into his hand.

“Well, she’s won,” said Carey as he finished reading it.

“Show that to Mary MacLaren, Lois Wilson, and the others,” added Wilson. “I’ve got to go home and get that hundred!” And with this he hurried back to his dressing-room.

It was a very unusual party that gathered at the famous café that night. Herbert Rawlinson had brought the grayhound pup; Mary MacLaren had four excellent “Never-Skid” tires, 34x4, in the bottom of her car outside; a very appetizing menu-card rested beside eight plates, and had been prepared by Lois Wilson; two envelopes were on one plate, at the end of the table, and on the outside of each were the figures “\$200.” Enclosed in another was a check which read, “To the Belgian Fund,” with the signature “Claire McDowell.”

As the clock approached eleven-thirty the little party took their places at the table and waited for the arrival of the girl who had so cleverly defeated them. They had not long to wait, and a few minutes later the bride, looking very attractive in a gray taffeta gown, and carrying a large bouquet of roses, entered on the arm of a very handsome chap immaculately dressed in a suit of blue serge.

She was escorted to her place at the head of the table by Ben Wilson, while Carey led her husband to a seat at the opposite end.

“Let me introduce to you my husband, Mr. Joseph Moore,” said the bride, as she looked proudly upon the smiling chap at the other end of the table.

“Wha-what?” ejaculated Ben Wilson in surprise.

“We thought it was Harold Moore,” explained Carey, equally at a loss to understand.

“No, he introduced us,” remarked Grace, who evidently enjoyed the astonishment of her friends. “I’m one of the tribe of Moores now—there’s Alice Joyce-Moore and Mary Pickford Moore and Tom Moore, Owen Moore and Matt Moore. I don’t know,” she added, “whether I will be one of the happy family or not—it all depends on how well I behave.”

“Well, I’ll be——” started Carey.

“So will I,” interrupted Wilson.

Then they all looked at the clock. It was three minutes of twelve.

“Well, you’ve still got three minutes before the hour is up,” remarked Herbert Rawlinson; “isn’t there something else you can crowd in before midnight?”

“Yes, I’m going to outline a scenario from this,” she remarked as she started making notes on the menu-card beside her plate.

“Well, I never did like grayhound pups, anyhow,” said Rawlinson.

And they all laughed.

# The Demoralization of Danville

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

"You say the place is really rustic?" queried the director, anxiously.

"It's just what you want, Bill," I told him. "An isolated little village in the wilds of New Jersey, nestling like a jewel in an emerald valley, with mountains on four sides, a shallow river where you can stage water stuff—"

"Enough," said Bill, tersely. "You arouse my enthusiasm. Let's jump in my car now and drive over there and give it the once-over."

He never asked if I had time to accompany him—directors always take such things for granted; themselves the busiest men in the world, they seem to think that every one else has plenty of spare time.

Bill was about to start production on a country-girl-who-goes-to-the-city story

that, he claimed, had a new twist, or, as he briskly put it, a "new kink in the venerable whiskers." He was looking for a rustic location in which to "shoot" his opening scenes and I had described to him the little Jersey town of Danville near which I spend my summers.

A couple of hours later, when his racer scorched into the small town, Bill raved about the place.

"A real Rubeville," he exulted. "I'll bet they still talk of the Deluge and haven't yet heard of the war in Europe!"

"Don't underestimate," I warned him. "The old-fashioned jays who live here make enough money on summer boarders to support two picture shows in the winter."

"Ah! that listens more up-to-date," returned Bill, with increased respect. "Who's that over there?"

"That," I responded, "is the police force. Come over and be introduced to him." Inside of an hour I had introduced Bill to every one of importance whom I knew and he made himself known to the others. Bill, you must know, has a very genial, magnetic personality. A director *must* be a diplomat, Bill says, and adds that he must also combine the qualities of a general, a prize-fighter and a perfect gentleman. Bill does. Why, once, when he wanted to take some scenes on the estate of a grouchy, dyspeptic millionaire who had persistently refused to let any picture company camp on *his* land— But that's another Motion Picture story; I mustn't digress.

Suffice it to say, as an index to Bill's personality, that before we speeded back to New York, Bill had charmed the whole town and had been promised the key to the burg when he should arrive with his company. The president of the local bank had given Bill permission to take pictures in and around the bank; the town-hall had been placed at his disposal; every motor-boat in the town had been offered for his use, and twenty hospitable farmers' wives had begged him to put up, with his company, at *their* homes, instead of using the hotel. Bill had hypnotized Danville.

So enthusiastic was Bill over the little place that he decided to start work next day. We worked all that night and until three o'clock next morning to get the scenario in shape.

That's Bill's

way—when he wants a thing he wants it right away. "No grass'll ever grow under my feet, unless I'm in an aeroplane," is Bill's motto.

Next day he entrained with his company, bound for a week's stay in the rustic community of Danville. I was called over to Fort Lee to work with a temperamental ingénue, so that was the last I saw or heard of Bill for over a month. Then, having occasion to go to Danville in order to dispose of some of my property there, I was staggered at the changed aspect of the town.

Oh yes, the houses were still standing, and there were no charred foundations nor broken windows, nor was there anything to suggest a devastating conflagration, or a flood, or any similar catastrophe.

The change was not quite so tangible—it was an indefinable something that pervaded the atmosphere. I felt it the moment the Erie train wheezed into the rustic station, and the feeling became stronger as I directed my steps towards the general store and post-office.

In a large meadow could be seen the two walls of a log cabin, evidently constructed for Bill's use when he had been there. A large group of children were playing in the meadow. One boy stood behind a narrow soap-box, painted black and mounted on a rude tripod, while inserted in the box was a clothes-wringer handle, which he was turning. I suddenly understood, with a gasp, that it was supposed to be a Moving Picture camera!

Another boy, standing behind the camera, was shouting orders, thru a paper megaphone, to a group of girls and boys who were "acting" in front of the cabin. All were as serious as tho their antics were actually being registered on film.

Recovering after a moment, I proceeded. Everywhere were signs and tokens, mute but eloquent, testifying to Bill's having been there. The rear entrance of a cement garage had been converted, by some clever "compo-board" work, into the arched entrance to a prison. And the garage's owner sat near-by, complacently smoking, palpably proud of his back door's appearance. Several other stores and dwellings had been distorted in more or less similar fashion, as Bill's fancy and his needs had dictated. The schoolhouse was plastered with signs announcing a political meeting—more of Bill's work—and even the





front of the bank, the town's pride, had been altered so as to conform with Bill's idea of what a small-town bank should look like.

"The place looks a little different," I remarked cheerfully to Hammond, the general storekeeper. He sat on the store veranda, smoking.

He snorted: "Should say it does." There was a look of settled gloom on his countenance; the gloom deepened as a group of children clattered by in pursuit of a youthful soldier, who turned now and then to snap an unloaded cap-pistol at his pursuers.

"Look at that!" said Hammond, with a groan. "Say, your friend the movie director just plain mesmerized this town. Did you see what he's done to the houses and the stores and—and—the bank?"

"Yes, I saw," I responded, and tried to look sympathetic.

"Well, they're all so proud of havin' had a movie company here that they wont let a thing that that movie director did be changed back again. But that aint the wust!"

His voice grew huskier as he continued. "You see how the kids is actin' up—why, you cant get a boy, for love nor money, to help on a farm, nohow. They're all rescuin' helpless damsels



from drownin', or from burnin' houses, or from deep-dyed scoundrels. Which makes the demand for helpless damsels so great that there aint any girls to help their maws with the dishes any more.

"I tell you," he continued, dismally, "that the entire social structure of this here town has been ruined! Why, there's the Hose Company—a finer, braver bunch of fellers couldn't be collected in New Jersey. Hi Nevis was chief, and, believe me, that feller was a wild-cat when it came to fightin' the flames. Then along comes your movie friend and turned the Hose Company into a parcel of prancin' fools. Hi's left town, and the fire-house is shet up for good."

The storekeeper sunk his teeth into his pipe-stem and blew clouds of wrathful smoke.

"But why should my friend break up the Hose Company?" I asked gently.

"'Cause why? Jest because he staged so many sulphur-pot fires down at the old stone distillery that the boys turned up their noses at the real thing. Three dollars per to run the hose-cart down to the cross-roads—huh!"

"But what made the fire-chief leave town?" I persisted.

"There you come to the wimmen agin—every time. There was a tow-haired filly in the troupe thet was supposed to get kitched in the burnin' mill, and it was Hi's job to see that she didn't get her knees skinned when she jumped. Hi sent to Newark for a life-net, and each time the onjinoo came to the winder and screamed and the smoke-pots and fire started to curl around her, Hi stood alongside the life-net and told her to jump."

An ominous silence followed, broken only by the clutter of his pipe.

"When the movie troupe went back to the city, Hi trailed along. He had got so fond of savin' the onjinoo's life that he persuaded your friend to take him along—and I cal'late the onjinoo didn't mind the tender way he used to pick her up out of the life-net, either."

"You infer that he fell in love with her," I sympathized. "It would take a modern Saint Anthony to resist the temptations that ingénues put in the path of callow young men. She must have snared him in his own net."

"But that aint all, nuther. Some of the older girls an' wimmen folk acted in some scenes as 'extries,' an' consequently there is somethin' like thirty-seven buddin' Bernhards of the screen in this here town right now. Why, my daughter Jane refused two fine offers of marriage this week, an' she's a-studyin' elocution an' arm movements—plannin' a career!"

His distress was poignant. I tried to interrupt his gloomy remarks:

"The lure of the pictures is great, but the good they do more than counterbalances any harmful—"

He wasn't listening to me.

"But that aint all," he iterated. "Come round to the stable-yard."

In the yard he pointed out to me a fine-looking horse and a mild-eyed Guernsey cow.

"Do you see that horse? There warn't a better delivery-wagon animal in the county—until Percy Pembroke, the hero of the Movin' Pictor company, rode him to the rescue of the fair heroine. An' now, blast it! if he ain't movie-struck, too. Yessir, it's all your neck's worth to drive him in the traces; he gallops along madly, like he thinks he's carryin' the hero to the girl's aid."

He paused for breath only, then resumed:

"But that aint all. Look at that cow—look at her! There warn't a better milk-giver in twenty mile—before they put her in a scene where the on—on—onjinoo, you know, the heroine, skipped playfully round that ol' cow. An' now I cant get a quarter of the usual amount of milk from her. She's movie-mad, too, an' acts like she was an onjinoo cow. Watch!"

He stepped up to the cow, calling softly, "Co' boss! co' boss!"

The cow tossed her head skittishly and playfully skipped away, looking back over her shoulder in true ingénue style.

Hammond waved his hand with a despairing gesture and started to speak again: "But that aint all—"

It may not have been *all*, but it was quite enough for me. I hurried away, mumbling a hastily-thought-of excuse.

Looking back, I could still see the "onjinoo cow" skipping about and tossing her head with a little flirting

motion that was a perfect imitation of the ingénue in Bill's company!

The storekeeper was perfectly truthful—the village had gone movie mad!

# The Moth

Selznick

By Gladys Hall

WHEN Lucy DeWitt married Valentine Spencer she had a shower of ingénue-ish curls upon her head and a general lack of anything substantial within. She had fallen deliriously in love with him, or, rather, with his smart clothes, bored manner, perfect bursts of passion and general air of a seasoned cosmopolite. Were the truth to be told, there was nothing else to Vallie Spencer to love, save a very damaged set of morals, which, incongruously, seem to be lovable.

Having a pair of otherwise engrossed, injudicious progenitors, she was permitted to marry him. This feat she accomplished with the assistance of a matron of honor who looked with jaundiced eye upon the marriage-rite, twelve jealous bridesmaids, a score of ushers, two score of debts, and a trousseau that filled ten innovation trunks to overflowing, after which followed a honeymoon spent at one of the smart springs—eugenically awful, and more or less supervised by Vallie's valet, Lucy's maid and politely curious acquaintances.

In due sequence came two infants, smashed ideals, the departure, bag and baggage, of love's fond dream, a mistress for Vallie, spare time, idle hands and the devil for Lucy. The devil wears many a guise for an unoccupied woman, a woman with futile hands and hollow heart. 'Most always he wears the guise of an equally unoccupied man.

Lucy Spencer's will-o'-the-wisp heart was hollow because the god she had worshiped proved to have feet—entire limbs, indeed—of very frail clay, which crumbled dismally when her fatuous, girlish hands became a woman's, needing . . . It was empty because the child-love her babies might have inspired comes more with the caring than the bearing. However, one did not tend one's own children. It simply wasn't done. And—here is something every woman knows—of the Seven Deadly Sins, the deadliest is this: To Do the Thing That Simply Isn't Done! Therefore she hired enormously salaried, enormously mechanical and unmaternal trained infant nurses and governesses, and abdicated the high throne of her motherhood thankfully.

Having been given in marriage, conferred two entirely undesired offspring upon her lord and master, and achieved a

certain status along with her twenty years, Lucy proceeded to enjoy life as she saw it, or as it presented itself to her hand. It is superfluous to state the many things she did; perhaps not so superfluous the many things she didn't. She bought bizarre animals and priceless cars—gave and was

of her body, a fetish; of her brain-space a vacuum. Also, she acquired world-knowledge of a sort, a very dreary sort: To distrust all women as felines; all men, as carnivorous beasts.

And just when she was about twenty-one, and sick to nausea of life and all that it held, the tiniest ghost of an ache began to throb in the place where her heart-throbs were, the wannest, palest shade of a pain, of a hunger, of a wish. It began to manifest itself by unprecedented night-excursions to the nurseries where lay Larry and Babs in rose-pink sleep—to lie wide-eyed, afterwards, thinking of their pursed, lush lips, the sweet calm of their shut lids; wondering whether, when they were twenty-one, they would have gourmandized on the rich sweets of life and be ready to vomit them forth.

There grew also a loathing of the garish Mrs. Marbridge in the garish mansion, with whom, in the most amicable understanding of her husband, Vallie lived in hectic and spontaneous fits and starts.

Cast of characters of this play as produced by the Norma Talmadge Company:

Lucy Spencer.....	Norma Talmadge
A. Valentine Spencer.....	Hassard Short
Captain Anchester.....	Eugene O'Brien
Nita Marbridge.....	Virginia Dare
Teddy Marbridge.....	Adolph Menjou
Ned Cunningham.....	Donald Hall
Mrs. Cunningham.....	Maude Allen
Laurence Gillam.....	Frank Kingdom
Tutor.....	Robert Vivian
Babs.....	Aida Armand
Larry.....	Kenneth Worm

entertained at grotesque, deliciously improper "parties"—made other wives unhappy, was correspondingly unhappy herself—made of her beauty a sacrament;



Mrs. Marbridge, before her marriage, had been the daughter of a notorious, none too pleasantly notorious, gambler. Upon her marriage to Marbridge, who had committed the sacrament for the sake of the gambler's opulent bank accounts rather than for his opulent daughter, she had aspired to society. Society had rejected her, flatly. She had retaliated by instituting and presiding over orgies beyond the most indiscreet imagination. To these orgies she lured the young blades and the married males of the society that had turned thumbs down.

The bright, particular luminary was Vallie Spencer. Him she chained by his seven jaded senses and danced about like a pet marmoset. She was a shade *more* voluptuous than all the voluptuaries on his previous records, so Vallie was content to dance. Teddy Marbridge was blandly acquiescent, considering no woman worth the jolly good-fellowship of a convivial man-friend, so the arrangement was of the serenest sort.

Lucy didn't count.

For a long time Lucy hadn't *cared*.

Then, all at once, with the beginning of that gnawing little pain, she began to care quite terribly, not because of Vallie Spencer. He had long since crumbled, along with his feet of clay, into an impersonal thing—sort of a sottish, disgusting thing—decidedly unpleasant to have about, the Marbridge woman being the most hideous part. Lucy had been fast and loose, but never vicious. She began to dread the twin sounds in her house: his hiccoughs, Larry's shrill, clean call; his stumblings after dark, the bare patter of the babies' good-night steps. Something was horridly all wrong.

Lucy didn't just know what, and wouldn't have known how to remedy things if she had. She'd been reared on scandal, cigarets and cocktails, and the staunch bark of the staff of life would have torn the soft flesh of her hands.

When things with Lucy became particularly muddled and perplexed, there were always two out of the phosphorescent tide of her acquaintances on whom she could count—two who stood staunch and sane, holding their lone heads high, reaching out warmly with understanding. These two were Edwin Cunningham, district attorney of Boston, and his wife, Margaret.

They loved Lucy for her hummingbird brilliance, the bright, swift whir of her wings, the tintinnabulation of her immature laughter. They loved her more for that which they knew lay deep within—deeper than Vallie Spencer or his set would ever reach—the deep something that cared so terribly about the Marbridge woman, that impelled her night-steps nurseryward, that sent her to them questing.

Margaret Cunningham had considerable to condone in Lucy. A lesser being would have fallen down flatly on the job. There was, in particular, the time Lucy called Edwin Cunningham from Boston by 'phone—a matter of the utmost im-

portance, she had told him. Upon his anxious arrival at the Shore she had greeted him alone, laughed at him, and begged his kiss. "I fairly *tantalized* for it," she told Margaret afterward, in her childishly contrite confession of her act, and Margaret, viewing the situation man-wise, and knowing how tantalizing Lucy could be, had said gravely, "Poor Edwin!"

"He told me I was not 'playing the game,'" Lucy had wept. "Oh, Margaret, where is my wild heart going?"

"Home, dear," Margaret had said, gravely sweet; "home, some time soon; home into a man's large love—a love that will be bread to it, wine, and blood."

As the responding to a cue, a few days following there arrived upon the scene Captain Erik Anchester. Captain Erik entered Lucy's life in the extremely Samaritan-like, if frequently played, rôle of escorting her limply drunken husband home in the dark of night. Lucy was accustomed to unaccustomed gentlemen performing this rite for Vallie. Generally, they deposited their flabby burden in the apologetic arms of his valet, and bade a brief good-night to his coldly unapologetic wife.

Captain Erik Anchester deposited his flabby burden according to custom, but there he deviated. He bade a very prolonged good-night to the unapologetic, headily impertinent Lucy.

"There's *one* good point to Vallie's souses," she laughed up at him, impishly.

"And that is?" he had queried, looking down at her and marveling at a woman whose sense of humor mantled even her husband's grossest folly.

"And that is," she mimicked, "he always finds a gentleman to bring him home."

Somehow or other, in that detached manner in which momentous things happen, they sauntered off the veranda on to the moon-shod beach. And they talked fitfully—a bit deeply—a bit treacherously. And once in a while Lucy's tintinnabulating laughter would ring out, and once in a while there would be fraught silences.

After that, Anchester came often. Many things made his visits easy, the chief thing being Vallie's open admiration of Anchester, whom he had sponsored in the clubs. Anchester had brought with him from England no credentials save the fact that he had fought big game in their native lairs, and won from them, bloodily, their priceless pelts and trophies; plundered manfully virgin remotenesses—and won no man's ill-will. There were also the incidental facts of Lucy's perpetual male-coterie, and the additional item of her husband's part-residence with Mrs. Marbridge. All told, it was a hugely satisfactory arrangement. It provided an escort for Lucy—one who did her honor. It thereby made considerably more leeway for Vallie and his amorosa.

It was satisfactory even to Larry and Babs, who fastened upon Anchester the proud title of "Daddy," and insisted upon

it vociferously, thereby awaking to lusty life that ghost of an ache in Lucy's breast; thereby instilling into Anchester's hitherto torpid brain the fact that it *was* pretty jolly to be "Daddied" by a lusty lad and a winsome lass, and that he was not getting any younger—the young, ripe years were fleeting, and Lucy— But here, being a self-dominant man, he stopped.

Justice and Margaret Cunningham alone were unapproving. "I don't like it, Margie," the district attorney confided to his wife. "Anchester as a man's man seems a pretty level sort, but with a woman . . . Well, Lucy has been playing with candle-glimmers up to now. This time she's playing with *flame*—blue-white flame—and I am afraid the lovely down of her wings will be burnt away."

Margaret maintained silence. She rather liked Anchester, credentials or no. But she perceived him to be a man of stormy depths—a man in whom the fierce lusts of the jungles he had tracked raged rampant; and Lucy—child—woman—weak and strong—provocative—joyous—lovely—undeveloped.

"Why don't you talk to Lucy about him, Edwin?" she asked. "If you get her right, Lucy will tell you the truth. Why not run down to Sealwarren to-night? It will do you good."

Cunningham acted upon the suggestion. He had a strong desire to see Lucy Spencer surpass herself and the stuff that she was made of, win past the unclean stuff of her environment to firm footing in her children's love—the children who loved tremendously Erik Anchester.

He found Lucy "not at home" when he arrived at Sealwarren. The butler, stifling a distasteful cough, mentioned the roadhouse where she was "dining out."

Cunningham, as he proceeded thence in his car, smiled at the characteristic transparency of Lucy. It was so like her to give out for publication the unsavory rendezvous they had chosen.

Lucy, in a private dining-room of the very remote and somewhat dubious tavern, was learning the first law of her nature. Clapsed in Erik Anchester's massive arms, she knew her girlish infatuation for Vallie Spencer to be a pale, a sickly thing. This, that she felt, was *real*—almost unbearably real. It made her want to tear off the trappings of the garish world she lived in, the Vallie-things, the hot, nauseous, shallow things that she had known. It made her long for unpeopled places, untrodden lands, forever forgotten isles. This was blood-stuff, soul-stuff, the torrid, lava-like stuff out of which "man and woman created He them."

"Dear, humorous, tragical sprite," he was whispering tensely; "will-o'-the-wisp, mother of sorrows—which?"

"A little of both," Lucy whispered back. "Oh, Erik, have pity! A hungry heart only now—hungering and thirsting—for love . . ."

Anchester released her, and something sacramental dawned in his eyes, called

there by her child's confession of her woman's frailty.

Upon Lucy, waiting for Anchester to summon the car, arrived Cunningham—a rather perilous-looking Lucy, disheveled, unduly flushed, quick-breathed—a defiant, unrepentant Lucy.

"You are coming home with me," Cunningham said to her, sharply, "at once!"

"I am not," retorted Lucy. "I——"

Cunningham took her severely by the arm.

"Mrs. Vanderskelt Channing is watching us with intense interest," he said, briefly. "As she is more notorious for her astonishingly proficient tongue than for her anciently moneyed lineage, I advise departure—with me."

Lucy acquiesced.

On the return ride Cunningham told her of his fears of the unheralded, unvouched-for Captain Anchester, and Lucy retaliated with a burning admission of their mutual love. "It is the only *real* thing I have ever had in my life," she finished, tensely. "What were my parents? Shams! What is Vallie? A filthy imitation of a man! What are my babies? Strangers who, thru the big, child-heart of Erik Anchester, are coming into mine. Now that it has come to me at last—big, and clean, and wonderful—you ask me to sweep it aside for the *truck* I would gain? What do I care for his credentials, O ye of little faith? What do I care *who* he is to others—to all mankind? I know what he is—to *me*, and that's all—that's all that counts—just as it is—just the same—as you—and Margaret——"

And all at once Lucy was sobbing—not the rainbow tears of the chimerical yesterday, but bitter tears, stern tears, and dreary.

Cunningham comforted her, and prayed heaven that Anchester was as much of a man as he had to admit he appeared to be, and, to relieve the stress of the situation, began to discourse on lesser, lighter things.

"Anchester had a big run-in with Marbridge, the other day," he said, lighting a cigaret for himself and one for Lucy, "at the Badminton."

"What about?" asked Lucy, incuriously. Marbridge had always struck her as a harmless, inefficient mortal—perhaps because of the notorious mismanagement of his home.

"Bridge," said Cunningham, "and I must say that Anchester was right—dead right. They were playing partners, and Marbridge was beguiling his dummy-time with side-bets that Anchester would lose——"

"How *horrid!*" exclaimed Lucy.

"Poor, very poor," assented Cunningham. "Anchester objected, Marbridge sneered, and Anchester escorted Marbridge from the sacred precincts of the club rather unceremoniously. I'm afraid, tho, that the Captain

"Well, Cunningham, you old whited sepulcher, you! bringing Lucy home at 1 A. M.! And what would poor, devoted Margaret say to this—th—you old rake, you!"

Cunningham compressed his lips. He had a fleeting, pleasurable thought of how easy it would be to stifle the taunts out of that vitiated body! Lucy smiled contemptuously. Vallie caught the smile and felt the superiority of Cunningham's silence.

"Platonic friends!" he derided. "*Some* slur on old Plato! Say, that tale would make Noah yawn! No doubt those old sports, Adam and Eve, kidded themselves along with the same idea, but——"

"Really, Vallie," interposed Cunningham, coldly, consulting his watch, "I——"

"You're going home to the saintly, trustful Margaret, I suppose," rudely thrust in Vallie, who was

in a state of frenzy, after an evening of wild scenes with Mrs. Marbridge, "and fill her full of a sanctimonious tale of being counselor to 'poor, dear Lucy,' who suffers so from her 'impossible husband.' Well, District Attorney Cunningham, don't be surprised to find yourself named as co-respondent in a divorce suit in the very near future. Good-night."

"Good-night, Lucy," Cunningham said, quietly. "Come to your senses, Vallie."

As the door closed on Cunningham, Vallie eyed the tired-eyed Lucy savagely. "Do you come across with that coin I asked you for this morning, or not?" he demanded.

"What for?" asked Lucy, insolently. "Some new whim of Nita Marbridge's?"

"That's none of your d—n business!" shrilled Vallie. "I——"

"Well, it's my 'd—n' money," replied Lucy, curtly, going toward the stairs, "and that ends it."

"Oh, no, my fine lady, that *doesn't* end it," snapped Vallie. "This ends it—a divorce suit, naming Cunningham as co-respondent, or——"

He paused, waiting for the first threat to sink in.

"Or what?" demanded Lucy, faintly.

"Or a money settlement, a fat one, and—one of the kids."

Vallie added the last as an afterthought—one of the most brilliant thoughts of any kind he'd ever had, he thought, as he saw the wound it made. He had not the remotest idea of wanting one or either of them. The fire of



A RATHER  
PERILOUS-  
LOOKING  
LUCY

has laid up for himself an unending enemy."

"Better an enemy than a friend in *that* case," scoffed Lucy, as her car drew up to the house. "The whole bunch of them are rotters. Better stay the night, Edwin, the roads are vile by night."

In the dim, wide hall Vallie stood, an incongruous picture of a watchful, injured husband. About him hung aggressively the patchouli-like fragrance peculiar to Mrs. Marbridge. He faced them aggressively.



paternity had never kindled in his narrow chest. But if paternity were to be a marketable commodity, then paternal he must be.

"Never — never — *never* that!" Lucy hissed at him over the stair-rails.

Vallie shrugged.

He could afford to be

magnanimous, now that he had caught his victim, squirming, between two bottomless pits.

"It's up to you, ol' dear," he said, nonchalantly. "'Night—I'm all in."

The night seemed to Lucy to be peopled with faces; just faces that pressed in upon her until their warm breaths woke strange fevers in her cheeks — Anchester's, passionate, protective; Vallie's, vicious, threatening; Cunningham's, kindly, grave; the babies', dewy and fresh. And hands—hands, too—that twisted her heart-strings to the torture point.

Before Vallie's departure the next morning, Lucy waylaid him in the wide hall, fresh with the sea-salt air, heavy with waking flowers. She had the babies with her.

"Val, it's all a rum go," she accosted him briefly, wide eyes on his appealingly. "It isn't shuffling the cards—for *them*. We brought them here, Val. Heaven knows life's a shoddy gift enough. Let's not—let's play the game—let's—"

Vallie cut her short. "Drop the heroics, Luce," he admonished. "It's too late for that stuff between you an' me. I stand on what I said—Cunningham, platonic friend, as co-respondent, or half your estate and—Larry."

At the Badminton Club, Erik Anchester was having a bad time on his own account. The little affair at the roadhouse the previous night had shown him where he stood in regard to Lucy. He had taken things pretty much as he had found them all along—thinking of women, with Nietzsche, as "the most dangerous diversion"—but he knew now that here was danger, and it was *not* diverting. It

looked like the waste places for him forevermore if Lucy Spencer danced her lightsome way out of his life, yet it seemed infinitely *more* dangerous and even *less* diverting to remain.

He had had another run-in with Marbridge at bridge that very morning. Marbridge had referred insolently to Lucy and their evident intimacy; Anchester had boiled over at the free badinage of her name in the club; there had been considerable calisthenics, and Marbridge had found himself uncomfortably ensconced on the door-step.

All this was not doing Lucy any good, nor those jolly kids who called him "Daddy."

Lucy needed a man's protection—all the way around. Vallie Spencer was not a man, but, in the absence of a better, he would have to do. Anchester supposed that if the Marbridge woman could be got to keep her hands and her demands off Vallie, things might come clean for Lucy and the kids. It was a bitter task—to smooth his own way out of her life. But men had done gallantly

"LET'S NOT—LET'S  
PLAY THE GAME—  
LET'S—"

"The black cat comes to the black cat for help," she scoffed. "If I abandon the husband, my friend, will *you* abandon the wife?"

"I—"

began Anchester, seriously. The woman reared up on her couch. She raised her voice shrilly. "I—you—me—the other one," she yelled crazily; "for God's sake get out of my affairs—get!"

Anchester retreated. This was worse than the most formidable of the big game. To protest with a woman on her pet *liaison* is a luckless job at best; to protest with a woman in whose veins runs the poison of every deadliest vice is to commit fool's suicide.

At the door of the retreat Anchester encountered Vallie, looking haggard.

"I advise you, Spencer," the Captain said, "to stay away—at least temporarily. She's—she's decidedly overwrought and unbalanced at present."

Vallie laughed, with a sort of dreariness.

"She's always that," he said. "Let me by, Anchester."

Nita Marbridge glanced at Vallie as he entered. Upon his slanting shoulders she hurled the injury of Anchester's interference.

Vallie stood still. When she had finished, he said brusquely, "I'm quitting, ol' kid."

Wife's out for a divorce, and if they get the goods on us it'll be nix on wife's dough for little Vallie. I'm playin' for high stakes, lovey-dovey. After I get 'em, it's you and me for Europe and the long hike."

The crazed brain of Nita Marbridge absorbed, like a half-good sponge, only Vallie's announcement of a breach. In the sad, savage, cruel, hectic way of

a woman of her sort, she loved Vallie Spencer.

"You're quittin', are you?"

she raged, rising up and falling back on the couch like a dying pantheress. "You're quittin' me—*me*! After all that—after—God! my God! It's the 'long hike,' is it? Good enough! It's the long hike, ol' dear, and Nita's taking it—alone!"

A shot, a sob, a blood-spurt, a silence.

Vallie, collapsing, ran from the place and up the beach to his own home.

(Fifty-two)



bitterer things than that, that a woman's name might shine.

Anchester motored down to the Marbridge place and was admitted into the notorious presence.

The woman was befogged with drink, insolent with drugs. She heard Anchester's plea for the domestic solvency of the Spencers with a leer.

In the hallway he came upon Lucy bidding a white-lipped farewell to Erik Anchester. Tragedy stalked with him, and they demanded his trouble. Mute, palsied, he evaded them.

An hour later, Edwin Cunningham, peculiarly grim-looking, came down in his car and demanded an interview with Vallie.

"Nita Marbridge is dead. Marbridge just 'phoned me," he said. "We've got to find out how she died."

Vallie, defiant, wrenched open his door and faced Cunningham. He read accusation in the district attorney's eye, and his craven spirit wailed.

"It's a lie!" he yelled. "She shot herself!"

"Ah-h!" said Edwin Cunningham.

Vallie's yellow streak jaundiced his whole bearing. He fairly whined at Cunningham.

"You've trapped me," he wailed, miserably.

"You've caught me unawares and trapped me into admitting my presence there. But I'll call quits with you, Cunningham.

An eye for an eye—you shut your mouth and I'll shut mine on the co-respondent

nothing to lose; he came out as I went in—he'll take a chance on everything coming out all right. O' course everything's coming right, Luce—right as a fiddle; but the kids—my—er—connection with her—d—n her, anyway! Go on, Luce; you're strong on the sacrifice stunt. Pay his price; let him—you know——"

With every emotion wiped clean from her—like a hollow thing—Lucy sought Anchester in his bachelor quarters, and, with tongue that stumbled cruelly, made

munion, and in the sweat of morning you stood out good and clean—yes, adorable! Lucy, poor moth, I love you beyond the power of words!"

When Marbridge and Cunningham arrived, sent there by Vallie, they brought a man's glove found by Mrs. Marbridge's side.

Lucy silenced Anchester with a word.

"Try on the glove!" she commanded. "Try it on, Captain Anchester!"

It fitted the big Captain's big fist as tho it were an infant's.

scandal. Be a good sport, Cunningham; don't ditch us both to hell! I swear—I——"

Cunningham's face contracted. He admitted a temptation. For Margaret, he dreaded his political death—his social ruin. But Margaret, he knew, set higher values even than these.

"I am acting officially, Spencer," he said, incisively. "In this capacity I must tell what I know."

Lucy's entreaties were harder. She pleaded for the kiddies. "There is enough disgrace," she said. "Living things down is hard. I am——"

After Cunningham had gone, Spencer besought Lucy to go to Anchester—"for the kids," he bluffed, fear stamped on every feature. "He loves you—he has

"IT'S A LIE—  
SHE SHOT  
HERSELF!"

Spencer's plea—offered herself, if the price were high enough—waited for his answer.

It came—slowly at first, then in a rush of broken words.

"I didn't know you at first, Lucy—your weakness or your strength, the dear woman part of you. I hated your husband for a cad and a coward, and I hated you because you had been touched—perhaps tainted—by him.

She took his accusations mutely, ready for his decision.

"I came," he went on, "out of the nowhere into a life of fever and fraud and I found your butterfly wings daubed in it." He seized her hands eagerly. "But there came a night of agony, of self-com-

"Oh, Lucy," he whispered, as Cunningham and Marbridge conferred together, the latter evidently enraged at the failure of this evidence—"Lucy, you have queered this, dear. You——"

"Hush, love; hush!" she whispered.

Cunningham was summoned to the 'phone in the next room. The three who waited listened tensely to the rapid fire of his voice. When he returned, his face looked as tho it were cleared of a storm.

"The coroner's verdict," he said, clearly: "Mrs. Marbridge came to her death by *her own hand*."

When Lucy, escorted by Anchester, arrived home, Vallie Spencer, fear-broken, had, as his pitiable note read, "skipped."

"Divorce me if you want to," he scrawled. "This is good-by."

"And for us?" questioned Anchester, tenderly, anxiously.

"Daddy, Daddykin!" came shrill, imperious voices.

Lucy laughed, with a touch of the old irresponsibility.

"Out of the mouths of babes," she said.



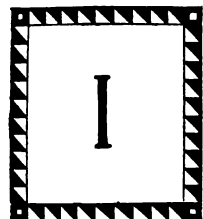
# At Home With Helen

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT



HELEN HOLMES

(Fifty-four)



SUPPOSE all of you, who have enjoyed watching Helen Holmes' daredevil, death-defying feats—fifty thousand feet (count 'em, ladies and gentlemen, fifty thousand feet) above the —er—sea level, I think, would imagine that home, for Helen, means a bird-like perch far atop a telegraph pole, or at the very least a slipping, sliding, private car tacked onto the end of the New York Limited. You'd never imagine anything else possible, would you?

Of course not. But I'm going to burst that pleasant little bubble of your own imaginings and tell you what Helen really calls home—aside from the pretty, vine-covered bungalow just off the studio lot where Signal plays are produced. This is her real home—and it's a *farm*! On my word of honor! And what's more, it's a Western ranch-farm, some three or four hundred acres in the home-farm alone, not to mention the alfalfa ranch, the cattle-ranch and mere details of that sort. Her farm-home-ranch is on the Colorado River, twenty miles from the nearest town.

After "The Girl and the Game" had been finished, Mr. MacGowan, the director, also Miss Holmes' husband, decided that the pretty star needed a vacation, so he sent her home for a couple of weeks, little wotting what she would find to do on that same vacation. She was busier there than she had ever been at the studio, but it was such good fun, she says, that it wasn't work at all.

First, she decided that a new shed was needed for the proper housing and safeguarding of the sizable bunch of agricultural implements necessitated by the very up-to-date farming methods on Holmes Ranch. So, with her customary rapidity of action, she hired men, bought lumber, arranged for its being hauled from the somewhat primitive saw-mill, and, by noon of the same day, the first boards of the new shed, which was in reality a compact, serviceable house, were going up. Miss Holmes was everywhere at once, superintending, and the men soon came to realize that she knew what she was talking about and was thoroly conversant with their own line of work—overseeing, criticising and helping generally.

She also learnt to milk—and, later on, while filming "Judith of the Cumberlands," this knowledge proved more than handy—and took charge of the dairy herd at Holmes Ranch, installing some decidedly up-to-date and sanitary methods, much to the improvement, no doubt, of the milk sold from the ranch.

One day, when she had been at the ranch for a week, and time was hanging a little heavy on her hands, she received a telegram from Mr. MacGowan, announcing his impending arrival for a couple of days. Never was there such a bustling excitement at Holmes Ranch.

Not since the housekeeper had received a telegram from "Miss Helen" some five years ago, announcing her marriage, and the fact that she and the lucky man would spend a brief honeymoon of one week at Holmes Ranch.

Mr. MacGowan arrived, and was properly impressed with the amount of work his lovely, vigorous, happy little wife had done during her week's "vacation." He stayed only three days and carried her back with him—for they were to sail in two weeks for the Hawaiian Islands, for six weeks, during which a smashing five-reeler was to be filmed—which is the MacGowans' idea of a vacation.

That really is all there is to tell about Helen Holmes' vacation, for she never has any, except for brief days. But perhaps you'd like to know how she happened to acquire Holmes Ranch. Well, as it is a most interesting story, and one that I like to tell, I'm nothing loath to set it down herewith.

It begins seven years ago in Chicago. Three people are seated about the cozy, comfortable little living-room. The first is a fine-looking man of middle age, whose kindly eyes show wrinkles of worry and carefully hidden pain and anxiety. The second is a boy of about nineteen or twenty, thin and weak-looking—his whole story told by his almost transparent skin and the little, racking cough which he tries so bravely to conceal. The third is a girl—and such a girl! Seventeen years old, dark-brown hair in cascading curls down her back, dark-brown eyes that seem made for laughter, but which are now filled with tears, she is leaning forward, watching brother and father, as she pleads earnestly.

Of course you have guessed that the girl is Helen Holmes, the boy and man are her brother and father. The boy had just received the doctor's verdict—tuberculosis. If he would leave at once for the West, immediately, and live there, he had a chance of recovery. The doctor was kindly, brutally frank, and the little family had gathered to discuss ways and means. Helen's mother had been dead for several years, and Helen had mothered her dad and brother since then.

"Dad, let me go West with brother," she pleaded impetuously. "It is impossible for him to go alone; he must have some one to look after him. You can't go, and that leaves only me."

And it was finally settled that way. Then came the brilliant idea. Since her brother's health demanded that he be out-of-doors a great deal, and since she herself loved the out-of-doors, why not file on Government land and establish a ranch? Thus the brother's health would be regained, Helen would get all of the out-of-doors she wanted, and they would, at the same time, acquire a fine ranch.

So the seventeen-year-old girl and her twenty-year-old brother went West and located their claim, attending to all the red tape by which a beneficent Government gives to its worthy citizens as much

land as they can carefully till, then turns them loose to get rich. Of course their father was the legal claimant of the land.

Then ensued fourteen months of the hardest work any girl is ever called upon to stand. The brother was too weak for very strenuous labor, of course. So Helen, with the aid of the few farm-hands she was able to employ, attended to all the necessary work—and there was a stupendous amount of it—in order to hold their claim. For fourteen months she never knew the feel of a petticoat or skirt. Overalls, flannel shirts and heavy, stout-laced boots, with a wide slouch hat, as a protection against the sun, formed her wearing apparel. During this time she never saw a hair-pin, for her hair was braided in two braids and tucked up out of the way, being tied with a string, or bailing wire, or anything else that came handy. The ranch improved and thrived under its careful tending.

But the brother did not, alas! His weakness refused to yield, and he grew steadily weaker and weaker. Many nights, returning to her own tent after her hard work, Helen lay awake, crying over her brother, until nearly dawn. But she refused obstinately to admit that he would not recover. With the steady faith of the sunny-natured, she believed that he would grow strong and healthy again. She had visions of a day when, the ranch their own, her brother would be strong and well again, and, with their father, they would again set up house-keeping, a loving, closely united little family.

And then, one morning, her brother died.

During the terrible days that followed, Helen went about her work, cold and quiet, almost stolid in the bitterness of her grief. Her father arrived from Chicago, and together they set about trying to piece together the broken strands of their happy life.

Quietly taking charge of things, Mr. Holmes sent his daughter out to Los Angeles, on a long visit to her old friend and chum, Mabel Normand.

Later on, the skies brightened for the brave, lovely girl who had dared the terrors of the wilderness—for such the ranch was at first—for the sake of her dearly loved brother. Her entry into the movies was as surprising as it was romantic. She had no intention of being an actress, but one day Mr. MacGowan wanted a leading-woman—and Helen Holmes applied half out of curiosity, and was engaged. Her marriage followed shortly afterward. The rest you know.

Such is the history of the Helen Holmes Ranch, near the boundary line of California and Nevada, where the Colorado River makes its snake-like curves, in pursuit of its unquenchable determination to empty into the Gulf of California—probably because, in so doing, it may curl lovingly around the ranch that means home to Helen Holmes!



# The Kiddies' Frozen Echoes

By LILLIAN BLACKSTONE

Author and Inventor of "Frozen Echoes," "Pipe Fancies," etc.

BOBBY  
CONNELLY

**D**ID the kiddies think I had forgotten them and had remembered only the grown-ups? Impossible, especially when I know that they are like other healthy, care-free children and that they like ice-cream just as well as, if not better than, other thirsty kidlets. Wasn't it some little man of the pictures who wanted an everlasting ice-cream soda, and wasn't

JANE  
LEE

MARJORIE  
DAW

it a little miss of seven—who, by the way, is quite well known—who wanted a candy cane as big as a telegraph-pole? Seems to me they did—anyway, if they didn't I know that's what they wish their pennies could buy in addition to the customary pony, goat and cart, and caliber rifle. And now some of them have an ice-cream dish they can call their

very own and they can have it made as big as they wish—it's theirs and they can have it made to suit them. Now isn't that

DODO  
NEWTON

saying, that "patience is at last rewarded," fully justified?

*Bobby Connelly War-Dish*—Does little Bobby Connelly wish he were a soldier so he could march off with his gun and fight the Boches? We hope not, for we want him to stay right at Brooklyn and be in all the plays he can, 'cause we like him so. His expression, his clever ways, his cute little mannerisms—they all delight us. How could Vitagraph have all their plays and not have Bobby in at least one?—and he couldn't be in that one if he went over to France. It's all



FINE ARTS  
KIDDIES

right for him to put on his war-paint and go whooping about as an Indian, and he can eat his war-dish till he can eat no more; we dont care what he does so he stays right home and minds the director and—his mother. This war-dish is very different from ice-cream sodas and lemonades—it's very sweet (just like Bobby), and it has the very peculiar effect of making you dream about great things—"Injuns," and all that. It's better to have it made in a brown dish—all the soldiers and Indians wear that color. In this dish you put some chocolate ice-cream and make it just like a fort—I mean have it in the center so the enemy (if there were any)

couldn't get to it from the outside of the dish. Around this put lots and lots of pecans and then comes the best part—the chocolate marshmallow poured over the

*Marjorie Daw Vamp-a-cream*—Wasn't it little Marjorie Daw who said she wanted to be a vamp? I know it was, so she ought to eat the vamp-a-cream with a relish. Marjorie just had a birthday and no doubt feels rather annoyed at being called a kiddie, but that's just what she is and that's what she will be for some time. We've missed her for a long time, but now that school is out we'll probably see her soon and maybe when she's older we can watch her on the screen as a vamp. Just at present we'd much rather see her as a sweet, unaffected



ZOE  
DU RAE



KITTENS  
REICHERT

nuts and ice-cream till it almost overflows. In this stick a little American flag, just the kind in miniature that Bobby would carry if he went to war. And once more we say, "Dont go."

little girl. This can be made in any kind of dish—the ingredients suit anywhere, just as Marjorie does. Somehow I cant think of her being out of place anywhere except at a very formal ball where only the grown-ups are. And very soon she can be there—too soon. In a dish put a slice of brick ice-cream—the kind with lots of flavors—and over this pour some thick strawberry syrup. With a big candied or preserved strawberry on top it makes such a dish that you'll fall in love



BILLY JACOBS



immediately with Marjorie and her vamp-a-cream.

*Dodo Newton North Pole*—This young star would find the North Pole if she wanted to go out hunting for it—determination and being a natural born leader seem to be two of her chief characteristics. However, so she can stay in sunny California and at the same time be in such fine plays as "Soul Mates," we have made a North Pole just for her—much better than the Cook variety. And when it gets too hot and Dodo gets warm she can go down to the corner drug-store and have the man make up her dish. And just think how her little friends will look at her—why, I can just picture them yearning for a dish of their own. Dodo, you will have to share up with those not as lucky as you.

In a glass—the kind sodas come in—put some caramel, strawberry and vanilla ice-cream and then pour in some chocolate syrup. Then comes the whipped cream and I think a flag should grace the top, for a discoverer never leaves a new place without leaving some mark—preferably an American flag. At least that's what they do at the North Pole. See if this dish isn't as delicious and nice as the little heroine of "Soul Mates."

*Jane Lee Fairy Queen*—Does little Jane wish she could see the fairies that dance around on the velvet carpet of the forest and that come and sit about her bed when she's in dreamland? Does she? Well, I can't make that wish come true, for I haven't a magic wishing-ring or wand. But I have made her a Fairy Queen dish that I want her to enjoy every bit as much as she delights in fairy stories and fairy dreams. Then when she's eating it the little fairies will sit by and watch her and smile at her as they continue to make lovely prophecies for her.

In the most delicate of glass dishes put some vanilla cream—the kind that is so rich that it is yellow. Over this pour a syrup made of pineapple and maraschino cherry, and in each side stick a lady-finger. Then serve it and see how lovely and fairy-like it is.

*Fine Arts' Kids Special*—This is for

those delightful children who appeared in "Going Straight"—George Stone and all of them. In the "pantry party" they enjoyed the cream-puffs so and it wasn't merely acting. Weren't they sweet-looking as they tore thru the hall in their nighties and pajamas! I could talk about them thru several pages, but this dish must be made—and it will have to be pretty good to suit so many kiddies.

In a dish put some vanilla ice-cream and over this some lemon ice. Around it place cherries and mix in some nuts. On top put chocolate cream and then try it and see if it doesn't just suit you. It's one of my favorites.

*Kittens Reichert's Marjo Surprise*—Kittens will no doubt be glad that I didn't forget her little chum—the one the big fat man almost scrunched to death. Be it known, however, that Marjo is different from most children—different in every way but feelings. Kittens informs us she is very sensitive, but I'd better tell what she is or people will blame the fat man. She's Kittens' imagination friend and the two are inseparable. Where one goes the other goes. I hope both of them enjoy the surprise I made for them.

In a dish you put some ice-cream—any flavor. And over this goes a fruit syrup made up of big fat strawberries, nice yellow peaches, juicy cherries, and every other kind of fruit you could think of. And don't forget to mix in some chopped nuts to make a nicer flavor. On top place either a cherry or strawberry and you will soon begin to think that Kittens and Marjo are the very nicest persons imaginable.

*Zoe Du Rae Clavelitos Sundae*—A typical American and bound to be successful from the way she works. I know, for she was in a dancing-class with me. She has big, blue eyes, thick golden curly hair, and when she dances she looks like a little fairy. No doubt she has danced in a picture you saw her in—this little genius of seven. Zoe is the kind of girl you have a bright-colored dish of cream named after—I hope it suits you.

It is better to use vanilla ice-cream so as to make a contrast with the bright

cherry syrup that goes over it. In the syrup be sure there are a number of fat juicy cherries. With a few nuts mixed in and some pecans on top, it makes a typical clavelitos sundae—the former word, by the way, meaning carnations, the brightly colored pink ones. See if you don't start the clavelitos habit by either trying a sundae or wearing a carnation. Little Zoe will like it and you will like it; and Zoe and the public will have mutual admiration for each other.

*Billy Jacobs Fun Dish*—"Billy, now, tomorrow, forever" is what his friends and admirers must say as a slogan. Who can resist him? I'll bet he has a dozen or more sweethearts, and I'll wager that he's in love with the films, the public, and his mother. Isn't he the cleverest little youngster! How could any one sit thru one of his pictures and not love him? He's so tiny and clever and does everything so naturally and with such finished acting. It seems as if he must always work and never have fun. But I don't believe that, and on the days when he's so terribly busy he can call up the "soda fountain man" and have a "fun dish" brought over. Let's see what it is.

Over some caramel ice-cream put some marshmallow that has been flavored with caramel. Then pour a little caramel syrup and cover with pecans. See if it isn't good and think of Billy when you eat it—he put it in my thoughts and made me make it.

Kidlets, kiddies, children—how many there are! I only wish I could fix up something for each one of them, but I can't. The lucky ones will have to share up with their less fortunate sisters and brothers, and they in turn will have to work harder and in time get up to the point where they can't be missed when any more dishes are made. Every one of them is talented and they have a great many feet of interesting film made of them. They have their little parts and go thru them with the understanding of one three times their age. Surely these representatives of America deserve credit and praise. To each and every one of you I wish the greatest success and happiness.

## Ye Movie Gossip

By MICHAEL GROSS

LAST NIGHT.  
I WALKED past.  
A MOVIE place.  
ON OUR block.  
THAT RARELY runs.  
FEATURE FILMS.  
OR FAMOUS stars.  
BUT THIS time.  
A BIG poster.  
IN THE entrance.  
SHOWED CHARLES Ray.  
AND FRANK Keenan.  
IN A Western drama.

AND ANOTHER.  
ANNOUNCED MARY Pickford.  
IN HER newest feature.  
AND A poster.  
OVER THE door.  
HAD CHARLIE Chaplin.  
IN HIS latest release.  
IT LOOKED good.  
FOR ONE jitney.  
SO I went in.  
WELL, THE first film.  
WAS A poor one.  
AND THE second.  
WAS WORSE.

AND BY and by.  
WHEN I had waited.  
ABOUT AN hour.  
AND WATCHED seven reels.  
OF BUM stuff.  
THE SHOW ended.  
AND I hadn't seen.  
ONE OF the films.  
I THOUGHT I'd see.  
AND I resolved.  
TO GET my nickel's worth.  
BY LOOKING.  
AT THE posters.

SO WHEN I got out.  
I LOOKED them over.  
VERY CLOSELY.  
AND ALL at once.  
I SAW two words.  
AT THE bottom of each.  
THAT I hadn't noticed.  
THE FIRST time.  
THEY WERE so small.  
BUT NOW I read.  
THESE HOPEFUL words.  
"COMING SOON."  
I THANK YOU.

(Fifty-eight)



# At Home with a Bret Harte Heroine

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

**B**EATRIZ MICHELena has played so many Bret Harte heroines that a number of people never think of her save as one of these characters. So it's about time Miss Michelena came from her hiding-place of characters and became the lovely, lovable woman her friends know her to be.

If you are interested in the "where-were-you-born — where-were-you-educated" sort of story, don't read any further, for this won't satisfy your longing at all. This isn't a story of the girl you know on the screen—it's the story of the girl very few people do know—Beatriz Michelena at home.

In the first place, "home" to her is a beautiful Swiss chalet perched high up in the hills that surround San Rafael, where the California Motion Picture studio is located. The grounds are somewhat perpendicular—meaning that, as they are on the mountainside, they are somewhat mountainous. They are laid out terrace-fashion, rock-bordered, and many flowers, shrubs and plants make the sur-

rounding grounds of the Swiss chalet a bedazzlement to the passer-by.

A good many of her leisure hours are spent here among the flowers, as one might easily suspect, since it is a charming place, especially to the owner.

Of course you know of her wonderful voice—for years she has studied to fit herself for grand opera, and she was going abroad with her father to study just when the war broke out. The spoiled



trip was a terrible disappointment, but being a very sensible and philosophical young person, she accepted an offer from the California Motion Picture Corporation, and settled down to resume her studies when her picture work didn't interfere, and to bide her time until the war was over so that she might be ready for her opportunity when it came.

Of course I was interested in her pretty home, and she was graciousness itself in showing it.

I believe, of all the house I liked best the music-room, which opens onto a broad, glass-enclosed porch. The furnishing of the dining-room is simple, but in the best of taste. The wainscoting, the old-fashioned but very decorative plate-rail, all make a most effective background for the pretty mistress.

Wide, white French doors lead to the glass-enclosed porch, where ferns and potted plants have been persuaded to make themselves at home and to grow for sheer joy of growing. Here hang two cages, each holding its pair of happily trilling little birds. Tables, chairs and books invite one to repose. I can imagine nothing more enjoyable than an afternoon spent here. From this porch, or sun-parlor, one has a magnificent view of rolling valley, mountains and water. No wonder she loves her home, I thought—no wonder she finds such inspiration in a quiet hour here.

On the wide, breeze-swept porch, comfortably fitted up with swinging seats, big, comfy-looking lounging chairs, wicker tables and the like, Miss Michelena loves to spend her leisure hours, planning her new costumes, studying the scripts for her next production—or just resting and inviting her soul in repose. "What is your highest ambition?" I



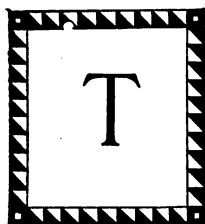
HER SIMPLE BREAKFASTS,  
SET IN THE TONIC OF MOUNTAIN AIR,  
ARE INVIGORATING

(Continued on page 73)

(Sixty)

# Kings and Queens of the Screen Contest in Full Swing

The Classic's Great Personality Test Is Starting a Country-wide Vote



THE CLASSIC promised its readers something startlingly new in the way of contests when it announced the Kings and Queens Contest in the June CLASSIC.

From the responsive manner that votes are coming in from every section of the United States we now feel sure that our readers are heartily endorsing it. It is generally dangerous to disturb hide-bound traditions, and the traditions of popularity contests are as rigid as a hermit and as rigorous as his cell. "Who is the most popular film actress?" "Who is the most popular film actor?" These have been the perpetual questions of newspapers and magazines in their efforts to create popularity contests.

The CLASSIC ventures to break the rules of tradition in conducting the Kings and Queens Contest. Popularity means nothing without personality back of it. The medal and ribbon of the Legion of Honor means more than the man behind the guns—it's the recognition and reward of the *personality* of the man behind the guns. And it's the same with the great artists of the dramatic profession who are making the shadow-stage their life-work. Their mere popularity is nothing. What is back of it: Beauty, Charm, Ability? These things are what we eventually recognize and reward.

## BE YOUR OWN JUDGE AND JURY

The CLASSIC asks its readers to join with it in selecting those three actresses and those three actors who best represent the following attributes:

Beauty: Regularity of feature or form, or both—physical gifts that delight the eye. Handsomeness: The same attributes for male players.

Charm: Winsomeness, personal appeal, attractiveness, womanliness or manliness, manner, and all that goes to make up a charming personality.

Screen Portrayal: Acting ability, command of technique, characterization, naturalness. A fine and finished reflection of Life, whether dramatic or comic.

It is a common error to believe that the players themselves look for prize-money rewards from popularity contests. Their large salaries amply take care of their needs and their luxuries. Something finer is needed—an appreciation of themselves.

## SIX PRIZES FOR EACH CONTESTANT

The CLASSIC has decided to break another tradition. In the Kings and Queens Contest no prizes shall go to the players. Here is the pleasing novelty of the awards: Each reader of the CLASSIC will personally share in the prizes. At the completion of the contest, when you have finally selected what players shall best represent Beauty, Charm and Portrayal, we will ask the new-crowned Queens and Kings of Motion Pictures to sit for especially posed portraits that will best typify the attributes that our readers have selected them for. Each portrait will be the exclusive property of our readers, will be especially posed for them, will be autographed by the players, and will be beautifully reproduced in color on heavy paper suitable for framing. On the month following the closing of the Great Personality Contest we will publish one or more of these exquisite pictures, and follow with one or more each month thereafter until the six kings and queens have all had their reign. After that we shall probably do likewise for the six next highest on the list.

## WHAT DOES A PLAYER MISS?

Ask this question of a hundred well-known screen actors and actresses and they will say: "Our audience." 'Twas ever thus. The giving of one's heart into the keeping of fine acting must have its reward, and the audience of the stage-players responds with hand-claps and applause that always bring curtain-calls from the players and often tears of gratitude. Fine art in any form is temperamental—and the actor or actress must have appreciation or his art starves.

Night after night, we have laughed or our eyes have misted thru being with the shadowed images of our favorites—yet we can't get our message of applause across to them. The souls of them are there on the screen—not the flesh. It is the purpose of the Kings and Queens Contest to make this silent message of yours speak—to have it tell your favorites your appreciation. That is their right; all they ask; and it is your duty and delight to give it in good measure.

On another page will be found a voting coupon, which entitles each contestant to cast ten votes for their six favorites. One player, if desired, may be selected for all three attributes. *In the September issue will be found a coupon good for twenty votes—a double coupon, so you won't fail to get in an extra boost for your favorites for the same money.*

## THE FIRST COUNT OF THE BIG VOTE

When this announcement was written, the Kings and Queens Contest had not quite a month's publicity. It is just beginning to be talked about—its original features, its fairness, its rewards—and each mail is piling up a heavier vote. We ask you to make this the most interesting, the most praiseworthy and the most influential contest that has ever been conducted in the interests of the players. Here are the results of the twenty leading Kings and Queens up to June 19th:

LEADING KINGS			LEADING QUEENS		
HANDSOMENESS	CHARM	PORTRAYAL	BEAUTY	CHARM	PORTRAYAL
Harold Lockwood... 1,830	Francis Bushman... 2,550	William Hart..... 1,980	Anita Stewart..... 1,830	Mary Pickford..... 2,290	Edith Storey..... 1,560
Ralph Kellard..... 1,610	Wallace Reid..... 1,790	Theodore Roberts... 1,540	Pearl White..... 1,760	Mary Miles Minter. 1,560	Louise Glaum..... 1,540
Wallace Reid..... 1,130	Earle Williams..... 1,690	Harry Northrup... 1,520	Beverly Bayne..... 1,720	Bessie Love..... 1,500	Flora Finch..... 1,510
Francis Bushman... 1,060	Harold Lockwood... 860	Francis Bushman... 1,070	Mary Pickford..... 1,090	Marguerite Clark... 930	Mary Pickford..... 1,020
Earle Williams..... 820	Warren Kerrigan... 740	Henry Walthall... 900	Marguerite Clark... 820	Pauline Frederick... 810	Pauline Frederick... 960
Warren Kerrigan... 640	Douglas Fairbanks.. 630	Wallace Reid..... 840	Clara K. Young.... 720	Theda Bara..... 700	Theda Bara..... 810
Antonio Moreno... 500	William Farnum..... 570	Earle Williams..... 710	Pauline Frederick... 640	Anita Stewart..... 620	Pearl White..... 720
William Farnum... 430	Creighton Hale..... 490	Warren Kerrigan... 590	Theda Bara..... 530	Pearl White..... 570	Beverly Bayne.... 640
Douglas Fairbanks. 390	William S. Hart.... 390	Harold Lockwood... 440	Olga Petrova..... 410	Beverly Bayne.... 470	Marguerite Clark... 510
Carlyle Blackwell... 260	Charles Ray..... 290	Antonio Moreno... 370	Mary Miles Minter. 230	Norma Talmadge... 380	Grace Cunard..... 410
Crane Wilbur..... 160	Tom Forman..... 180	Francis Ford..... 290	Norma Talmadge... 200	Clara K. Young.... 290	Anita Stewart..... 390
Creighton Hale.... 160	Ralph Kellard..... 170	William Farnum... 270	Ethel Clayton.... 200	May Allison..... 180	Clara K. Young.... 270
George Walsh..... 150	Jack Pickford..... 170	Douglas Fairbanks.. 160	May Allison..... 180	Grace Cunard..... 180	Olga Petrova..... 260
Dustin Farnum..... 150	Crane Wilbur..... 160	George Walsh..... 150	Grace Cunard..... 170	Olga Petrova..... 170	Norma Talmadge... 200
William Hart..... 150	Harry Hilliard... 160	Robert Warwick... 140	Billie Burke..... 150	Margaretta Fischer. 160	Mary Miles Minter. 170
Charles Ray..... 140	Carlyle Blackwell... 160	Owen Moore..... 140	Mae Murray..... 150	Mae Murray..... 150	May Allison..... 160
Jack Pickford..... 130	Francis Ford..... 150	Thomas Meighan... 140	Violet Mersereau... 140	June Caprice..... 140	Mary Fuller..... 160
Owen Moore..... 130	George Walsh..... 140	Charlie Chaplin... 130	Mary Fuller..... 140	Viola Dana..... 140	Mae Murray..... 140
George Larkin..... 130	Henry Walthall... 140	Ralph Kellard..... 130	Marie Doro..... 130	Mary Fuller..... 140	Virginia Pearson... 140
House Peters..... 120	Owen Moore..... 140	Jack Pickford..... 130	Alice Brady..... 120	Lillian Gish..... 140	Kathlyn Williams... 140

(Sixty-one)



# Via Camera, Wire and Telephone

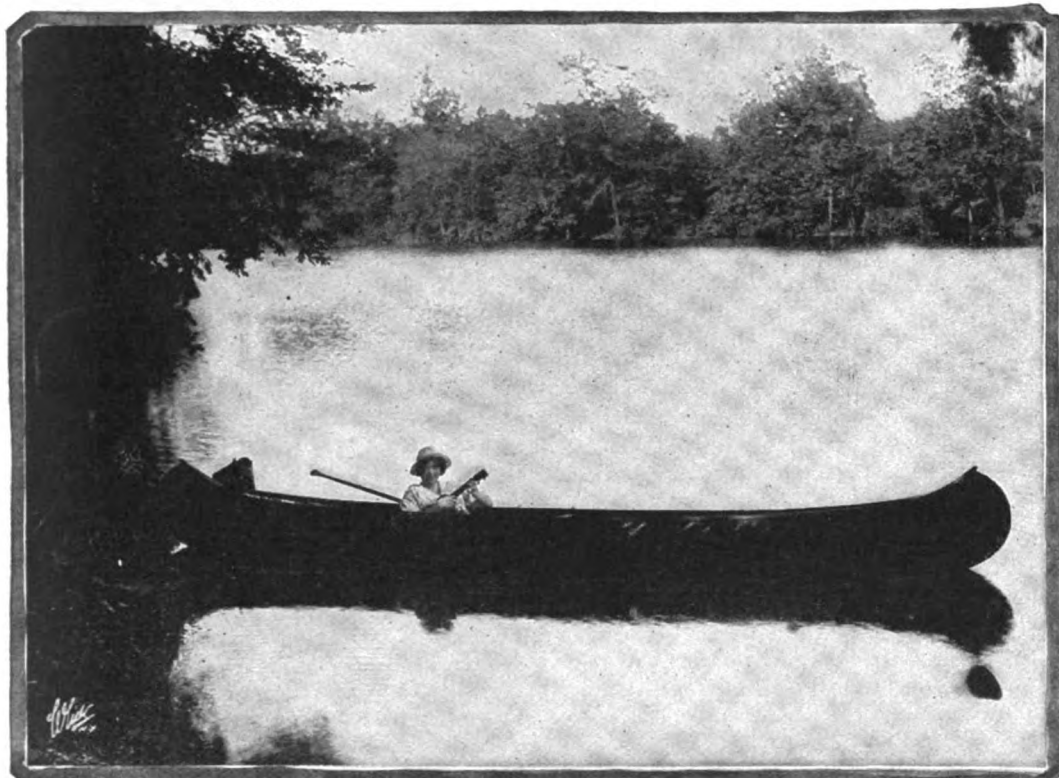
Illustrated News of the Players Told by the Lens, 'Phone and Night-Letter

Realizing the big interest in up-to-the-minute photographs that carry movie news-value, the Classic has organized an exclusive photographic and news service that is in constant touch with every studio in the country. Many of the pictures in these news columns are the product of our own Kodak and Graflex reporters.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD AND THE "MOUNTAIN CANARY"

"THE HAUNTED PAJAMAS," Harold Lockwood's first comedy, led him a merry chase into the mountains of California in search of discreet locations in which to don his silken nighties. The abashed star told his director that he felt like a cross between a bally ass and a wood-nymph in his unseemly tho becoming costume. His director was obdurate, and we have the evidence herewith that Harold was wont to adjourn to the hotel corral to commiserate with the herd of commissary mules. The local breed are known as "mountain canaries."



ADMIRAL MARJORIE RAMBEAU AND HER NAVY IN A FOREST RETREAT



"DOUG" FAIRBANKS ROUNDING A CORNER

While hunting atmosphere for "The Sawdust Ring" blithesome Bessie Love traveled from town to town in Northern California with a circus—that is the reason that "Ignatz" will never be fed to the lions. Be it known that "Ignatz" in his younger days was a creamy white, arch-necked saddle-horse, but the arch has long since departed from his neck and the saddle from his back. He followed the circus because it had been his life-long home. When the management announced that "Ignatz" was to be shot, Bessie Love promptly had a good cry, with the result that "Ignatz" became her property for the sum of \$22. He was shipped to Los Angeles—car-fare \$150. But Bessie didn't care. Lucky "Ignatz"! After a strenuous Broadway season in



ALICE BRADY RECEIVING A DELEGATION OF COLLEGE BOYS WHO EXPECT TO BE SCENARIO-WRITERS, AT HER FORT LEE STUDIO FORTRESS



BESSIE LOVE "BOUNCING THE DOG" BETWEEN SETS

(Sixty-two)



GAIL KANE INITIATES DOUGLAS MCLEAN INTO THE MYSTERIES OF MAKE-UP

"Cheating Cheaters" and long studio hours during daylight, Marjorie Rambeau is taking a brief vacation. The woods and forest-belted streams have claimed her. Marjorie is paddling her own canoe with a double purpose. She is about to sever the matrimonial knot that bound her to husband Willard Mack.

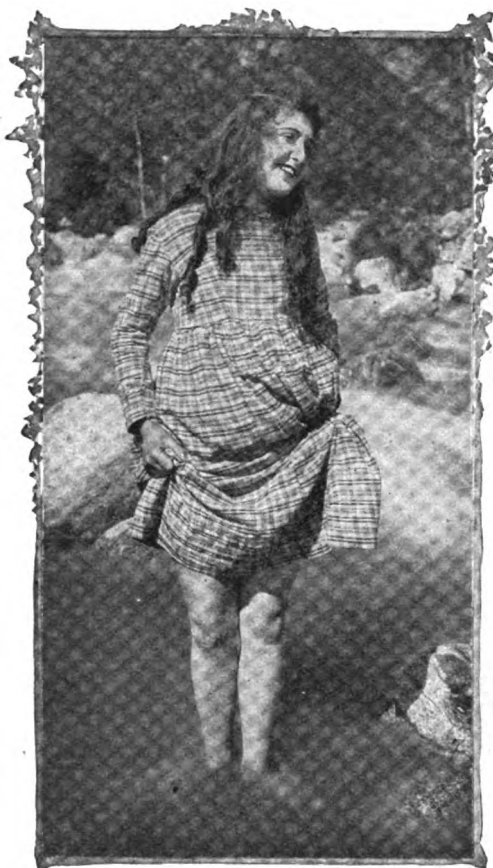
Getting back to horsey chat, "Doug" Fairbanks has been having an awful lot of fun with his mounts in "Wild and Woolly." Citizens of Hollywood now know enough to take to the fences when "Doug" and his pack round a corner.

A movie star never knows what's coming next, and she's got to be posted on every conversational topic under the sun—and up among the stars as well. Recently Alice Brady was preparing to climb into acting harness at the Fort Lee studio, when a delegation of embryo scenario-writers walked in upon her. They were from a New York school of

journalism, and each future litterateur was bent upon securing enough information about the whys and wherefores of "continuity" and "cut-backs" to last him a young lifetime.

Speaking of good boosting—a friend in need—Gail Kane was there with the rescue stuff between scenes of "The Upper Crust." Douglas McLean is not on speaking terms with studio make-up as yet, so Gail took him in hand, mounted him on a handy sofa and added just the right touches to his complexion. Which proves that a star can be right handy in a pinch, and that if there's a lull after every storm there's a make-up following a Gail.

Vitagraph powers decided to move the "little red house," their office-building,



RUTH CLIFFORD FORDING A STREAM WITH THE AID OF HER KNEE-DIMPLES

and to replace it with a mission-style building. Mary Anderson was on the porch when the office started to come to life and slowly move off the lot. Like Casabianca, the little star decided to "stick by the ship," and we have her here, just a bit thrilled, as the "little red house" moved majestically off the lot.

The camera knows a pretty scene the moment it sees it and it didn't hesitate for the thousandth of a second in snapping Ruth Clifford as she crossed a brook "somewhere on location in California." She had been posing as a "Kentucky Cinderella," and the day was "dog" hot and her tootsies were pinched by their rustic shoes. So she took to the brook, and the naughty camera-man trailed behind her. Snap! and rosy Ruth was caught. No negative could refuse to become positive after such a charming exposure.



"MOVING DAY" FOR MARY ANDERSON AT THE WESTERN VITAGRAPH STUDIO

(Sixty-three)

## THE CLEVEREST BOOK



L. Case Russell

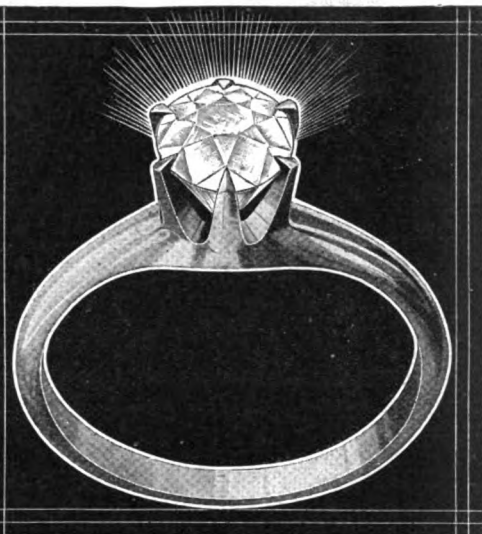
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Shakespeare said: "The play's the thing!" Nowadays, an audience of 20,000,000 says: "The plot's the thing!" Fame and fortune await the new profession—the photo-dramatist. \$2,000,000 is paid each year for clever plots, and a strong "plot-maker" is caught up and captured alive. We have retained the services of L. Case Russell, the O. Henry of screen story-writers, to tell how it is done. No lessons, no textbooks, no dry detail—a simple, readable, "inside" story of plot catching is

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# T. Chatterton—Rancher

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

(Illustrated on page 15)



## DELATONE

Removes Hair or Fuzz from  
Face, Neck or Arms

DELATONE is an old and well-known scientific preparation, in powder form for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths—no matter how thick or stubborn they may be. You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water; then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes rub off the paste and the hairs will be gone. When the skin is washed, it will be found clean, firm and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

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Theda Bara (2 poses)  
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My Eyelashes  
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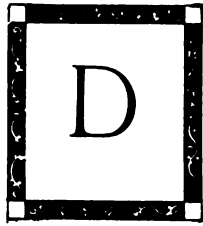


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DO you ever imagine that Tom Chatterton, the good-looking Lieutenant Hope, of American's "Secret of the Submarine," spent his leisure hours, and his money, in the White Light district, buying wine and singing for lovely women? If you ever did, change your ideas instantly. Your ideas are miles from approaching the truth.

Dressed in very businesslike khaki riding-trousers, with leather puttees, a soft shirt open at the throat for comfort, and a disreputable piece of head-gear that was once a cap, Mr. Chatterton spends his leisure time on his ranch on the Sacramento River, one of the most fertile portions of the blossomy State of California. A little different from your preconceived notions of an actor's off-hours, eh?

This ranch is run on absolutely the most practical, up-to-date system you ever heard of. It measures, in area, some five hundred acres, two hundred and fifty of which are in cultivation, the remainder furnishing timber for the different outbuildings, pasturage for his hundred head of cattle, and that taken in by the home buildings. The two hundred and fifty acres are divided into sections, with a foreman for each section. Then there is a general overseer, or foreman, who is responsible to Mr. Chatterton for the entire ranch. Each foreman is responsible to the head overseer for his particular section, and the head overseer is responsible to Mr. Chatterton. So, you see, there's no excuse for things not running smoothly. The main room of the home-building is turned into an office, with typewriter, filing cabinets, businesslike desks with roller-tops and important-looking drawers that lock. Then there is a good-sized, burglar-proof safe—all very, very modern and very, very practical.

Mr. L. M. Culver, who is Mr. Chatterton's partner and foreman, is a man who has studied "book-farming" from cover to cover. Then the two men together apply their knowledge, thus gained, to practical ends. And the results are readily seen. They have more than a hundred head of cattle and a large drove of fine hogs—blue-ribboners, every one of them. Lately, Mr. Chatterton has installed an up-to-date chicken plant, one of the most complete and interesting on the Coast. And it is running, according to the man whose duty it is to look after it, like clockwork, and has already practically paid for itself.

One of these pictures shows Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Culver in conversation with the "alfalfa foreman," as he is

called, deciding how best to clear a patch of timber in order to put it in cultivation. Mr. Chatterton insists that it be so cleared that, when cultivated, it will join two other fields separated by this same timber, making in all over forty acres in alfalfa. The "alfalfa foreman" showed undoubted admiration of the "big boss's" clean-cut judgment, while Mr. Culver admits his inferiority in the question of cleared fields and alfalfa.

Another of these pictures shows late evening on the ranch—milking-time. A choice herd of dairy cattle is being driven to the corral for milking. And Mr. Chatterton, almost literally lord of all he surveys, forgets that there was ever any such thing as movie cameras, secret submarines, lost papers and beautiful but much persecuted heroines.

The next picture shows what follows a subtitle—"An Hour Later." In discussing the dairy problems with the man who is responsible for their solutions, the foreman of this herd, Mr. Chatterton is deeply interested. The dairy herd is looked after on strictly scientific principles. The milking is done with gloved hands, and the milk from each cow kept separate and tested daily. When it is found that the milk from one particular cow is falling below standard, that cow is disposed of. So that the dairy herd is kept choice and the finest in that part of the State. (My conservative principles forbid my making that statement any more sweeping.)

On the ranch, a short time ago, a freak—albeit a somewhat pathetic little freak—was discovered, a calf with only two legs. It was found in the timber with its mother, walking upright on its two pitiful little legs. As it grew older and stronger, however, it ceased to be pathetic, since it seemed to travel as rapidly as its fellows and had just as much fun. Mr. Chatterton spends a good deal of his time at the ranch in teaching the little fellow tricks for the circus. It is a queer-looking little thing, with two extraordinarily strong legs, and, where its front legs should be, nothing but tiny tufts of hair. It's a red-and-white calf—was there ever a kiddie who didn't rave over "the li'l spotteddy ca'f, muvver; a white li'l ca'f wiv red spots"? If Mr. Chatterton succeeds in his endeavors—and it's quite likely he will, since Spot shows unusual intelligence in learning tricks—I foresee a bright and much-loved future for poor two-legged Spot. Why, it's easy to imagine a scenario for him now and to make him a sort of Milky Way star. He would fit in so nicely in an "Alice in Wonderland" or "Wizard of Oz" fantasy.

On the ranch is a beautiful natural lake, well stocked with fish, and where there is fine duck-hunting. Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Culver have agreed that

(Sixty-four)





## Faces Made Young

Let me tell you the secret of a youthful face. Every woman who has a single facial defect should know about my

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which remove wrinkles, and "crow's feet," fill up ugly hollows, give roundness to scrawny necks, clear up sallow skins and restore the charm of girlhood beauty. No creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means.

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## The Perennial Fannie

(Continued from page 25)

met and married Mr. Joseph Lewis, the man who was called 'The South African Diamond King.' The marriage was not a happy one, and later I returned to America, as Rita Forrest in 'A Marriage of Reason,' and I secured a divorce from Mr. Lewis. From then on I played alternately in America and England, in such plays as 'In the Bishop's Carriage,' 'A Fool and a Girl,' 'The Marriage of William Ashe,' 'The Three of Us,' 'Fannie and the Servant Question,' 'The New Lady Bantock,' 'Madame la Presidente,' and so on. In 1911-1912 I played in vaudeville, in dramatic sketches.

"But of it all I liked pictures best, and now I'm here to stay. Jack and I have our home here and we are very happy. The pictures are lots of fun, they give one wider scope for work, and incidentally I have discovered that I am a dramatic actress. I never knew it until Mr. DeMille gave me the script for 'The Cheat,' and I was quite surprised to see that it was a very emotional, dramatic rôle that he wanted me to play.

"But, Mr. DeMille," I told him, 'I am a comédienne—I have never played emotional rôles!'

"Which is exactly the reason I want you to play 'The Cheat,'" he laughed.

"Well, I did, and now I'm very glad that I did, for I like it better than anything I have ever done. I wept real tears, and did the best work that I am capable of in that play. And I loved every bit of it."

I said something nice and complimentary about the play—I had seen it four times, and every time I liked it better—and I told her so. I had by this time gained control over my unruly tongue.

"Have done a number of photoplays—but of them all, I liked 'The Cheat' and 'Tennessee's Pardner' best. I have given my reasons for liking the former; and the reason I liked the latter—I fell in love with Mr. Deane in that play. You see, I had to ride a big white horse. I told the director that I couldn't ride that horse, but he only grinned. I gritted my teeth, climbed aboard the horse and did my best. But he catapulted me off his back, right into Mr. Deane's arms, thus saving me from a nasty fall. Mr. Deane had probably saved my life—so what could I do but marry the man? And I did. I'm awfully glad I did, too," she added, her blue eyes tender and gentle.

"Since then we have played in ever so many photoplays together and, too, have played quite beautifully at being husband and wife—both have been a very real and charming life to us."

Mr. Deane strolled up the walk, his engagement apparently over.

I took my departure at this moment, feeling just a little more like a human being, after having been treated as such by a famous actress like Fannie Ward—and a charming woman like Mrs. Jack Deane.

## Flickerings from Filmdom

By MARY BLANCHARD

If you like a serial, it is moving and if you know there will be more of it—if you don't like it, it is moving and will soon be over.

Broadway—the haven of those who can't get into the movies.

Some picture houses are so dark that the lighted screen looks like the way out of a tunnel.

The saving grace of many a slapstick comedy is a child's appreciation of the fool stuff.

Certain people are born rich—others have screen positions offered them.

A film star has bought a lavender automobile—perhaps to match his Bee Vee Deez.

If the picture houses had the pay-as-you-leave plan the housing problem of the unemployed would be solved.

A modern Job—a man who sits thru a fashion picture.

Nut—the man who is always telling us that the East Indian scenes were made in California and the Alaskan scenes—ditto.

One knows that some pictures are rancid as soon as one sees who goes to them.

The average vaudeville voice makes a film fan thankful that the movies are the silent drama.

Many a mother allows her children to see what they would not allow them to read.

It's a knowing scenario writer who recognizes his story on the screen.

A woman's idea of a poor picture—he was not good-looking and her dresses were too short for the prevailing mode.

Some cities have laws against Sunday movies—other cities employ traffic cops for movie corners.

A director who believes good acting will hide a poor story should be made to see a few pictures of this kind.

The last slapstick comedy we saw we thought was the worst ever, but the next one will prove to us that we were mistaken.

A vampire—the actress that all the bachelors go to see and at which all the married men laugh.

There are so many movie queens that people are wondering what has become of our republican nomenclature. Why not call the beauties movie mayors, or movie? Well, we give it up.

A rare insect is the movie pest who keepeth to himself what he see-eth.

It is a successful actress indeed who tells her director of another's merit.

There are enough soldiers fighting in the pictures to whip the combined armies of Europe.

Some people clap at good acting—other people have an unpleasant habit of breathing their appreciation.

Highbrow—the person who says spectators instead of audience when thinking of those who go to the fil-ums.

Actors change directors so often that

(Continued on page 77)

(Sixty-six)

## The Jaguar's Claws

(Continued from page 33)

of rousing Marie's jealousy to white heat.

"You shall take care of my new beauty," he assured her. "Yes, I will make you her servant, and if so much as a scratch from your claws mars her white body I will have you nailed to a cross naked and set up in the field for the vultures. Do you hear what I say, Marie?"

"I hear you," said the woman, sullenly. Her hands went to her breasts, outlined under the thin crimson of her robe, and touched something hidden between them. Then, with a bend of her lithe body, she brought the poison flower of her full lips, the languorous glance of her heavy-lidded eyes, close to his face. "Oh, my lord," she whispered, wooingly, "look at me! Am I not more beautiful than those pale, cold, unwilling women, who know not how to please thee? We have been happy; we will be happier, I promise thee. Only send them away!"

Pedro Costello flung her aside with a curse and clapped his hands.

"Bring me the women," he directed his vaqueros, "and afterward bring the man. Him you must hold very carefully, for I think by this time he will surely be a little mad."

Silent, motionless, Marie stood by the side of her master and watched the women brought in. She saw their smooth skin, like the petals of the camelias, and their fair hair; she saw, too, the way Costello's eyes gloated and gleamed as he stared at them, and the black waters of bitter anger washed over her soul. This man was life to her, and his love the breath of life! To be cast aside was worse than death! Her fingers closed on the slender thing between her breasts till fingers and steel seemed welded into one. But still she waited, eyes on Philip Jordan, who had appeared in the doorway.

"Good-morrow, Señor Americano!" El Jaguar saluted him. "But you are a trifle pale. I hope nothing disturbed your rest?"

Philip did not glance at him. His haggard eyes rested on the faces of his sister and his sweetheart, both worn and white with the strain of the night's vigil, both smiling bravely, both infinitely dear.

"Beth!" he cried, hoarsely. "Nancy! Do you know what this fiend has told me to do?"

He saw in their stricken eyes that they did know, and clenched his impotent hands.

"Which shall go? Which shall stay?"

the level voice of El Jaguar sounded in his ears like the notes of doom. Again Philip glanced from one to the other hopelessly. He *could* leave neither—he *must* leave one. There was no solution—none.

Suddenly Beth turned upon the Mexican, holding out pleading hands.

"You did this to punish a young man's slighting tongue!" she cried. "Surely his punishment is enough. He has spent a night in hell. You are a great man—be a generous one. Your power is shown as clearly if you tell us to go freely, as it would be if you kept one of us here."

She was very beautiful as she stood there, all her pure heart in her eyes. Philip's soul sickened to see the approval in Costello's face. It was evident that he was going to refuse, and Nancy's frail hand crept to her heart. Beth looked from the fainting girl full into her lover's eyes—a tender look of farewell. Then she moved to the table and laid her hand quietly on Costello's.

"I choose for him," she said clearly. "I will stay with this man."

Philip cried out incoherently, but she did not glance in his direction for fear her resolution should falter. A palpitant silence hovered over the room. Blindly Philip Jordan held out his arms to his sister and she ran into them, shaken with soundless sobs. Then, in the silence, Pedro Costello laughed aloud.

The low, caressing sound penetrated Marie's frozen senses, rang along her veins like fire. So had he laughed, looking at her beauty, many a passionate midnight, many a scarlet noon. And now he would hold another in his great arms' caress! Never!

The Death beneath her flame-colored robe stirred, was withdrawn and glittered in the air above El Jaguar. Still warm from lying on her unhappy heart, the blade found his heart, and the tyrant fell forward on the passionate breasts where his head had so often lain.

"Go, gringos!" cried Marie, fiercely, even as Philip Jordan sprang to his sweetheart and caught her in his arms. "Go and leave my lord to me. For he is mine! Yea, Pedro, I am coming! Wait for me!"

With frenzied strength she drew the dagger from her lover's breast and fell forward upon it, red lips brushing his cheek in a last kiss.

Awed and shaken, the others stole away and left them so—El Jaguar and his mate together in a close embrace of Death!

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By HARRY J. SMALLEY

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(Sixty-seven)

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## THE ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

here who wrote those titles, and consequently they were wrong. You are right. That blue hair was the fault of the color-man.

**JULIUS T., BROCKPORT.**—That's so; everybody discovers something somehow. Archimedes discovered the law of specific gravity while taking a bath. Thackeray discovered the title for "Vanity Fair" in a dream. Columbus discovered America by looking for India. Newton discovered the law of gravitation by watching an apple fall from a tree. Watt discovered the theory of steam by observing a tea-kettle lid rise and fall. You discovered the best magazine in the world by picking out the prettiest cover. Kathleen Kirkham was recently married.

**LINDA W.**—Peggy Hyland is playing in her own company now. Clara K. Young is still playing for Selznick under contract, but they have been fighting over it in the courts.

**FLUFFY, 13.**—You have torpedoed me with your sarcastic jest. Sorry you had the scarlet fever. That's something every child ought to have, like the mumps and measles, and have it over with. Helen Holmes was Helen, Leo Maloney was Wallace Burke, and William Brunton was Roy in "Railroad Raiders."

**MARIE ANTOINETTE.**—Yes; Richard Barthelmess opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." He also was Louis in "The Soul of a Magdalene." Yes; Constance Talmadge is with Selznick.

**FREITZ T., ROCHESTER.**—Jackie Saunders says if she cannot get to war any other way she will dress in boy's clothes and trade on her name of Jackie. Charlie Chaplin's last play was "The Immigrant."

**TIVER.**—Why, Arnold Daly was playing in "The Minute Before" at the Belasco Theater. Shirley Mason is playing for McClure Pictures and Alan Forrest in "Periwinkle" (American). Ann Schaefer is now with Mary Miles Minter.

**MARTIN T. P.**—The ingénue is characterized by youth, simplicity, innocence and is generally romantic or sentimental. The work ranges from the strong demonstration of the emotional actress to the comedy lines of the soubrette. Her comedy is more of an elaboration of simplicity than the ingenious witticism of the soubrette. Carlyle Blackwell and June Elvidge in "The Price of Pride" (World). Evelyn Greeley was Kathleen.

**EVELYN, NEVADA.**—That's a good thought, but you must look upon an idea as a fact until you positively know that it isn't. Billy Quirk is making Black Diamond comedies for Paramount. Marie Walcamp is back with Universal.

**RALPH T. Z., SAN FRANCISCO.**—Yes, it must be delightful in California. I have never been there, but expect to when my ship comes in. Why, Miles Standish was the military leader of the Pilgrims. He was seventy-two years old when he died at Duxbury, Mass., Oct. 3, 1656.

**SOCRATES.**—Hughey Mack was an undertaker, but he isn't working at it now. The undertaker who joined a club and took his dues out in trade was no friend of the organization. No indeed! William Desmond was Ray and Clara Williams was Olga in "Paws of the Bear." Charles French was the general.

**ETHEL C. B.**—Marguerite Clayton and Jack Gardner in "The Night Workers." Vivian Reed was Nakhla and Charles LeMoine was Ben Saada in "The Lad and the Lion."

**JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.**—Tom Reed once said that no gentleman ever weighed over 200 pounds. I am still within the limit. Why, that was Elmer Clifton in "The Little Schoolma'am" (Triangle). I should say about half of my readers write on the typewriter. Jane Novak isn't playing now.

**E. K. F., FREDONIA.**—Of course I am glad to hear from you. Julian Eltinge has joined Lasky. Yes; Eugene Pallette was leading-man for Triangle.

**JOHN S.**—No; I have never seen any of Cleo Madison's stationery. I can't tell you when the war will end. The belligerents have apparently stopped fighting and are waiting for each other to starve. Write again.

**TONY, TOMMY.**—Yes; Edward Hearn in "The American Girl." He played in "Idle Wives" also. So you don't care for the old Vitagraph and you say you would rather see Triangle films. Well, how about the new Vitagraph?

**LILLIAN, LA.**—Marie Osborne is now with Horsley. Enid Markey was in "Civilization." She played personally in the prolog when it was shown in the Criterion Theater, N. Y. Seena Owen is with Triangle. It hasn't been announced when the King and Queen Contest will close. No; I don't send out photos of the players. You should buy them from the manufacturers or players.

**Z. Y. X., ZANESVILLE.**—Ruth Allen, yes, Artcraft. As I have said before, we are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed—but that does not excuse a chronic fault-finder.

**JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.**—We published a picture of Nell Shipman in July 1915 issue. Most of the World and Fox films are taken in Fort Lee, N. J. That is where their studios are. So you thought the Classic was really worth 20c. Glad you like the Farnum painting. I will let you know later about that Kalem.

**MOVIE FAN, SANDUSKY.**—Sorry you are ill. I wish I could make health contagious instead of disease. Yes; Helen Gibson has gone with Kalem. Why, Ruth Roland married Lionel Kent, of Los Angeles.

**MARIETTA T. C.**—You pay a high compliment to that company when you call it "small potatoes," because that word is now equivalent to "potentate." Yes; William Russell recently married Charlotte Burton.

**RUTH R.**—We had an inexperienced writer

**Toro.**—I haven't heard at this writing whether Mae Murray and Marie Doro have re-signed their contracts with Lasky. They are all new players in "The Golden Lotus."

**Just Me.**—Buttermilk is the best drink in the summertime. That's all right; you can't tell much about his voice. A Guy with a deep voice may have a mighty shallow mind. Wilfred Lucas was James, and Joseph Kilgour was the political boss in "Her Excellency the Governor" (Triangle).

**LORD WILLIAMS.**—Charmed indeed! This weather is so beastly hot. I manage to keep cool, tho, in my 2x4 hall room, with the aid of a fan and an ice-box. Viola Dana was Patsy, Augustus Phillips was the genie Jehaumarara, and Edward Elkas was Luke in "Aladdin's Other Lamp."

**RAOUL T., DETROIT.**—Raymond Hitchcock in "The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros" deals with the adventures of a backsliding hero in the land of purple snakes. Hitchcock is rated as an A No. 1 screen actor because "his hair is human, his smile sublime." Stop in some time.

**JEANNE.**—I doubt whether they are sisters. You people seem to think that everybody is related. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. Carl Stockdale is with Essanay. Look for him in "Land of Long Shadows."

**MYRTLE S. T.**—No, I never chew tobacco, so don't send me a cuspidor. Cuspidors were invented by Charles Dickens after his visit to the United States in 1841. Before that time Americans were skillful at avoiding them. Spottiswoode Aitken played in "Souls Triumphant" (Fine Arts). I haven't heard where Howard Messimer is at present.

**LITTLE SILVER BELL.**—At a conservative estimate \$300,000,000 is expended yearly in staging and advertising and selling and exhibiting photoplays. The population of the U. S. is over 100,000,000—about 8,000,000 of whom attend some show daily. Right! spread the gospel of kindness broadcast—it has converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence or learning. Arthur Ashley in "The Divorce Game." That's one game I have never played in, nor do I hope to.

**LOUIS T., NEVADA.**—Chester Barnett played in "The Submarine Eye." Yes, I agree with you that that is a pretty absurd title, "Fat and Foolish." Belle Bennett had the lead. That's so, try again.

**MIDGET.**—That was a mighty old Kalem. Tom Moore was the mountaineer and Irene Boyle was the sweetheart. Bluebeard's beard was really blue. It is the custom in parts of the Orient to stain the beard blue, green or any other shade suitable to the wearer's complexion. Honor bright!

**KIMBALL T. C.**—There were two plays, "Lily of the Valley." Vitagraph and Selig produced them. Of course you can manufac-

ture acetylene gas. It is composed of carbon and hydrogen and is used largely in search-lamps and automobiles.

**CLARA B.**—Leo Pierson was George Fuller in "The Font of Courage." He also played in "The Framed Miniature" with Virginia Kirtley. Yes, I rather like the large collars girls are wearing now—the girls are wearing a lot of this Kolinsky nowadays.

**ROBERT T.**—Nellie Grant is playing for Metro. Jack Devereaux was Monte, Walter Walker was Father Boggs, and Winifred Allen Hazel in "American—That's All."

**HARRY T., SALAMANCA.**—Congratulations. Don't wonder you got lost imitating Charlie Chaplin; trying to follow in his footsteps? Wouldn't you like to walk in his tracks breaking a path thru the deep snow? He's some pathfinder and pacemaker. I'd suggest you name the triplets in this way: write several names of your movie favorites on slips of paper—shake in a hat, draw one, two, three.

**DONALD C.**—Earle Williams was Robert, Billie Billings was Arline in "The Soul Master." Yes, I should imagine it would be a nice trip to Hawaii from where you are. The Hawaiian Islands have a total area of 6,740 square miles, and a population of about 160,000. The climate is semi-tropical, and pineapple-growing and sugar-making are the principal industries.

**MARIE, SPENCERPORT.**—So you didn't care for "The Jaguar's Claws." I didn't see it. It was at the Rialto for a week. You will find that our story differs considerably from the film, because they changed it from the original scenario.

**JOHN T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—June is the month of matrimony—also bugs, and I am glad it is over, for I don't care for either. A sweetheart is loved most, a wife best and a mother always. Mary Anderson was Jess in "The Magnificent Meddler."

**DANNA L.**—All right, come right along. Will be glad to see you. Of course I belong to all the clubs.

**WILLIE DIDN'T.**—Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman in "The World Apart." There is a Walt Whitman with Triangle, but he isn't the poet. How many times have I said "Hold your head high, for the world will take you at your own estimate!" You can do so without being vain.

**MARION, LITTLE FALLS.**—Grace Cunard was born in Paris, April 8, 1891, but is strictly American, having been brought up and educated in Ohio. Miss Cunard has big, expressive, blue eyes, a perfect figure and carriage, and a wonderful head of hair with a tint of gold in it. She is five feet six.

**SIDNEY.**—Dorothy Phillips, William Stowell and Lon Chaney in "The Doll's House." Miriam Cooper and Ralph Lewis as Lady Lou and as Hatfield in "The Silent Lie."

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHARADE PRIZE-WINNERS

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**T**HE May Classic published twenty-four verses, each concealing the name of a well-known photo-star, and offered \$25 for the most accurate, neatest and most artistic solutions. The prizes were divided as follows: For the best solution, \$10; for the second best, \$5; for the third best, \$3; for the fourth best, \$2; for the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth best, \$1 each.

The verses ran with a charming rhythm and jingle that evidently set the "contest blood" to coursing in the veins of thousands of Classic readers. Many unusually artistic solutions were received, including hand-painted books, calendars, drawings, silk-embroidered flags and countless other tokens of skill and ingenuity.

In closing the contest and awarding the prizes, the judges (the editors and staff of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC) used every care. Each correct solution was separately voted upon by each judge.

And now for the awards to the following charade contestants, to each of whom a check

has been sent: First prize, Katherine G. Grove, R. F. D. No. 2, Lancaster, Pa.; second prize, Mrs. G. C. Hampton, 1501 Washington St., Toledo, Ohio; third prize, Mrs. R. R. Dawson, 106 Pennsylvania Ave., Watsontown, Pa.; fourth prize, Margaret Toner, 533 E. 144th St., New York City; fifth prize, Vera L. Hassert, 314 Kensington Ave., Montreal, Can.; sixth prize, Mildred Waska, 1509 S. Avers Ave., Chicago, Ill.; seventh prize, Charlotte Singer, 356 Lincoln Ave., Rutherford, N. J.; eighth prize, Mrs. Louisa Kunath (no address given); ninth prize, Helen Bingel, 214 Marion St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The correct answers are: Marguerite Clark, William Farnum, Ruth Stonehouse, William S. Hart, Fannie Ward, King Baggot, Pearl White, Frank Keenan, Blanche Sweet, Edwin August, Theda Bara, Henry King, Enid Markey, Robert Warwick, Edna Goodrich, Carlyle Blackwell, Marguerite Snow, Charles Ray, Cleo Madison, Elizabeth Burbridge, Robert Mantell, Nell Shipman, Maurice Costello, and Conway Tearle.



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King Baggot	Dorothy Gish	Muriel Ostriche
Theda Bara	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova
Beverly Bayne	Edna Goodrich	Mary Pickford
Edna Grandin	Dorothy Green	Wallace Reid
Lionel Barrymore	Creighton Hale	Hamilton Revelle
George Beban	Carlyle Blackwell	Cleo Riegel
Carlyle Blackwell	Alice Brady	Ruth Roland
Alice Brady	Edmund Breese	Myrtle Stedman
Billie Burke	Wm. S. Hart	Emilly Stevens
Francis X. Bushman	June Caprice	Anita Stewart
Mary Charleson	Mary Charleson	Marguerite Snow
Naomi Childers	Marguerite Clark	Edith Storey
Marguerite Clark	Marguerite Courtot	Blanche Sweet
Alex. Joyce	Maurice Costello	Mabel Taliaferro
Gail Kane	Ralph Kellard	Constance Talmadge
Dorothy Kelly	Jack W. Kerrigan	Norma Talmadge
Grace Cunard	Mollie King	Fay Tincher
Viola Dana	Florence LaBadie	Ernest Troost
Grace Darmond	Henry Walthall	Lenore Ulrich
Hazel Dawn	Harold Lockwood	Fannie Ward
Marie Doro	Lillian Lorraine	Ullian Walker
Grace Darmond	Cleo Madison	Robert Warwick
Sidney Drew	Mrs. Mary Manrice	Bryant Washburn
Edward Earle	Edna Mayo	Emmy Whelen
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## Die, Thou Villain!

He had thought of being a great Indian Chief, or a soldier—but the biggest idea of all had come to him. He would be a Pirate!

Now his future lay plain before him. His name would fill the world and make people shudder. And, at the zenith of his fame, how he would suddenly appear at the old village and stalk into church, brown and weatherbeaten, in his black velvet doublet and trunk, his great jackboots, his crimson sash, his belt bristling with horse-pistols, his crime-rusted cutlass at his side, his slouch hat with waving plumes, his black flag unfurled, with the skull and crossbones on it! His career was determined.

Remember the days when you dreamt of being a Pirate?—When you thought you would be a black avenger of the Spanish Main?

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## MARK TWAIN

At first it seems a long way from the simple, human fun of Huckleberry Finn to the spiritual power of Joan of Arc, but look closer, and you will find beneath them both the same ideal, the same humanity, the same spirituality, that has been such a glorious answer to those who accuse this nation of being wrapped up in material things.

There seems to be no end of the things that Mark Twain could do well. When he wrote history, it was a kind of history unlike any other except in its accuracy. When he wrote books of travel, it was an event. He did many things—stories, novels, travels, history, essays, humor—but behind each was the force of the great, earnest, powerful personality that dominated his time, so that even then he was known all over the face of the globe. Simple, unassuming, democratic, he was welcomed by kings, he was loved by plain people.

If foreign nations love him, we in this country give him first place in our hearts. The home without Mark Twain is not an American home.

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## Such Is the Life of a Popular Movie Star

By PATRICIA FOULDS

46 Avenue Road, Toronto.

DEAR SIR—The enclosed cartoon from the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE inspired this rhyme, which I am sending you and which I hope you may find of use for your magazine. Yours very truly,  
PATRICIA FOULDS.



h, Molly was a dainty maid of photoplay renown,  
The sweetest bit of dimity that ever graced a town.  
Now, facts about their favorites is the public's latest fad,  
And Molly's popularity, it nearly drove her mad.  
She couldn't get away from it, and even in her sleep  
She dreamt of interviewers around her three rows deep,  
Till at last she grew quite desperate and sent a little note  
To all the movie magazines, and this is what she wrote:

"Now here is my biography for all the world to know,  
And every one who wants to may believe that it is so:  
My mother was an Eskimo from Greenland's icy cold,  
My father was an Indian of the Mohawk tribe so bold,  
And I was born in China, beside the Pyrenees,  
On February twenty-ninth, in eighteen fifty-three.  
In my previous position I was not a footlight queen,  
But shone in quite a different sphere—in Childs' I reigned supreme.  
And when I came upon the screen I changed my name, 'tis true,  
But if you're labeled "Phoebe Hicks," now tell me, wouldn't you?  
I'm fond of reading "Mother Goose," and classic things like that,  
And always I'm accompanied by Lily, my pet bat.  
My favorite fruit's a lemon, tiger-lilies I adore;  
The coin that I get every year weighs half-a-ton or more.  
I've buried seven husbands, living I have three,  
And Colonel Heeza Liar hasn't got a thing on me!"



It's mean to go away and leave  
Me sitting on the floor,  
Just 'cause I'm neither eight nor six,  
Nor even half-past four.  
What of it if I'm only two?  
I'm not too small to go;  
I like as well as any one  
The Motion Picture show.



(Seventy)



**T**HOMAS A. INCE is definitely out of the Triangle Company. He has also sold out all his stock for the pretty little sum of \$750,000. The great producer's future plans have not definitely shaped themselves, but he will undoubtedly continue as a Motion Picture impresario. Rumor has it that William S. Hart and Charles Ray are two of the stars whom Mr. Ince will use as a nucleus for his new company, but Triangle emphatically denies that these favorites are going over to him.

The Liberty Loan was ably abetted by the Motion Picture industry—over \$5,000,000 was subscribed by the various companies and the individual players. Among those who loosened their purse-strings most liberally were Marguerite Clark, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Doris Kenyon, Roscoe Arbuckle, Maxine Elliott, Mabel Taliaferro, Earle Williams, Linda Griffith and William Farnum.

Constance Talmadge, the little sister of "Our Norma," who arose to stardom overnight in "Intolerance," has come back to Broadway and has joined the Selznick Company. Constance will be starred in her own name in friendly competition with Norma.

All the players in Los Angeles are registering under the state military law. As "actor" was not one of the classifications on the enrollment blank, several heated arguments occurred. Among the boys who have received their blue identification cards are Charlie Chaplin, Charlie Ray, Jack Pickford, Harold Lockwood, Herbert Rawlinson, Raoul Walsh, George Walsh and Marshall Neilan.

What went they be doing next? Ilodor, the mad monk of Russia, who was such an awful cut-up in the ex-Czar's court that he was given a free passage to America, is about to be featured in his own picture company—first release "The Fall of the Romanoffs." Among those who will support him are Nance O'Neil and Conway Tearle. And to go him one better, the Jotter has a copy of the original telegram which Edwin Thanhouser sent to the premier of Russia as follows: "Could you spare Czar to do one feature picture? Salary \$5,000 per week, to be devoted to your cause. Four weeks guaranteed." How have the mighty fallen!

Robert Warwick, who also came across for \$10,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, is his own producer and capitalist of "Today." Mr. Warwick states that part of the profits from this picture will be devoted to an ambulance and its equipment for service in France.

Carlyle Blackwell has joined the ever increasing alimony club. Long known as the "Romeo of the Screen," he states in his action that Ruth H. Blackwell played a very indifferent Juliet. Nevertheless he has agreed to give her \$110 a week. Studio friends diagnose their failure to agree as "temperament."

Those desiring closely to follow the stars in their courses are advised that during July the following stars will reach the zenith of their ascendancy in new pictures as follows: Mary Miles Minter will display pathos and guilelessness in "The Rose of the Alley"; Harold Lockwood will intoxicate the senses in "The Secret Spring"; Mabel Taliaferro will delight her audience in "Peggy, the Will-o'-the-Wisp"; Allen Holubar and Louise Lovely will co-star in "The Reed Case"; Robert Leonard will thrill in "The Punishment"; Olga Petrova promises big

things in "The Law of the Land," and Jack Pickford and Louise Huff will continue their charming screen companionship in "What Money Can't Buy."

Pauline Frederick recently returned from Troy, N. Y., where she literally set the town ablaze. Many of the Trojan fire-ladders were called upon to assist the emotional Pauline in her coming release, "The Love That Lives."

There is a touch of patriotic sentiment connected with S. Rankin Drew's last production, "Who's Your Neighbor?" Sidney Drew, his father, sat in the audience during the picture's projection run, and vividly recalled the fact that Rankin was then serving with an American ambulance unit "somewhere in France."

Tom Mix, Harry Carey, Neil Hart and their bunch of range-riders recently held an indoor round-up at the Strand Café, Venice, Cal. Art Acord carried off the prize in the one-step contest; Hank Mann was the most artful dodger in the fox-trot contest, and Tom Mix ran away with the "bull-throwing" monolog.

Bill Hart has arrived back in Los Angeles after his big jaunt to and from New York. He was met at the train by the Inceville cowboys and their band. There were a parade and great doings at Clune's Auditorium, where Bill unlimbered a heart-felt speech.

Geraldine Farrar recently laid aside her film activity for a day and entertained her friends in the Hollywood picture colony with a pergola party at her home. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, Mr. and Mrs. William De Mille, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, Blanche Ring, Fannie Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Tully Marshall and Blanche Sweet.

Film fans who long to have intimate peeps at stars in their own homes will have a wished-for opportunity gratified when Norma Talmadge appears in "The Moth." A country estate was badly needed for a "location" and Miss Talmadge's director was sadly up a tree, but "Our Norma" saved the day by whisking her company out to her summer home at Beechhurst, Long Island, N. Y., where the garden scenes in her coming feature were taken.

Dorothy Dalton has returned to Culver City after a brief vacation spent with her parents in Chicago. She was entertained by the Exhibitors' League of Washington, in Seattle, while en route.

And now for a rush of midsummer changes and happenings: The irresponsible Billy Quirk has turned up again, this time making celluloid laughs in Black Diamond comedies; Marie Walcamp has made up with her first love, Universal, and has rejoined the Hollywood studio; the contracts of both Mae Murray and Marie Doro with Paramount are soon expiring and neither one of the charming misses (madames) will hazard a guess as to their future plans; Mary MacLaren has left Universal and has formed her own company to release thru Horsley; Francis Ford is back again with Universal and is directing Mae Gaston; Monroe Salisbury has been engaged to play opposite Theda Bara; Holbrook Blinn and Barry O'Neil have fled across the border to play with the Canadian Feature Company; and, lastly but not leastly, two old friends camp out together when E. K. Lincoln resigned from Mutual to star in the S. and M. Film Company, under the direction of Romaine Fielding.



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Speaking of another recent romance, Kathleen Kirkham, who was the leading-lady in Clune's "The Eye of the World," has recently decided to hereafter run in double harness. The fortunate benedict is a well-known broker of California.

Ruth Roland, who very recently changed her name to Mrs. Lionel Kent, sends the Jotter a charming little slice of her honeymoon in the form of a letter written while the bride is en route to Los Angeles. The blushing bride states that her trip West is a combination business-honeymoon affair (if such can be mixed) and that she will very shortly return to New York to resume her place as a princess of filmdom again.

An urgent telegram has just followed Gerda Holmes to Chicago, where she had gone for a sadly needed rest after the expiration of her contract with World. The telegram offered a new contract, which started her on her way East to begin a new picture in which she will co-star with Montagu Love.

Two more members of the famous Barrymore-Drew family have pooled their interests. Lionel Barrymore, the well-known actor, will be handed his first film experience as both a director and author when he will shortly begin to produce "The Whirlpool," starring his sister, Ethel Barrymore.

Patsy De Forrest has been obliged to give up her picture career for the time being. The popular little star is threatened with blindness from the glaring "over-heads," due to doing double service in two productions at the same time. Under the constant care of specialists it is hoped that she will soon recover.

"Little Mary" Pickford announces quite a bit of her season's production: following "The Little American," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" will be filmed, and thereafter "The Little Princess," from Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, will engage "Little Mary's" attention.

The one and only "Doug" Fairbanks says that following "Wild and Woolly" he will cut his original capers in a story by himself, the working title of which is "The Optimist." "Doug" is now enjoying a well-earned vacation and on his return Elleen Percy will continue to be his leading-woman.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" was the talk of Broadway for two full seasons and now it is announced that George M. Cohan is about to adapt this "melodramatic farce" of his to the screen.

It is reported on good authority that the government, at the request of the Vitagraph Company, have arrested and imprisoned one George Hann, an operator at the Windameer Theater, East Cleveland, O. The story of his capture and arrest reads like a thrilling fiction romance. He is accused of being a German spy, and part of his plot consisted of an ingenious contrivance whereby films would explode and burn up when they came in contact with sulphur match-heads concealed in the film magazine. Many of these match-heads were found in the metal boxes containing prints of "Womanhood." It is supposed that the alleged spy aimed to destroy this Vitagraph super-feature on account of its patriotic appeal.

Bessie Barriscale, supported by her husband, Howard Hickman, is having her first experience in "going it alone" as a producer of screen dramatics. James Young, of Vitagraph-Lasky-Essanay fame, is directing the ambitious couple who propose to have their first play, "Rose o' Paradise," ready for exhibition in early August.

Lasting fame is crowning the Lee starlets early in life. Tiny Jane, five years old, and big sister Katherine, who confesses to seven years, are about to be starred all by their little lonesomes. Keenan Buel will direct their new film destinies, but the title of the "Baby Grands" starring vehicle has not yet been announced.

Julian Eltinge, the stunning female impersonator, who is about to appear in pictures under Lasky management, has selected

for his first screen medium a comedy of mystery and thrills, "Mrs. Raffles' Career," from the pens of Gelett Burgess and Carolyn Wells.

Viola Dana has just returned to New York from what started out to be a lazy vacation, but which became a series of overcrowded days. She tells us that she gained six pounds, caught sixty fish, made six public appearances in Boston, sold \$60,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, led a parade of six hundred people, watched sixteen flights of navy aeroplanes and has returned to work on her sixth Metro picture—all this in six days.

Followers of film favorites will find their coming productions of pictures herewith neatly set forth: Violet Mersereau cuts up circus-rider capers in "The Little Terror"; Dorothy Dalton blazes forth in "The Flame of the Yukon"; Bessie Barriscale is a cub reporter in "Hater of Men"; Bryant Washburn offers a patriotic appeal in "The Man Who Was Afraid"; Mildred Manning and Marc MacDermott will delightfully render "Mary Jane's Pa," and Dorothy Phillips will wear fifty gowns in "The Rescue."

Referring to "Smiling Doug's" vacation, we might add that, just before he left for a few days of concentrated fun, the cowboys in his support presented him with a complete ranger's outfit from saddle to boots, silver spurs and all.

Another pair of sweet bells jangled out of tune are Yancsi Dolly, film and stage dancer, and Harry Fox, vaudeville and revue headliner. Their matrimonial knot has been tied for only three years, but each has now decided to dance or sing on his or her separate way.

Here is a budget of brief news and rapid changes: Lois Meredith and Irving Cummings have decided to run their own picture shop—their new company is known as the Superlative Pictures Corporation; Mabel Ballin crosses the Brooklyn Bridge on her way from Famous Players to nest with Vitagraph; Leo Delaney retires from Art Dramas in favor of Metro; Lew Fields, the famous stage comedian and "gag" artist, has accepted an engagement with Selig; Harry Ham side-steps from Pathé to mix in with Christie; Edward Langford has forsaken Ethel Clayton as leading-man to don Uncle Sam's costume of army khaki; Milton Sills will take his place, and lastly, the news has just leaked out that Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish and Robert Harron have arrived safely in England, where they have joined David W. Griffith.

Leon Bary, hero of Pathé's serial, "Mystery of the Double Cross," has taken unto himself a bride—Mlle. Marie F. Crousaz, of Paris, France. At the outbreak of the war, Mr. Bary bade his sweetheart good-by and hurried to the front. He was wounded, and thru the long months of convalescence Mlle. Crousaz was his constant nurse, and recently made the trip "across the pond" to become his wife.

With four dozen real cowboys before the camera, several thousand head of cattle in an annual round-up for atmosphere, and a chuck-wagon outfit as a base of supplies, the Harold Lockwood company has settled down on the largest cattle-ranch in Arizona for three weeks for the filming of "Under Handicap," the next Metro-Yorke production, from the novel by Jackson Gregory.

Jane Cowl, the distinguished stage star, who is about to make her debut on the screen in Goldwyn pictures, has gathered around her two of her former support on the stage. Orme Caldara played leading-man in "Lilac Time" and in "Common Clay," and Henry Stephenson had a prominent rôle in the former.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have just returned from their tour of the Southern States and are resting. As soon as the production in which they will co-star has been selected, these "twin stars" will commence work at the Quality studio under the direction of Edwin Carewe.

## At Home with a Bret Harte Heroine

(Continued from page 60)

asked her, suddenly, when she seemed likely to be lost in reverie.

"To become a wonderful grand opera singer," she answered, with a trace of wistfulness in her rich voice. "It is the highest aim of my life. All that I am doing now is merely a preparation for what is to come. I spend hours over my music, studying the scores of famous operas, working and planning. I go into Los Angeles every time a worth-while singer is advertised. I never miss an opportunity to improve my voice. Oh, I do so want to sing!"

This last was a pathetic little wail, that, somehow, made me, an inoffensive reporter for the best Moving Picture publication in the business, sorry for this beautiful star of a big film company. Somehow, I felt that she had been cheated—that life had promised her something, and then had forgotten the promise.

"Dad promised to take me to Europe to complete my musical studies, and perhaps to make a debut abroad," the rich, full voice resumed, still with that little appealing note that was somehow so wistful and pathetic. "But just as we were ready to go, the war came—this horrible, horrible war. But we didn't think it would last long, and I still hoped. But now—there doesn't seem to be any end to it. But I am still hoping. Some day my opportunity will come, and then I shall prove what I have always wanted to do—to sing!"

And there was that in her voice which convinced me that she would succeed.

At this moment, a huge, silvery-white dog, more beautiful than I ever dreamed a dog could be—since I have a strong aversion to the canine family—moved majestically thru the hall to the porch and laid himself down at the feet of my beautiful hostess. She stopped and patted him affectionately.

"My pet hobby," she laughed, with no idea of a pun I'm sure—"Nicholas II, who has won more prizes than he has years—a champion wolfhound. Nicholas, say how do you do to the lady!"

Whereupon, Nicholas rose politely and offered an immaculate paw, which I accepted with like politeness. Then, having "made his manners," he resumed his place at Miss Michelena's feet with an air of having seen his duty and performed it in his best society manner.

The sinking sun, which alone was worth a trip to this lovely mountain home, threw its opalescent rays over the wide porch and reminded me that, if I expected to return to Los Angeles that night, it behooved me to hurry. I rose, made my adieux to my hostess and left. As the car rolled smoothly down the well-kept drive, I looked back to see Miss Michelena standing in the rosy glow of the setting sun, her magnificent white-clad figure standing out vividly against the woodwork of the Swiss chalet.

(Seventy-three)

## Tasty Reading in Sweet Cider Time

September Motion Picture Magazine  
Is a Vacation Week in Itself

## News and Views of—

Earle Williams  
Alice Joyce  
Mabel Taliaferro  
Mrs. Vernon Castle  
William Farnum  
William S. Hart



HAROLD LOCKWOOD

## Views and News of—

Harold Lockwood  
Viola Dana  
Theda Bara  
J. Warren Kerrigan  
Marguerite Clark  
Hundreds of Others

When the pages of the September Magazine flutter in the wind, something cooling and seasonable—outing clothes, frozen dainties, yachting and deep-sea pictures—reveals itself to the reader's eye on every page. It is just the sort of a summer pal to take out under the shade of the trees or stow away in the canoe. And to those stay-at-homes it brings the greens and sweet smells of the country right into your room. Here is a partial list of the gems that are scheduled for the next number:

**Dame Fashion's Horoscope**—A continuation of the dressy article in August issue. In the September Magazine screen favorites will be shown and described at length in sport clothes, outing toggery and beach and boating duds in the latest modes.

**"Extra Ladies and Gentlemen"**—leaves off in such an interesting place and is such a corking "inside" tale of life in and about the Los Angeles studios that every picture fan will want to read its conclusion. Illustrated with new photos of the "army of unknown actors."

**All About the Submarines**—Edwin M. La Roche takes his readers a-cruising on a deep-sea pirate, tells how they swim, dive, see and fight and gives some thrilling tales of how the submarine has played the heavy rôle in Motion Pictures.

**"How I Got In"**—A new department in which leading players tell of their beginnings in pictures and how they got their first start. In September are Harold Lockwood, Roscoe Arbuckle, Creighton Hale and Bryant Washburn.

**Their Favorite Rôles**—By Roberta Courtlandt, one of our favored and favorite authors, is with us again in a delightful summer chat in which Marguerite Clark, Bryant Washburn, Cleo Madison, Theda Bara, Dorothy Gish, Jack Kerrigan and several others tell about the parts they liked best to play and have contributed their favorite photographs to beautify the stories.

**Fighting on the Screen**—L. E. Eubanks, whose "Screen Venus" and "Screen Apollo" are still being talked about by Magazine and Classic readers, describes the famous fighters in Studio-land. A man's tale, with a punch and a strangle-hold, and finely illustrated with photos of Harold Lockwood, William Farnum, Jack Richardson, Jack Kerrigan and William S. Hart.

**The Movie Gossip-Shop**—A real "scoop," as newspapers say. Brand-new news about the stars—their intimate doings—illustrated with exclusive snapshots.

**A Shower of Midsummer Chats**—the cozy, homey, out-of-doors kind are coming in the September Magazine. Players' vacation days, their outdoor fun, their home life, will charm you and get you acquainted. And, too, all the regular features—pages of clever short stories, up-to-the-minute news, gossip and hundreds of outdoor pictures will flutter thru your fingers.

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## MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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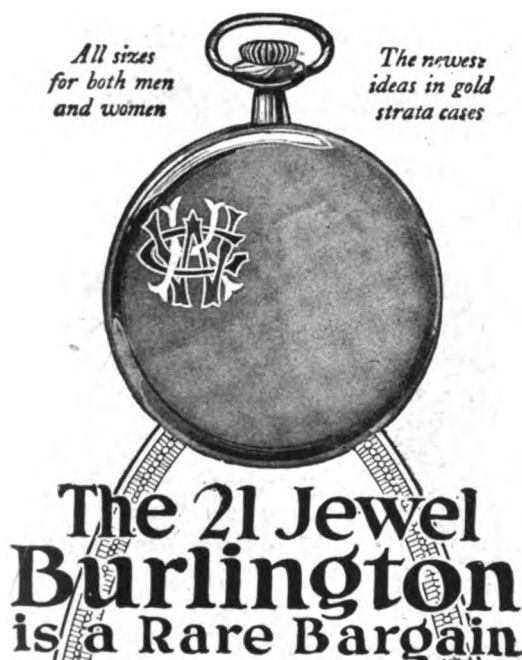
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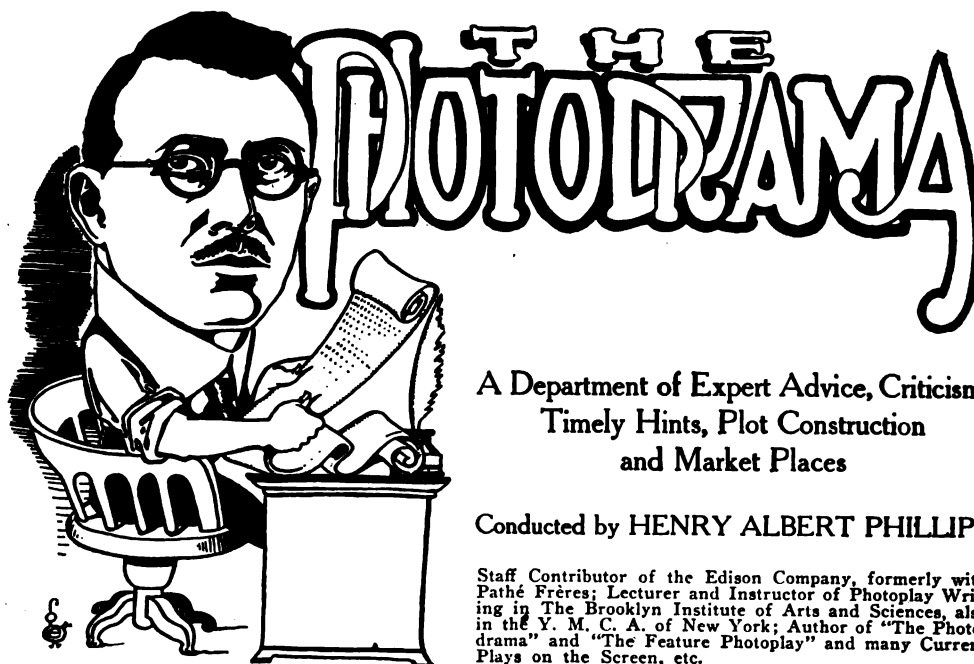
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Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

### VACATION—OR PREPARATION— TIME?

Close Views  
and  
Inserts

Summer is upon us and most of us have a feeling that our manuscripts will receive short shrift in the editorial offices.

All Editors go on lengthy vacations and many Companies do little buying during the summer months.

In a great measure this is true. But fall and winter are coming, when the going is good.

In other words, don't stop writing just because the market is dull. Summer is working time for the author who expects to succeed. When the demand for the material comes there is no time then for getting into the flood-tide of the market.

Why not spend a few hours a day of your vacation-time to corral your plot material, or to develop any plot germs you may have, or to sketch out in full several complete plots for immediate future use?

You may as well know at once that this writing game is no pastime for the idler. There is no clock to punch for an eight-hour day—your working day is just as long as you stay awake. There are no holidays—for the time for noting down plot material is when it enters your mind and no other, which may be on a Sunday or a Fourth of July or Christmas.

And you get not a cent of guaranteed salary—no matter how much you think of your work, you'll get nothing for it if the producer finds it worthless to him.

Hard work, is this writing game. Yes, very.

Not worth while? Who says it isn't?

Do you know any work that pays as well when it pays? Do you know any work that gives you a finer feeling of gratification when it is sold and produced? Do you know of any other skilled craftsmanship that exacts less of its professed adepts? Do you know of any skilled profession that calls for so short an apprenticeship? Do you know of any Art where Success comes easy and to all?

If the winter is the time for sales, NOW is the time for preparing that which is to be bought.

Screenings  
from  
Current Plays

Some of you no doubt saw "Today," George Broadhurst's play, when it was produced on the stage year before last. If so, you will never forget the terrific punch the playwright got into his smashing last act. The hero strangles his wayward wife.

This climax was not pleasant, to be sure. "Today" is not a pleasant play, but it deals unflinchingly with a vital feature of loose living as we know it today. Yet no one will ever forget the dramatic power of the play.

Along comes a photodramatization of "Today," which almost scored the most thrilling photoplay that I have ever witnessed. In fact, the dramatic development up to the strangling of Lily by her husband was not a whit behind the stage play in its tense effect on the audience.

The next moment our artistic senses are dumbfounded by a disclosure that the whole dénouement was A DREAM!

Oh dear! Oh dear!

We suddenly find Lily's fickle and shallow character changed to one of sterling depth! We find that the author had fooled us into believing that here was a hopeless, soulless vampire who was beyond redemption. That was the only excuse for the play.

Was it the censors that the producers were afraid of? Or was it changed for the benefit of the tired business man who is eager to devour all the horrible facts of life in the yellow journals, but cannot bear to come face to face with an artistic presentment of the sterner fancies of an interpreter of life? Or was it the audiences who demand that the bad taste be taken out of their mouths if they must be made to witness a common problem of Today?

I have just seen two good Paramount Plays in a row!

(Seventy-four)



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The above also comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at \$1.00 an ounce at druggists or by mail, with two new extra odors, "Mon Amour" and "Garden Queen," which are very fine. Send \$1.00 for souvenir box, six 25c bottles same size as picture, different odors. Send stamps or currency.

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And one very, very poor one the next day.

"The Primrose Ring" is a sheer delight. This is a play for skeptics to see and learn some of the treasured depths of the Photodrama.

"The Primrose Ring" magically pictures some of the daintiest fancies of which the imagination is gifted. That is, it gives us the most real exposition of fancy that any art has yet been able to inter-convey.

Take that little touch of the Ogre Pain and the little crippled humans under his spell, and the White Knight of Healing, and all the rest of it—why, it is one of the most exquisite little chapters in fancy painting that man has been privileged to witness.

Mae Murray is at her best.

Next there was "The Lonesome Chap"—a play of repression.

Repression is the greater art.

I advise not only playwrights, but actors and directors as well, to see this pretty play and study it. Here you will see the two principal characters under perfect control and in perfect poise thruout five reels. You will see the power of the half-gesture, the pathos of the restrained action, the poetry of the hidden heart.

The very silence and moderation of this artistic restraint reverberates thru the spectator's heart like a roaring torrent of poetry, pathos and passion!

And now for the lemon—

"The Road to Love," with Lenore Ulrich as the star.

Miss Ulrich's specialty seems to be her resemblance to dark-hued beauties and a sidewise walk under the pressure of coquetry.

This play is lavishly staged, but the plot and story descend to the depths of the mellowest melodrama.

Miss Ulrich is first seen as the daughter of a Moslem potentate. But her ideas are up-to-date and she ignores all the laws of Mahomet in suffraget tendencies. A dashing American appears and forces his way into the very heart of the harem with the aid of a ludicrous disguise.

The American's audacity is fittingly punished when he is trapped and sold as a slave. The modest Ulrich-Moslem maid is captured by the same band.

The final piece of make-believe occurs when the erstwhile terrible father gives his daughter in marriage to the daredevil American.

The scenery was splendid—that's all.

#### Questions and Answers

A list of 12 elements NOT WANTED in plays by the Triangle Film Corporation will serve as a fair guide

to the *undesirable* qualities not wanted by most other Companies:

1. Plays with married leads.
2. Plays with old people leads.
3. Plays without young love.
4. Plays with clergymen and priests as leads.
5. Plays in which clergymen or priests fall—even temporarily.

(Seventy-five)

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King Baggot	Alice Brady	Bessie Eyton	Viola Dana	Ruth Roland
Henry B. Walthall	Fannie Ward	J. Warren Kerrigan	May Allison	Annette Kellermann
Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne	Fritzi Brunette
Beatriz Michelena	Marie Dora	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman	Mary Fuller
Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood	Mary Miles Minter
Frank Morgan	Dustin Farnum	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova	Pearl White
Huntley Gordon	Myrtle Stedman	Mabel Normand	Vall Valli	Orni Hawley
Anita Stewart	Lenore Ulrich	Dorothy Gish	Mrs. Sidney Drew	Edwin August
Lillian Walker	Edna Goodrich	Bessie Barriscale	Sidney Drew	Kitty Gordon
Leah Baird	Mary Pickford	Norma Talmadge	Ethel Clayton	Mae Murray
Dorothy Kelly	Marguerite Clark	Douglas Fairbanks	Carlyle Blackwell	Blanche Sweet
Lucille Lee Stewart	Pauline Frederick	Mae Busch	Mollie King	Anita King
Charles Richman	John Barrymore	William S. Hart	Muriel Ostiche	Wallace Reid

These pictures are not for sale. Subjects not mentioned in the list cannot be supplied, and the set can be obtained only by subscribing for the *Magazine* or *Classic*.

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12. Plays in which emphasis is laid upon disease or death and having a fatal termination.

And now I'm going to answer in installments the question most put to me: What are the Companies in the market and what do they want?

1. AMERICAN FILM COMPANY, Santa Barbara, Cal. (Serials; 5-reel Synopses, both male and female leads, ingenue, child or young woman leads.)
2. ARROW FILM COMPANY, Times Building, New York City. (Out of the market.)
3. ARTCRAFT, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York. (Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, George M. Cohan.)
4. BLUEBIRD PHOTOPLAYS, 1600 Broadway, New York. (5-reel Synopses, male and female leads.)
5. BRENON, HERBERT, 807 West 175th Street, New York. (Not in the open market now.)

(Continued in September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE)

In connection with Mr. Phillips' articles, which endeavor to give a broad view of the Photodrama, each of our readers should possess a copy of "The Photoplaywrights' Primer," by L. Case Russell. Its author is one of the most successful writers devoted only to Photodrama. This little book, which we will send you for fifty cents, fairly sparkles with wit, wisdom and helpful and constructive hints.—*The Editors.*

## Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

SOME of the most beautiful sets that have ever been seen in any film production have been erected for the Theda Bara picturization of "Cleopatra." Needless to say these are very busy days indeed for the extra folk, as J. Gordon Edwards is using hundreds of them daily.

Henry King has started on a new Gail Kane story called "The Unafraid," from the scenario of L. Case Russell. Henry is getting along splendidly at the American studios in Santa Barbara, and is doing the best work of his career.

Herbert Rawlinson is becoming a very enthusiastic fight fan, and always seems to be able to pick the winning corner. Herb always was a lucky guy.

Bessie Barriscale has started work for her own company, the Bessie Barriscale Feature Film Company, at the Clune studios. James Young is directing her.

Tyrone Power has joined the Marine Film Company, and will be co-starred with Frances Burnham in a spectacular sea-story on the order of "Undine." Henry Otto, who directed "Undine," has charge of the producing of the new feature.

Al Ray has shaved off his false mustache, and is juveniling once more in a brand-new Lehrman-Fox comedy under the direction of Henry Symonds. Al is supporting a couple of wild lions in this picture, and has doubled his life insurance.

MOTION PICTURE

Jay Morley has just started work on a new feature with Betty Brice for the Bernstein Film Productions. Jay is becoming a very popular little fellow, and has quite a following. He made quite a distinct hit in the first Bernstein feature, "Who Knows?"

Winifred Westover, late of the Fine Arts, has joined the Pathé Lehrman Company, and will be seen shortly in a comedy, in which she will support Pathé Lehrman and Billie Ritchie.

Things seem to be all tangled up out at the Culver City studios as far as rumors are concerned, but the plant is still operating in full blast, and turning them out in the same old way. Charles Ray, Bill Hart, Enid Bennett, William Desmond, Dorothy Dalton and Olive Thomas are all at work on stories.

Now that it has been authentically announced that Thomas H. Ince has sold out his interest in the Triangle, it is likely that Charles Ray, William S. Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett and C. Gardner Sullivan will go over to Ince, who is forming his own company. Their contracts became void with the retirement of Ince from the Triangle, as they all had a stipulated paragraph stating that they wanted to be under the guiding hand of Ince, and should he leave Triangle their contracts would be null and void.

Helen Holmes and the members of the Signal forces held a barbecue at the studios upon the completion of the last chapter in "The Railroad Raiders" serial. J. P. MacGowan will begin work right away on another serial with his star.

Carl Laemmle gave a big dance on the night of June thirteenth at Universal City for the members of the Motion Picture profession. It was quite a gala affair, and nearly all the stars attended. All kinds of nice refreshments were served after the dancing.

With the selling out of Thomas H. Ince, business manager E. H. Allen has resigned, and Patterson, formerly of the Universal, has succeeded him.

Lloyd Ingraham has hiked away to the American Film Company in Santa Barbara, where he will produce one picture for that concern before starting work with another concern.

Jay Morley was pinched the other day for speeding. It was his first arrest in two years, and he was hurrying to the Bernstein studios when it happened. Jay has resolved never to rush to work again.

Anna Luther has returned to the Pacific Slope after spending several weeks in the East on vacation. She looks none the worse for her trip.

All the film stars are going in heavily for the Liberty Bonds, in the Los Angeles film colony, and are doing a great deal towards bringing California's portion of the loan up to the amount required.

## Bud Fisher as a Nature Faker

By ANNA SHEA

At a Moving Picture theater in Philadelphia, very recently, a cartoon by Bud Fisher called "The Sleuths" was shown on the screen. During the antics of Mutt and Jeff two rats were seen stealing bread, and to help matters along the rats began throwing it from one to the other in the manner of stevedores loading a ship. A woman seated back of the writer watched the antics of Bud Fisher's rats for some time; then she turned to her neighbor and said, "Oh, they're trained rats!" which remark ranks Fisher as "some" cartoonist and also classes him with the Nature fakers.

(Seventy-six)

## STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

**Gaiety.**—"Turn to the Right." One of the best and most successful comedies of recent years. Full of laughs, with here and there a thrill and even a sob, but delightfully entertaining from start to finish.

**Morocco.**—"The Brat." Maude Fulton wrote this charming play and takes the title rôle excellently. She has created a unique and interesting character, and Mary Pickford and Laurette Taylor had better watch out.

**Playhouse.**—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

**Cort.**—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. The whole cast strong.

**48th Street.**—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

**Fulton.**—"Pals First." An intensely interesting comedy that is full of laughs, caused mostly by Thomas Wise, who adds to his long list of recent hits. William Courtenay also stars in a becoming rôle. This play should enjoy a long run—it deserves it.

**Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.**—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

**Rialto.**—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

**Strand.**—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

## Shirley Describes Them Perfectly

Theodore Marston, director, was sending an order to the McClure casting-director for extras.

"Get me ten women," Mr. Marston wrote, "half of them types of the fine, home-loving, motherly kind, and the other half the hen-pecking, street-corner-wrangling type."

Shirley Mason looked over his shoulder. "You're wasting words," she said. "Why not just order 'ten women, five of each sex'?"

## Flickerings from Filmdom

(Continued from page 66)

"Ungrateful" will be written on their headstones.

Why not have Congress protest against the pianist who repeats on the bass notes the groaning of the hero?

The crowd at the ten-cent movie is of a higher calibre than that attending vaudeville at twice the price.

Screen idols may not be long on brains, but their pay envelopes are heavier than those of college presidents.

All of us have to believe in something, even tho it be that the stars receive the salaries with which they are credited.

One may go to the pictures once and depart never to return, but go three times and the habit is formed.

Over-advertising is the attempt of the author of a poor film to draw a crowd.

We expect to see the Orient—by the Motion Picture Route.

Pagan seers, now long dust, dreamed dreams of horseless carriages and boats that went with neither sail nor oar, but the sight of a painted ship—not silent—but moving on a hand-painted ocean, was beyond their wildest dreaming.

(Seventy-seven)

# A Roomful of Color A Bookful of News

## The September Classic Features June Caprice in the Stunning Autumnal Colors of Red, Yellow and Gold

The Most Stunning  
Portrait of a Star  
Ever Reproduced  
on Paper—Hun-  
dreds of New Pic-  
tures.



JUNE CAPRICE

Beautiful Brown  
Gravure Gallery of  
Players—Added  
Features—Clever  
Stories—Exclusive  
News.

The charm o' youth has never been more glowingly portrayed than in the cover painting of June Caprice on the September Classic. It is by far our handsomest painting. Leo Sielke, Jr., made a personal study of the little wonder-girl, June Caprice, and has caught and imprisoned in warm pigment the blue, ivory and golden gleams of her eyes, skin and hair.

"Home Bayonet Practice"—The boys are marching to the front, and the stay-at-homes are defenseless. In a very instructive article, illustrated with poses by himself, William Desmond, Triangle's athletic star, tells all about self-defense with a bayonet or its handier substitutes, a heavy cane or umbrella.

"A Picture Kennel of Famous Actor-Dogs"—Lillian May has made the round of the studios and watched all the regular actor-dogs at work. In a sumptuously illustrated feature article she tells us all about them—their training and care—and their more fortunate masters and mistresses.

"Pauline Frederick"—A "close-up" Chat. Our readers are all interested in the emotional Bella Donna of the Screen and how she lives and acts when at home. Here is an intimate chat with her by Carl Seitz that tells a lot of new and interesting things about her.

"The Scenario Reader's Humoresque"—Norbert Lusk, formerly of the Lubin Company, has probably read as many scenarios as any living man. He is an original thinker and has absorbed many vivid impressions from his mile-high pile of authors' "brain-children." These he has set forth in a very amusing as well as thoughtful essay.

"Roping Douglas Fairbanks Into an Interview"—Frederick James Smith, former editor of the *Motion Picture Mail* and photoplay critic of the *New York Evening Mail*, is at his best in a heart-to-heart talk with the one and only "Doug," in which the "Electric Comedian" briefly expresses his radiant views of life—and himself.

"Tricks of the Screen"—Some of the studios did not want us to "expose" their trick photography, but as dramatic and comedy thrillers are resorting more and more to the tricks of the camera, Dorothy Dickinson has made a tour of personal inspection and bears witness in writing as to how the best known "screen magic" is posed and operated.

"The Sidney Dews"—To catch this busy pair en famille is like seeking the bee in clovertime, but they are still "honeymooning" and Lillian Montanye caught them at it. The Dews were so surprised that they handed over to the interviewer a list of their treasured cooking recipes. Illustrated with snapshots and exclusive pencil drawings by James Montgomery Flagg.

Among the News-Gatherers—It is too early to announce the work of many of our staff writers and reporters. "The Classic Extra Girl" has been in great demand, working in a Pearl White serial and in an Alice Brady feature. Her vivid studio adventures as an extra girl will probably be ready in time. "Via Camera, Wire and Telephone" has set all the studios to competing with each other and the last-minute illustrated news department will continue to click its typewriters and snap its camera-shutters up to the closing date. "Greenroom Jottings" and "Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific" promise a hundred items of news. Our reserve pages will be packed full of surprises, beautiful new pictures, short stories by noted authors, taken from the latest screen features, summer puzzles and novelties, costumes and "creations" galore.





# How Stenographers Can Easily Acquire Musicians' Finger Speed

By FRANK J. SIMMONS

**I**F YOU have ever taken piano lessons, you know that in the beginning your fingers were stiff, stubborn, unwieldy. Perhaps you were "all thumbs." Each finger held itself in its *easiest* position, regardless of what the *correct* position was for piano playing.

Logically, therefore, your first work was confined to the simplest kind of finger exercises—to strengthen the proper muscles for rapid, certain, independent finger action.

Gymnastic Finger Training is a vital and regular part of every musician's work. Teachers in Europe and in America would no more expect pupils to become experts without scientific finger exercises than they would expect them to become experts without the ability to read notes.

No one questions the necessity of finger training in music. Yet isn't the need for rapid, certain, independent finger action equally essential in typewriting? Then why not a system of gymnastic finger training for stenographers?

The reason the average stenographer typewrites only 30 to 40 words a minute is simply because his or her fingers are not quick enough—are not flexible enough—are not independent enough. The expert strikes the keys with amazing rapidity—with perfect accuracy and with remarkable evenness of touch, typewriting at the phenomenal speed of 80 to 100 words a minute because his or her fingers are trained for quickness, sureness and accuracy!

The average stenographer earns but \$8 to \$15 per week. The expert earns \$25 to \$40 a week. And the difference in salaries is caused by the difference in the quantity and quality of finished typewritten work turned out.

While gymnastic finger exercises for the music pupil have been in existence for centuries, there has never, until recently, been a definite system of exercises designed and prepared specifically for stenographers. Music exercises are different, because they are intended to produce different results. More than this, they are too difficult—it takes too long to master them. What was necessary, obviously, was a system of gymnastic finger exercises prepared specifically to strengthen and limber up the muscles actually used in typewriting—a system which could be mastered quickly and easily and which would give to stenographers the finger control, finger nimbleness and finger independence that is so vital a factor in speedy, accurate typewriting.

It remained for Mr. R. E. Tulloss, perhaps the greatest typewriting authority in the country, to prepare just such a system of finger exercises. It is a noteworthy fact that these exercises are practiced entirely away from the machine—at home, in street cars, in spare moments anywhere, and they do not in the slightest degree interfere with your present work. Although new, this method has already enabled thousands of stenographers who never exceeded 30 to 40 words a minute to typewrite 80 to 100 words a minute with perfect accuracy, and with amazing ease. Countless business college graduates—thou-

sands of stenographers who have studied "touch" typewriting, and hundreds who studied special typewriting courses have, through these special gymnastic finger exercises, invariably doubled and trebled their speed in typewriting, and almost without exception has resulted in markedly increased salaries.

One case that comes to my mind is that of Mr. I. G. Hipsley, of 109 E. 42nd Street, Chicago, who always wrote at low speed, suffered constantly from headaches and eye-strain. Now he typewrites at the rate of 80 words per minute and the relief obtained from headaches which formerly followed a day's work has been of inestimable value to him. And he is now earning 25% more than he did before taking up the study of finger training.

Then there is the case of Miss Anna S. Cubbison, who is today filling the position of chief clerk to the Department of Parks in Harrisburg, Pa., and who says that her salary is exactly double what it was when she took up the study of the New Way in Typewriting.

Mr. L. L. Powell, of Chanute, Kansas, increased his speed to 90 words a minute and his work became absolutely accurate through the gymnastic finger training exercises prepared by Mr. Tulloss. Mr. Powell's salary was increased almost at once as the result of his increased ability and through it he was able to command positions and promotions so that now he is earning over \$2,000 a year.

Miss Carrie M. Brown, of Houghton, La., who had no previous knowledge of typewriting, practiced the finger exercises and was soon able to write at the rate of 80 words per minute on new matter and without a glance at the keyboard!

I could go on and give hundreds of other instances of the remarkable results achieved through the gymnastic finger training, but the School has prepared a remarkable book for free distribution which goes into detail and reproduces many other letters which bear out the claims made. This interesting book shows how the Gymnastic Finger Exercises will make your fingers strong and dextrous, bringing them under perfect control, making them extremely rapid in their movements—and how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it easy, accurate and amazingly speedy.

This new method is bringing such marvelous results to others, is proving itself to be so sure a means of quickly increasing salaries, that in justice to yourself you cannot afford to miss the facts as given in the free book which will be sent on request to anyone who cares to have it. There is no charge. Merely mail a postcard or letter or the blank form herewith, to the Tulloss School, 1928 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio, and your copy will be sent to you by return mail without obligation. Do this now before you turn the page, or tear out the address now to remind you.

Gentlemen: Please send me your free book about the New Way in Typewriting. This incurs no obligation on my part.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

Mail to THE TULLOSS SCHOOL  
1928 College Hill Springfield, Ohio



Strengthening the finger muscles

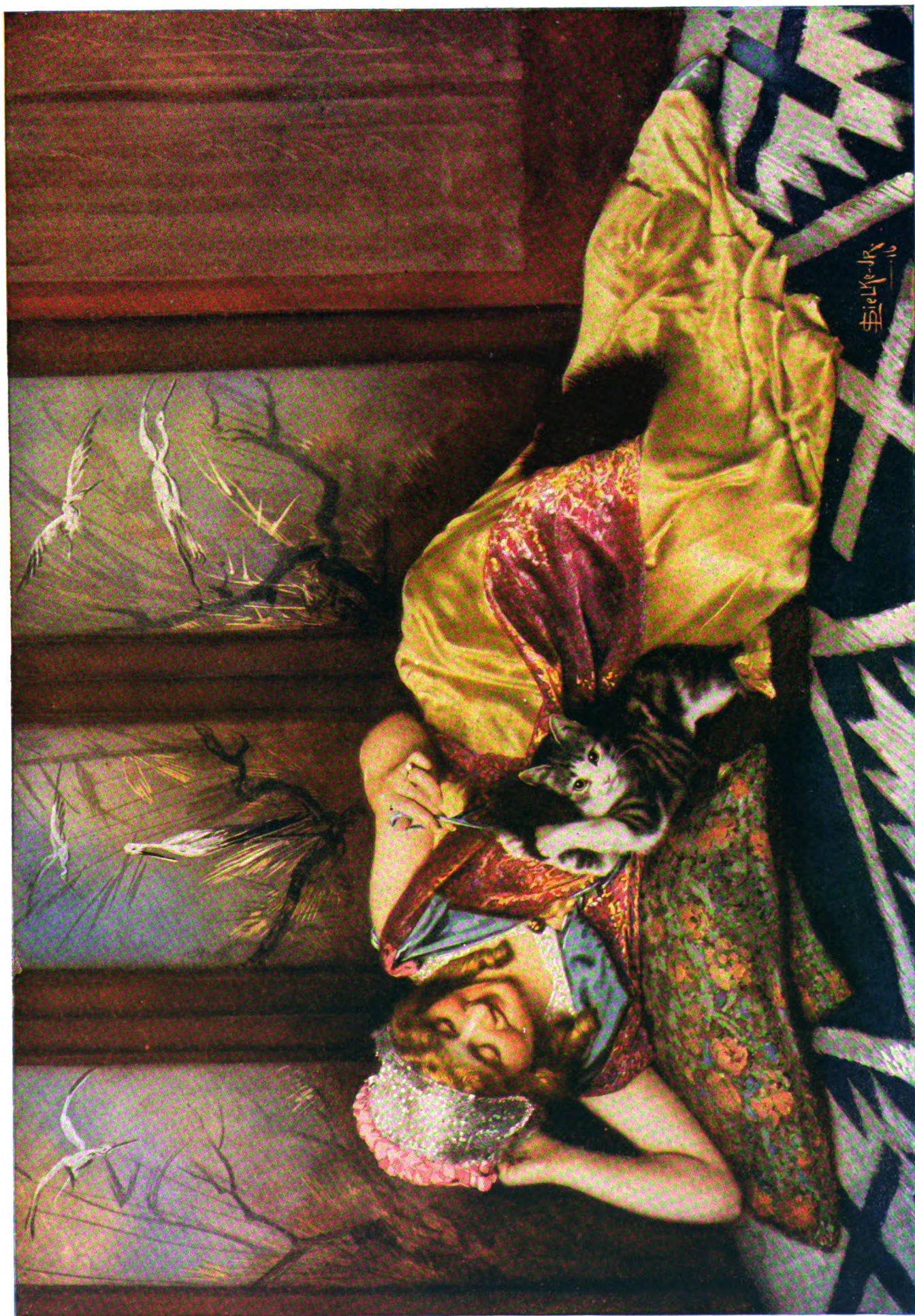


For speed in striking the keys



In a few days you notice the difference





BESSIE BARRISCALE



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